

# THE **New Movie**

MAGAZINE

MARCH

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A TOWER  
MAGAZINE



LILIAN HARVEY

**ANNA STEN, FIRST SOVIET STAR**

By **EDWIN C. HILL**

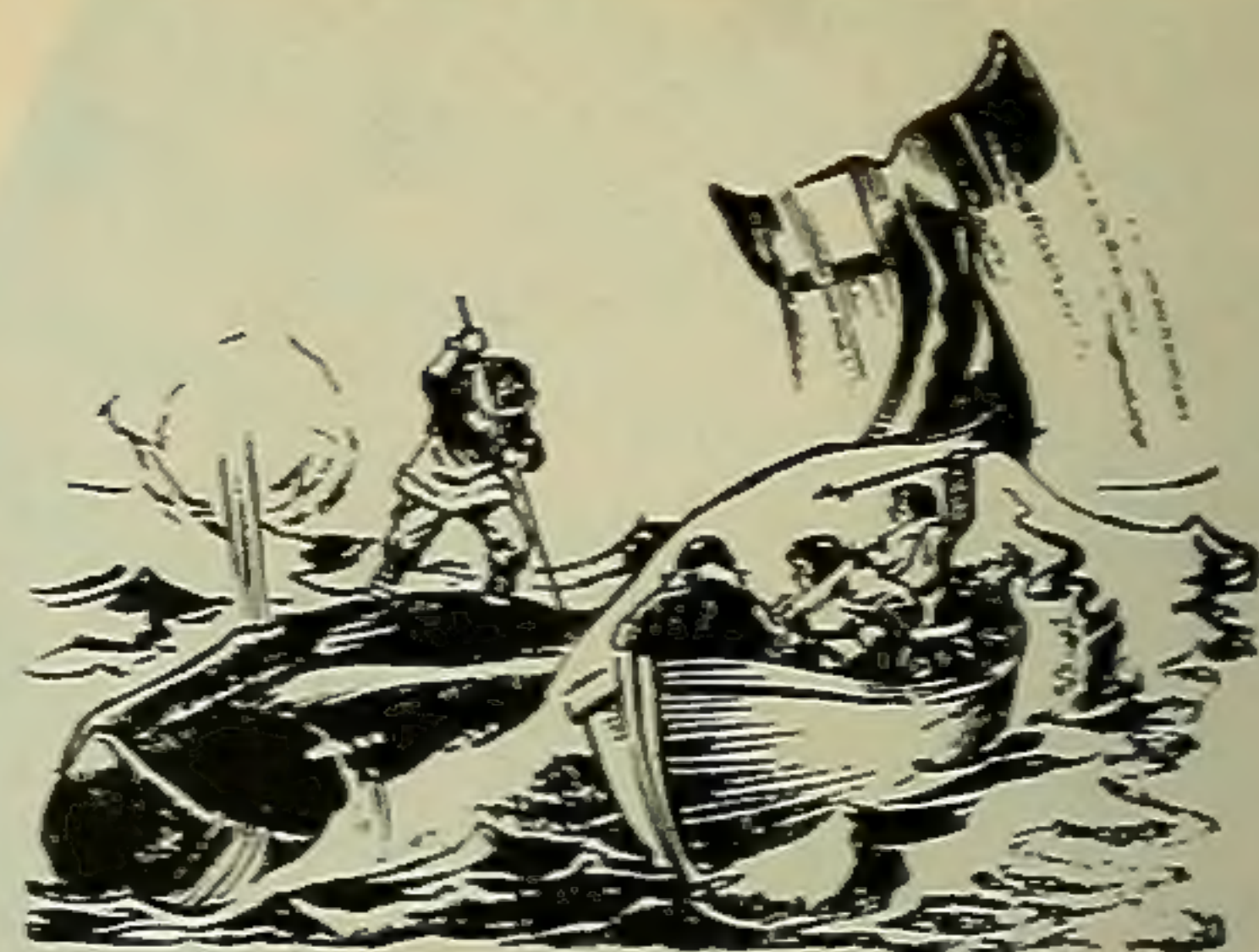
**MY LIFE UNTIL NOW by WALLACE BEERY**



They loved, happy till the white man came!



He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!

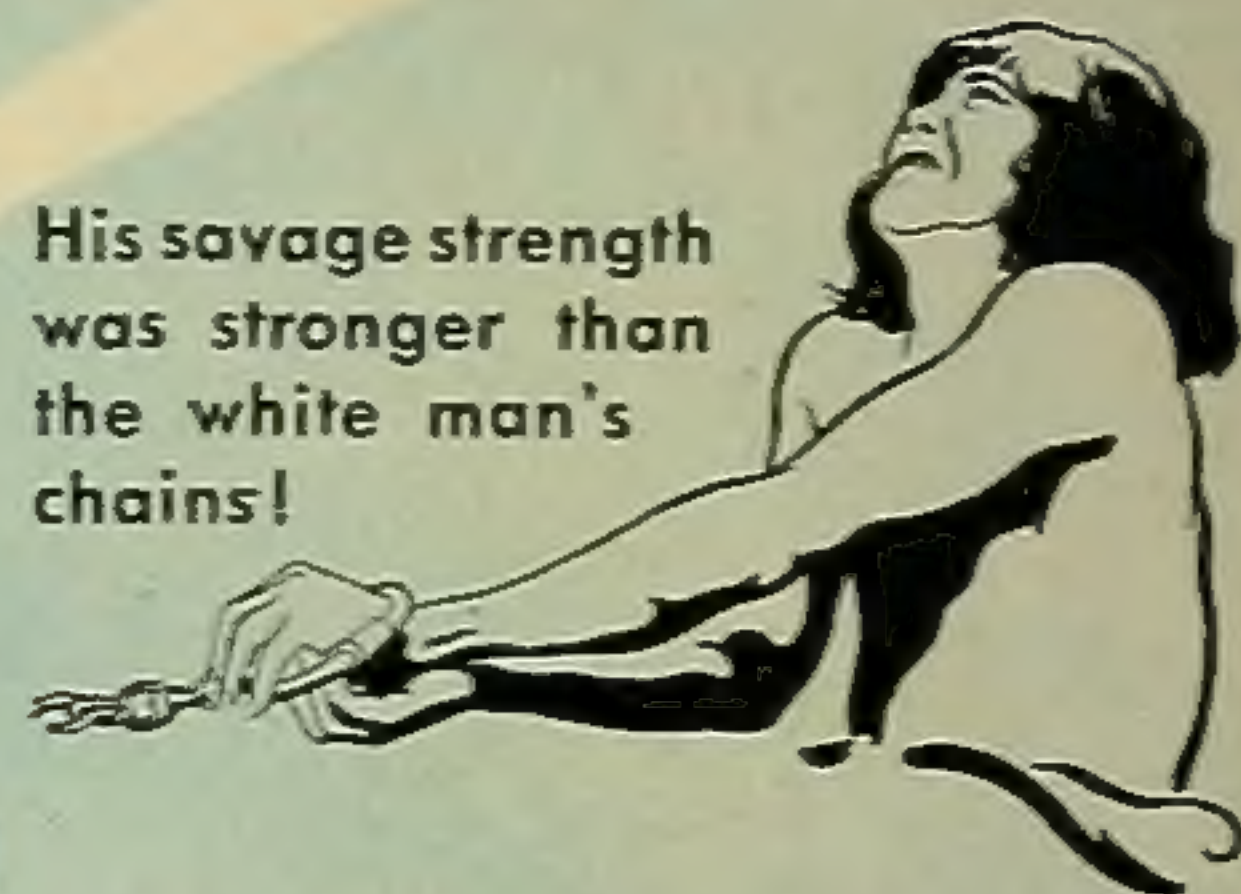


The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!

Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!



His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!



Stampede of thousands of caribou!



Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!



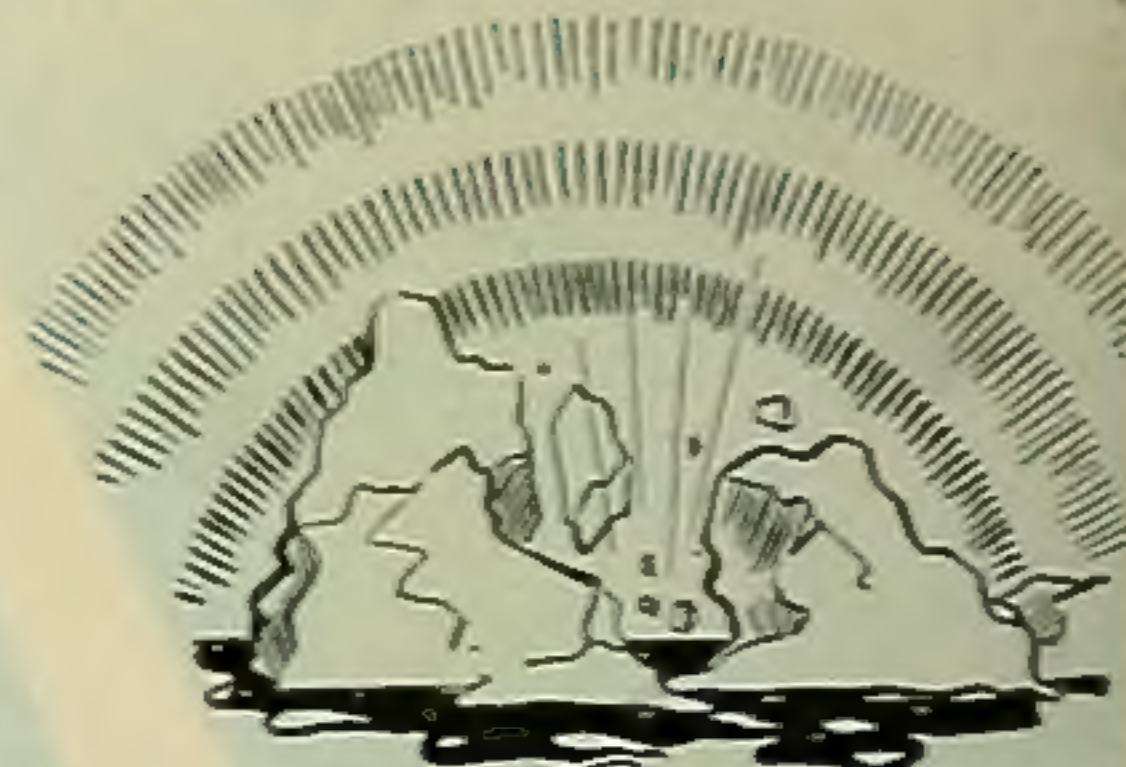
# ESKIMO

Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.



Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!



Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn". . . Associate Producer: Hunt Stromberg

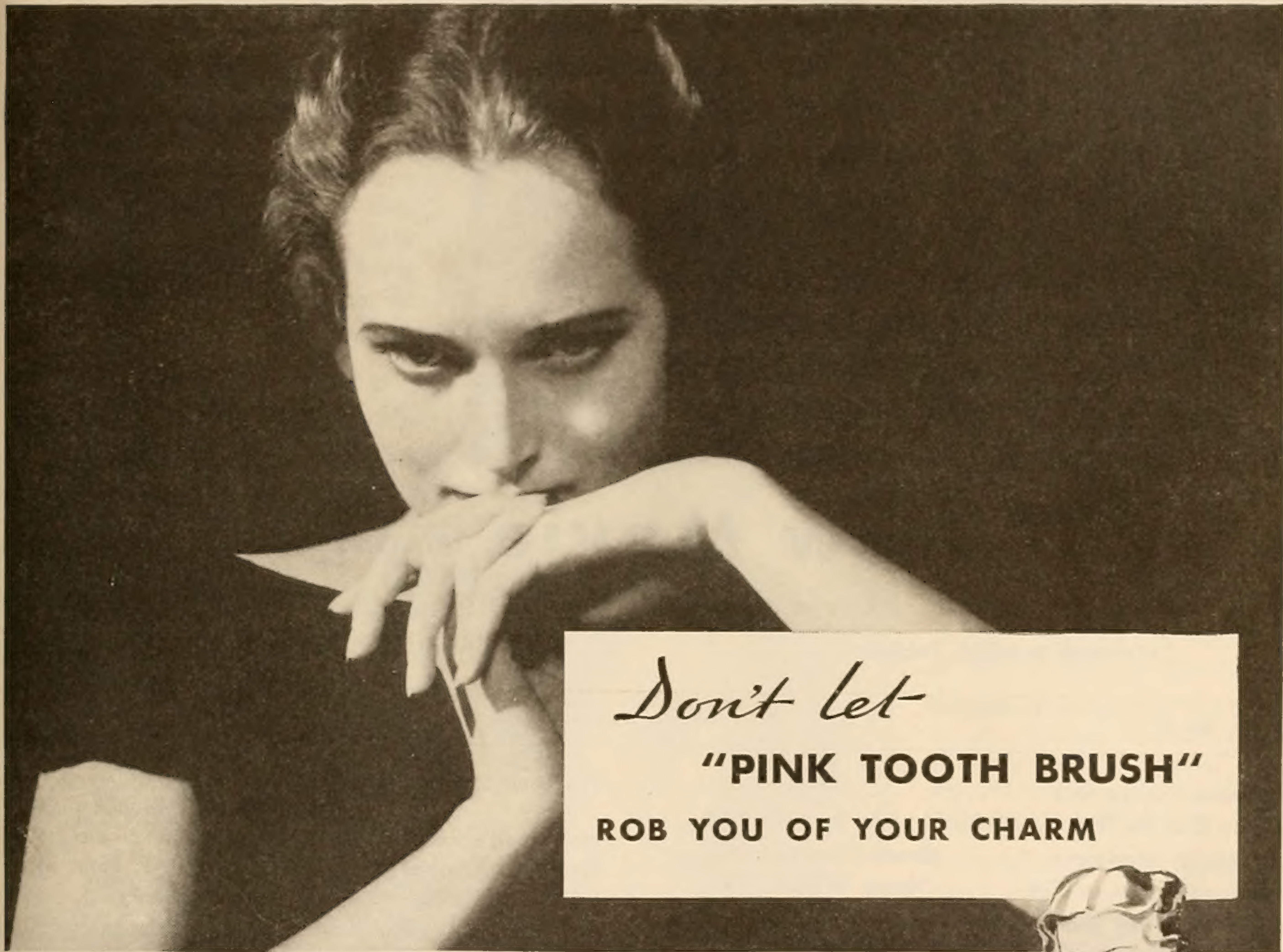
**A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture**





# Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl . . . pretty clothes . . . but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!



*Don't let*  
**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**  
**ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM**

**W**HAT good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her "pink tooth brush" should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way.

Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods — too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and *massage the gums*, with Ipana — and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps "pink tooth brush" at



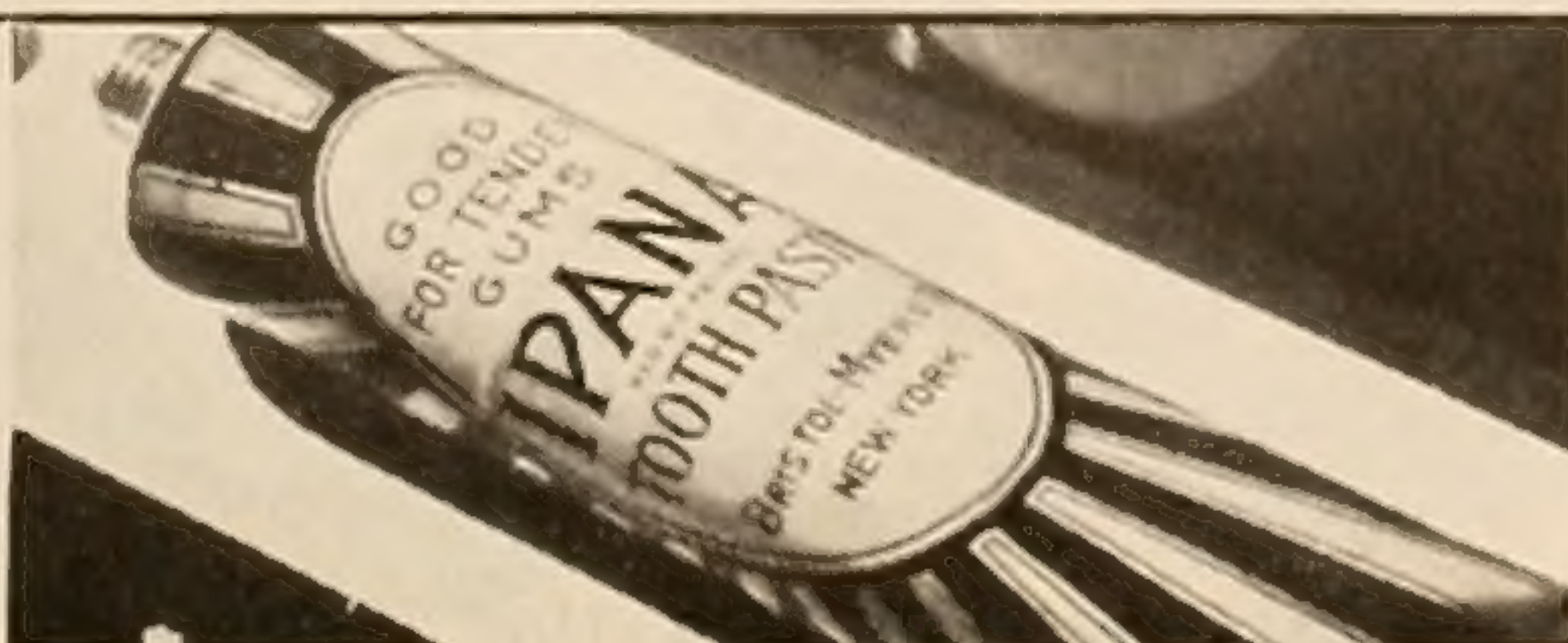
bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.

### DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

*A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.*



**I P A N A**  
**T O O T H   P A S T E**



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Read Edwin C. Hill's story of the extraordinary rise of Anna Sten, Russia's child of revolution, bloodshed and famine, on page 30. In presenting the absorbing facts of this actress' struggle against a heritage of privation and hardship, The New Movie Magazine continues its policy of giving readers the most graphic stories of the Hollywood stars, as well as the latest news of the film-world—a policy which has made it the most popular and widely read of all motion picture magazines.

## THE **New Movie** MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE MCNELIS, *Publisher*

HUGH WEIR, *Editorial Director*

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By Barbara Barry, on page 16

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# "Girls who know this secret always win out"

*says Irene Dunne*

1

YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEA-ROSE COMPLEXION.

RKO-RADIO STAR

2

NOW THAT I'M ON THE SCREEN I REALIZE MORE THAN EVER THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN PEARLY-SMOOTH SKIN. I FOLLOW MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY TREATMENT REGULARLY EVERY DAY.

3

IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW QUICKLY JUST THIS SIMPLE CARE BRINGS TEMPTING NEW BEAUTY TO THE SKIN. TRY IT—YOU GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS! YOU'RE SURE TO WIN OUT!

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive . . . how to win admiration . . . romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple . . . so easy to try . . . regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer *your* skin becomes . . . how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and *holds* them!

9 out of 10 glamorous Hollywood stars . . . countless girls the country over . . . have *proved* what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin. Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the *added beauty* Lux Toilet Soap brings.

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists say:

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually* contains such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



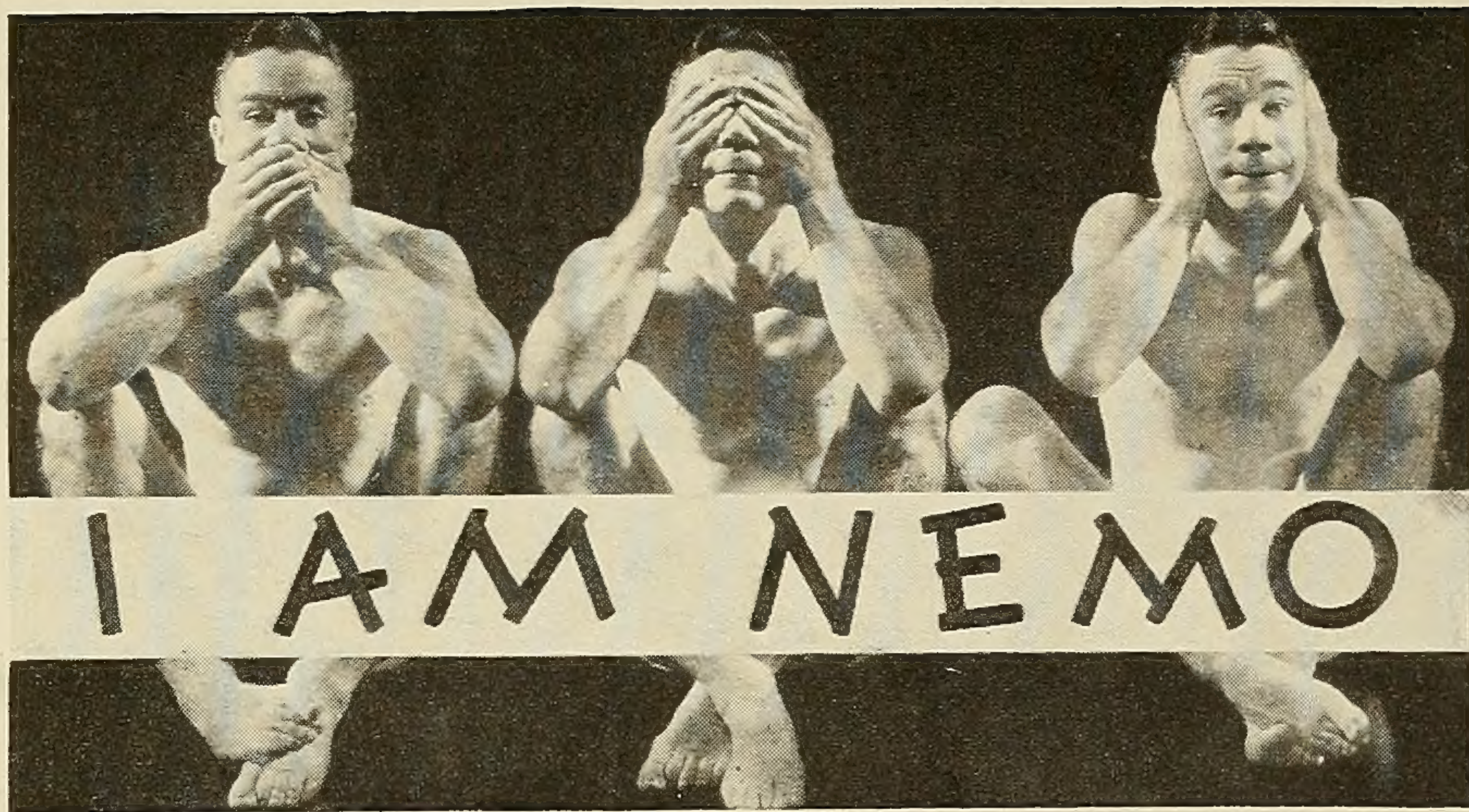
For EVERY Type of Skin...  
*dry...oily...in-between*



YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist







Eimer Fryer

## By NEMO

Joe E. Brown speaks no evil, sees no evil and hears no evil in his interpretation of Nemo. He will be seen soon in a Warner Brothers' picture, "A Very Honorable Guy."

# HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

**The New Movie Magazine's man-about-town gives you all of the latest gossip from the movie colony**

**N**HOLLYWOOD'S big bad wolf for the past few months has been the much-argued-over motion-picture code and everyone was glad to hear that Marie Dressler and Eddie Cantor had been appointed by President Roosevelt to act as members of the committee to work out its problems. Hollywood collectively feels that a better choice could not have been made, for Marie and Eddie are not only very influential with the "big ones," but they are intensely interested in what happens to the little fellow.

Mr. Cantor told me he had not received any official appointment and

suggested that it might be one of President Roosevelt's little jokes.

"When I visited him at Warm Springs he refused to talk about the code so I told him all of my best jokes," Eddie said. "Maybe he is just now returning the compliment."

I went up to talk it over with my old friend, Marie Dressler, who had been ordered to bed for a few days' rest, and found her looking so beautiful that I forgot all about codes. That is, motion picture codes.

Her bedroom is green and Marie, looking really beautiful, was propped up in a narrow pink bed. Everything about it was pink, even Marie's bed jacket. But keeping Marie in bed, even in that pink bed, is more than one doctor's orders could do. "I want to show you this," and "I want to show you that," she would say and skip across the room to rummage in a drawer or in her desk. And do you think anyone could get these things for her? No. "Because no one can ever find anything when I put it away," she explained with a chuckle.

"I just received a lovely gift," she said, and hopped out of bed to get it. The gift was a lovely pin, a cameo surrounded by real pearls. There was a great deal of sentiment attached to this gift because the pin had belonged to a very dear friend of Marie's who died recently. The husband had sent it on to Marie, and there were tears very near the surface as Marie showed it to me and remembered. Then she wanted to show me a funny fan letter she had received. The writer, a girl, begged Marie to adopt her.

"I could be a very good daughter to you," the letter ran, "and besides

I want to play tennis with Clark Gable."

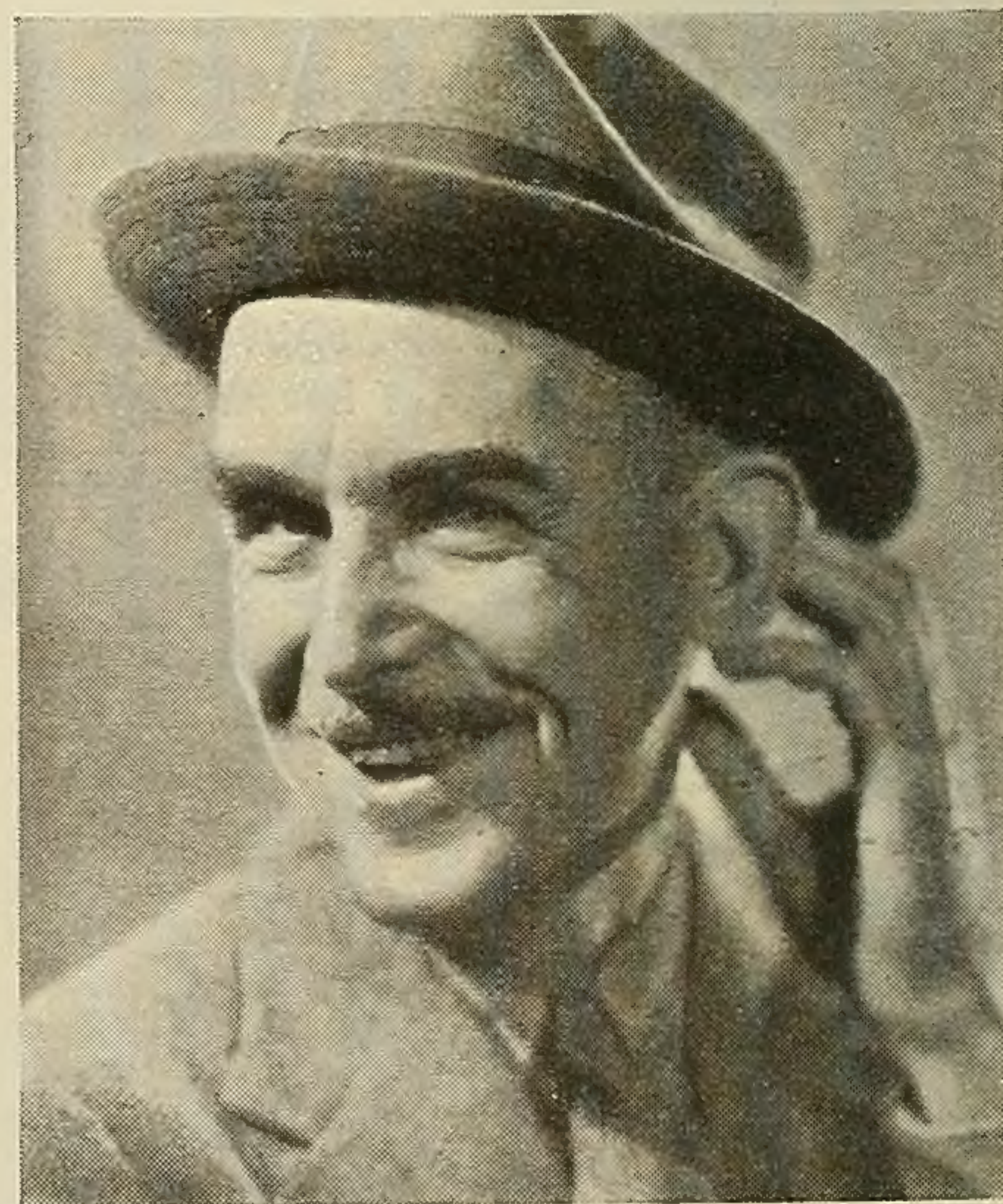
Before I left we did get back on the subject of the code and I found Marie's feelings about it to be the same as those of the other regulars. "We must help the little fellows," she said. "The extras and bit players need our help, for they can't do much for themselves."

This point was brought out beautifully recently at a meeting of extra players who had been called together to discuss whether or not they should join the Actors' Guild.

Ann Harding, Thelma Todd, Robert Montgomery, Adolphe Menjou, (Please turn to page 8)



Sam Hardy returns to Hollywood with his wife after working three months on an English film.



Ernest A. Bachrach

James Gleason as "Duke", the small-town big shot in "The Meanest Girl in Town," an RKO-Radio picture.





## CAN A WIFE FORGIVE THIS?



**"B.O."** (body odor)  
—a kill-joy

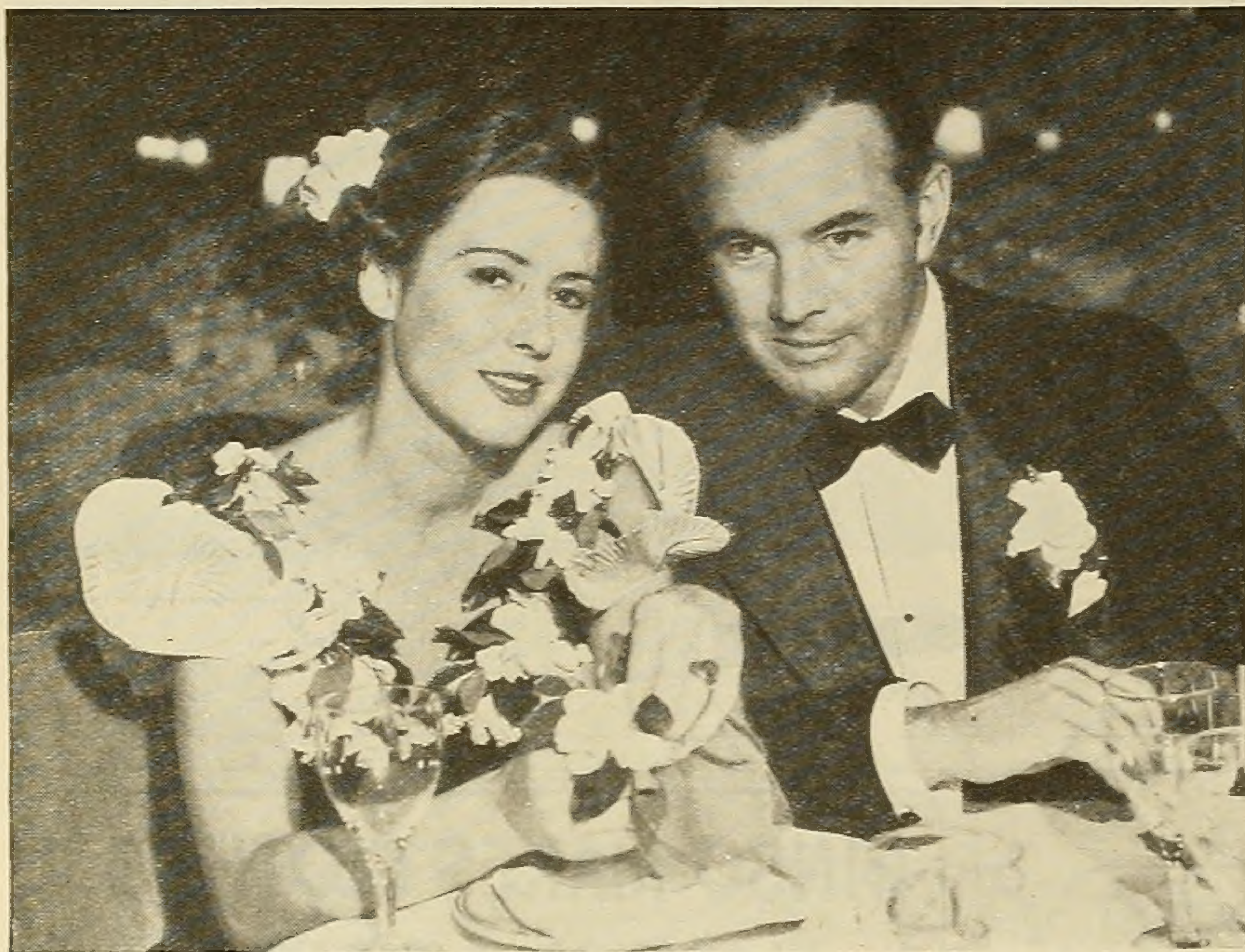
To guard happiness—guard against that unforgivable fault, "B. O." (body odor). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its *extra-clean*, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy protects. Its abundant, hygienic lather purifies

and deodorizes pores—stops "B. O."  
**For a lovelier skin**  
Every night massage Lifebuoy's gentle, purifying lather well into pores; then rinse. Watch skin bloom with health.  
*Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.*





# Hollywood Day by Day



Mae Clarke and Sydney Blackmer at the annual frolic of the Thaliens Club at the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador.

(Continued from page 6)

Charles Farrell, Richard Tucker and others—all members of the Guild—had made speeches, all giving reasons why the extras should join their ranks. The audience listened attentively and then suddenly began to shriek for Cagney, who was sitting in the front row of seats.

I wish you could have seen Jimmy. He looked as though he had been hit on the head with a mallet, he was so surprised, but he got to his feet and in his quiet way made the most effective speech of the evening. At least the crowd thought so and nearly took the roof off the building with their applause. Jimmy's



Robert W. Coburn

Francis Lederer and Duke Rudolph Martinovitch von Rovigno of Montenegro. The Duke, who prefers to be known in Hollywood as Captain Rovigno, is working as an animal man in Lederer's new RKO-Radio picture, "Man of Two Worlds."

speech was short, but he said, in effect: "Any business is divided into two groups, the employer and the employee. We actors are the employees. Come with us."

May Robson is another good trouper who doesn't forget. When she appeared on the set for the first scenes in "Old Hannibal," she immediately asked for Fred Trowbridge.

"Who is he?" they asked her. "Is he working in the picture? Did he write the scenario?"

"Oh, no," May replied. "He's an extra, but he was in my company on the stage for fifteen years and he must be in this picture."

And so Mr. Trowbridge is now working in the picture, which is the story of Hetty Green during the 1895-1900 days. The costumes are Mae Westish in design.

• • •

**N** AND speaking of Mae West, I'm getting a little fed up with these slams at her billows or curves or whatever it is she has that the other girls haven't. These jealous references to her "community chest." I'll wager it was all started by a lot of skinny girls.

However, if it is true, as they say, that Mae is responsible for the numerous Bowery parties that everybody is having, I think something should be done about making her next picture nice and modern. If I have to wear a long, curly mustachio glued to my upper lip to one more party, I'm going to take drastic steps myself. But Mae is already reaping some punishment for her popularity. She wanted one of her costumes from the wardrobe the other day to wear for a portrait sitting and there wasn't one left that she

could wear. They had been borrowed so many times for 1890 parties that they were practically in shreds.

But even if they can and do borrow Mae's costumes, none of the girls look like Mae and they could sing, "Come up and see me some time" to me for a week and I wouldn't hear them.

A local college football team wanted to borrow one of her costumes for one of the boys to wear as he paraded over the field between halves, but Mae's manager said that was just too much. And the Paramount papas say that Mae is getting too much publicity.

• • •

**N** GETTING too much publicity is worse, if anything, than not getting any as Fifi Dorsay learned recently. A press agent sent out a story to the effect that Fifi and her fiance, Maurice Hill, were going on a trial honeymoon. The story was widely printed and Fifi found herself on the receiving end of a bar-



Dick Powell and Maxine Doyle at a recent Hollywood premiere.

rage of scolding letters and telegrams from women and women's clubs all over the country.

"How dare you flaunt your immorality before the youth of the country?" was the gist of the letters, most of which carried threats to bar her pictures from their communities. The story was not true and Fifi had nothing to do with sending it out, but she is the one who will suffer the consequences. She feels that her career is in danger and is very much upset about it.



# Hollywood Day by Day



Ricardo Cortez has at last admitted his engagement to Mrs. Christine Lee, New York society woman. She was recently divorced from Lester Lee, wealthy broker, and Cortez was formerly married to Alma Rubens, who died in 1931.

*Maurice Hill, who is now Fifi's husband, is a nice young chap, who has had seven years' study of medicine. He lacks only a few months' internship to become a full-fledged doctor; is ready to throw it all in the ash can for a movie career. He was bitten by the bug five years ago when he was selected in a national magazine contest as the handsomest college chap in the Middle West. And I must say he IS handsome and may have signed a contract before you read this.*

*But signing a contract is the least of an actor's difficulties, according to Jack Gilbert, who is suing M-G-M to find out whether or not he is under contract to that company.*

**N** AND Lilian Harvey has instituted a friendly suit against the Fox Company to have the court "interpret" her contract. All of which means she wants to know if she can be forced to "dub" French and German dialogue into the English versions of her pictures which are already made. While the suit is pending she is making them under protest. "My friends and fans in Europe will think I'm crazy," she complained, "because the actions in different countries are just as different as the languages."

But any of the new crop of blondes who were casting envious eyes toward Lilian's bungalow dressing-room may as well remain satisfied with their quarters in the women's dressing-room building, for Lilian has signed a contract to remain another year.

Many stars—Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald, Marie Dressler, May Robson and Jean Harlow—seem to make good pictures without dressing in private bungalows. In fact, all of the above mentioned stars have to climb a rickety old stairway to get to their dressing-rooms, so you can see that even though Janet Gaynor, Lilian Harvey, Ruth Chatterton and Marion Davies have bungalows, it isn't really necessary.

Norma Shearer's husband, Irving Thalberg, dynamic young producer, has a bungalow in which to transact his business. His private office, a beautiful room is about 25 x 40 feet in size with a huge fireplace at one end. French doors form one side of the room and lead out into a private courtyard. I wouldn't blame Norma if she sneaked in there to wash her hands once in a while. But of course if Norma, a great star



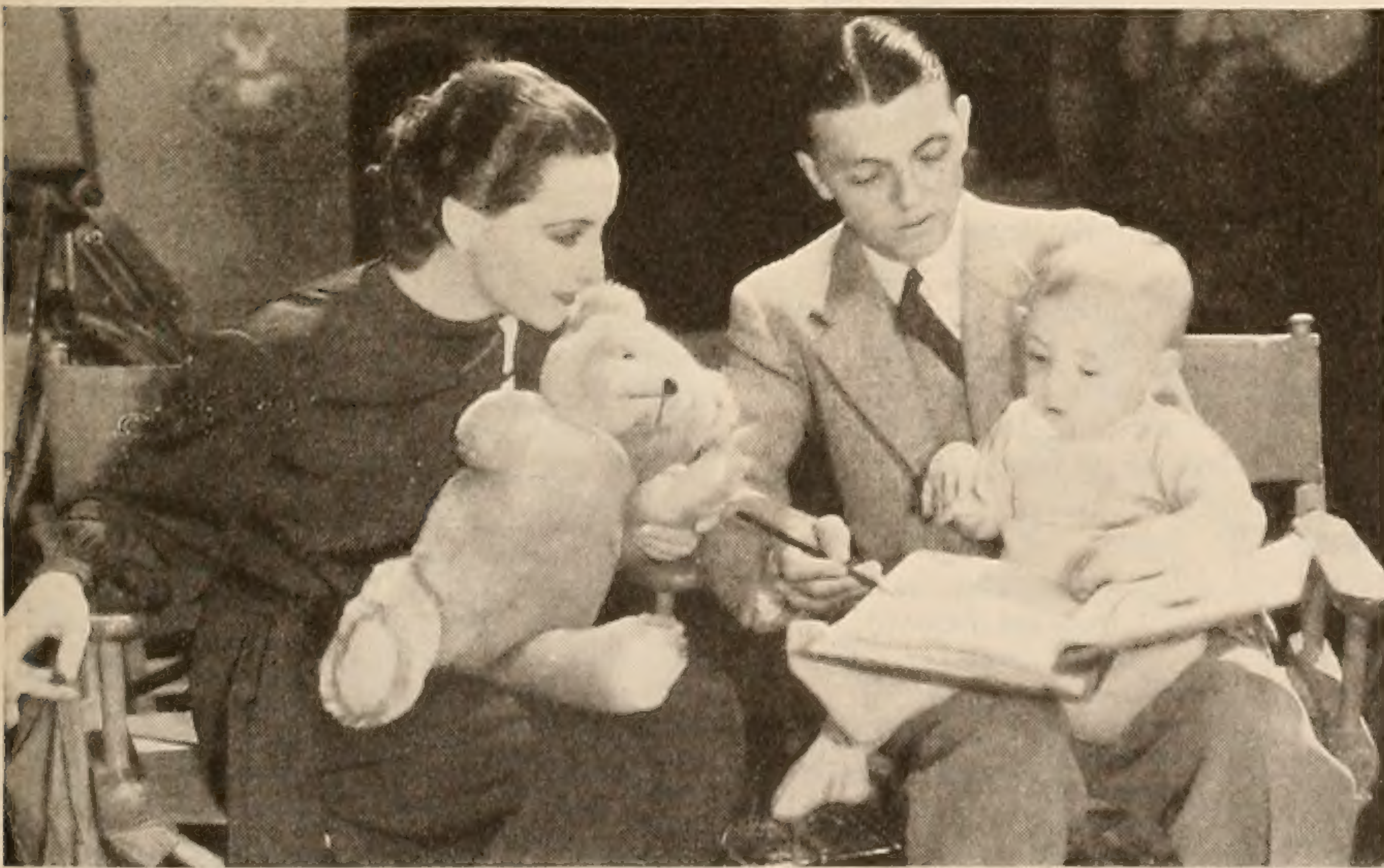
Adolphe Menjou and his fiancée, Verree Teasdale, stage and screen actress. They will be married in the Spring—so the gossips say.

in her own right, wanted a bungalow she could have it. It is a great tribute to her common sense that she keeps her head, demands no greater favors than those granted to the other stars and goes about her own business of making very good pictures.

Norma made a reel of film recently that will never be seen by the public. She has twenty changes of costume in her new picture, "Rip Tide," and she donned every one of them for a test film. All of her gowns and even her hairdress are being kept secret until the picture is released because Adrian, who designs all of the M-G-M wardrobe, claims that his creations are copied by cheap manufacturers before the pictures are shown. Each gown which he has designed for Norma has a name, just like French designed clothes, but there will be no advance publicity—they say.

When Norma is making a picture, she and Mr. Thalberg seldom make social engagements. At a party at the Sam Goldwyns Irving was glimpsed nervously looking at his watch and after a brief twenty minutes, they left. Since his breakdown last year he has had to guard his own health as well as Norma's.

(Please turn to page 10)



For the first time Baby LeRoy has dialogue written in his script in his new Paramount picture, "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." The dialogue consists of the word "mama." He is shown here with his screen mother, Dorothea Wieck, and his director, Alexander Hall.



# Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 9)

**N**OW anyone could leave a Goldwyn party, I can't understand, for there is the perfect host. Unlike so many Hollywood hosts, both Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn put themselves out to see that every guest is cared for and that everyone is introduced to everyone else.

I remember one time several years ago in New York when Sam decided to fire an employee. He invited the ill-fated chap up to his house to dinner. They had a nice visit, Sam put himself out to be the charming host, even holding the fellow's overcoat for him when he was preparing to leave. And according to the fellow's own version of the affair, he was halfway home before it dawned upon him that he had been fired. It was done so painlessly.

Another guest at the Goldwyn party was Mary Pickford, who came early and stayed late. Mary is socially minded recently and, although she is always surrounded by several men, she pretends they are Gwynne's admirers.

Mary is never at a loss very long. She stepped out of the offending garment, stooped over and picked it up, with it hanging over her arm, tripped gracefully down the stairs as though nothing had happened.

Of late Pickfair hasn't been crowded with royalty and it has fallen to the lot of other stars to entertain visitors from abroad. Will Rogers did his share and entertained Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the ex-Kaiser, both at his home and at the studio. What Mr. Rogers lacks in formality he makes up in wit and charm and the bluebloods like him as much as we do. At the studio when Rogers gave quite a party for the Prince, with other distinguished guests present, he wore his usual costume consisting of blue overalls and a lumber jacket.

• • •

**N** CONSTANCE BENNETT and her husband, Henri de la Falaise, had Baron Jaunez as their house



Fay Wray relaxes for a few minutes of reading between scenes during the filming of "Madame Spy"—the new Universal picture in which she plays the title role opposite Nils Asther.



Jeanette MacDonald, emerges from the pool at Palm Springs to find that her English sheep dog, "Captain," has reached the community towel first.

Gwynne is her niece, you know, and is a grand girl but she's not as popular as Mary yet.

Mary had a crowd in hysterics telling of her most embarrassing moment. It was while she and Mr. Fairbanks were the guests of Count and Countess di Frasso in Rome and a very smart reception was being given in their honor. Mary had spent hours getting dressed for the occasion and finally it was time for her to make her appearance. She stood at the head of the grand stairway. She was announced. She bowed and smiled and then, instead of proceeding down the stairs, stood frozen to the spot. A very intimate piece of lingerie had slipped down and clung around her ankles. For a moment she was horror-stricken but you know

guest recently, but when he left they had the whole house thoroughly disinfected because the poor chap had typhoid fever and didn't know it. Instead of leaving town when he left their house he went to the hospital very ill.

Then Phil Plant arrived in town. Phil isn't royalty but he has lots of money and he was married to Constance once. The first person he telephoned was Constance, who invited him out to her house for lunch. And the Marquis, like an obliging husband, got very busy at the studio and couldn't go home for lunch.

• • •

**N** GRETA GARBO is seldom seen anywhere these days and never without her director, Rouben Mam-



Alex Kohle

The first photograph of Hollywood's latest and most romantic newlyweds, Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames.



"I JUST COULDN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT TINTEX!"



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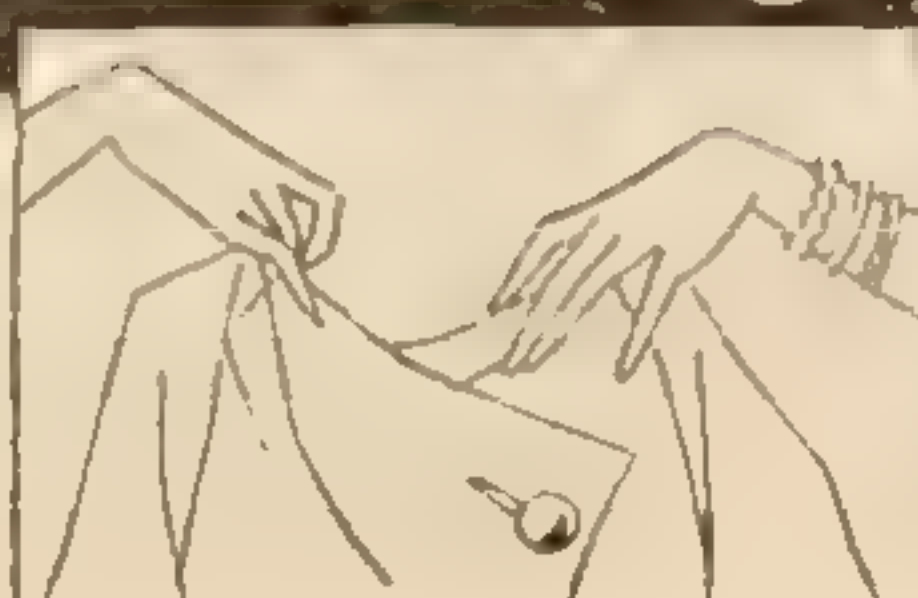
"TINTEX KEEPS MY WARDROBE SO FASHIONABLE!"



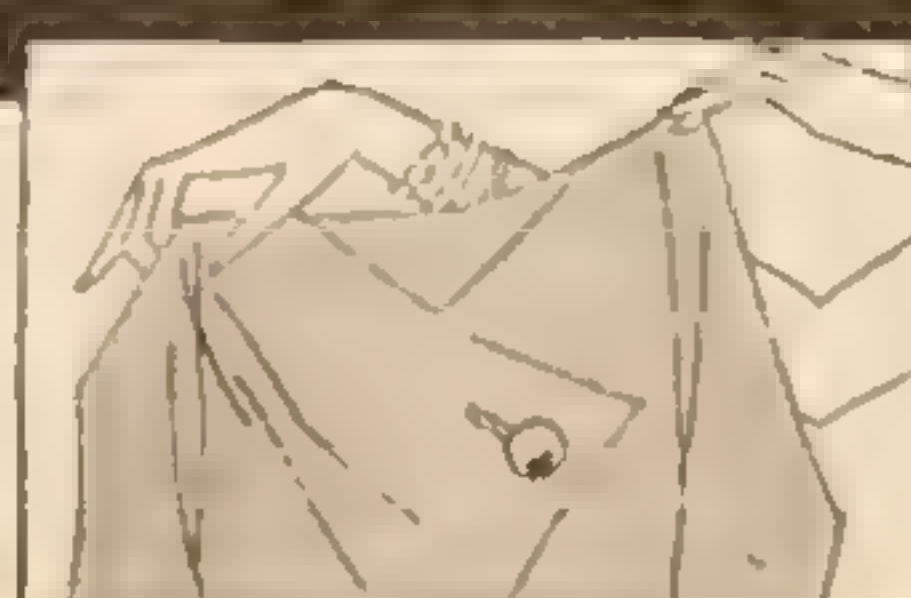
**To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER**



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter colored one...



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric...



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.



# Hollywood Day by Day



Marion Davies and Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed who made the musical numbers for her new M-G-M picture, "Going Hollywood," directed by Raoul Walsh.

(Continued from page 10)

I went on the set the second day I spoke to everyone and then, because Miss Garbo was across the stage from me, I waved to her. She waved back and I thought nothing of it but everyone came to me and said I shouldn't have done that. It was done and I couldn't undo it, and Miss Garbo continued to be charming as long as my engagement lasted."

Miss Padden had a Polish dictionary under her arm when I met her. She explained that she was trying to figure out the accent she should use for her Polish role in "As the Earth Turns."

I'll have to call on Emily Post again to settle a point of etiquette. Now it's Mary Brian and Don Cook who have all Hollywood puzzled. They met on a picture and a romance started. Don was devoted, as he always is at the beginning of a romance, and Mary was yes and noish as usual, but they were seen together constantly. Then Don had a housewarming party, followed by large quantities of silence, and the two were seen together no more. Some say there was a little argument between two fellows during the course of the evening and one contestant landed in the top of a tree. Others say that Mary called a taxi and went home. Don says they are still "going together"; Mary says they are not and, inasmuch as actions speak louder than words, it looks as if Mary is right.

• • •

**N** AT the Fox studio where she once shook her beads as the star of "Queen of Sheba," Betty Blythe is now playing Mary Brian's mother. But she is a very gay, young mother—a very gallant person just like Betty really is—and, in Betty's words, "she is on the make for Herbert Mundin."

"But George O'Brien is SO romantic in some of the costumes he wears in this picture, that I wish I were on the make for him," she said with a sigh.

George is making a wide breach between his cowboy roles and his first romantic role in years in "Ever Since Eve." He wears fifteen different costumes in the picture.

I've seen several foot and hand prints recently, and not in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater either, which only goes to prove that actors are just little boys grown up. On a little piece of cement patchwork in front of Gary Cooper's dressing room at the Paramount Studio are the signatures of "Gary, Harpo, Dick and Jack," with illustrations that I couldn't describe in a family magazine. On the curbstone in front of Lew Cody's house is the one word, "Cody." And in the Chaplin Studio on the sidewalk are Charlie's footprints and his signature, written with a cane.

• • •

**N** SPEAKING of the Chaplin Studio, the activity that has been promised for months is only now getting under way. You remember we told you Chaplin had promised to have two pictures finished before Christmas? Well, of course, if you knew Chaplin as we do you wouldn't have taken that seriously, although he was serious when he made the statement.

Even though Chaplin hasn't actually been working at the studio, he has been perfecting his story and rehearsing with his two principals, Paulette Goddard and Cecil Rey-



George Raft and Carole Lombard in the "Raftero," a new dance designed for the much-discussed "Bolero," now in production at Paramount.



Virginia Valli, wife of Charles Farrell, with Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown at the Russian Eagle supper club.

nolds. Cecil wishes people would forget the doctor part of his name, so it is through no disrespect for his ability as a doctor that I dropped it. And Chaplin came very nearly not having a villain for his picture when Cecil went out in his small motor boat to fish recently. A mile from shore his motor went dead, a storm came up and Cecil had to paddle in with one oar. The fish he had caught were swimming merrily around in the boat which was half full of water, and had to be caught again.

A dressing-room has been re-decorated for Paulette's use—the same dressing-room that was used by Edna Purviance, Lita Grey, Merna Kennedy and Georgia Hale. Paulette chose the furnishings herself, all in soft rose and gray.

Chaplin didn't use to take so long to make a picture. "A Dog's Life," for instance, the first picture he made at the little La Brea Studio, was completed in ninety days. Chaplin has apparently been under the Mae West influence for some time for he is now a "man what takes his time." Not that it matters, only I can hardly wait to see Paulette!

I saw Buster Keaton and his bride at a party recently, and couldn't help remarking the great change in him. He is beginning to look as he did ten years ago and everyone is hoping he will make a comeback.

They live in a house right across the street from the fourth hole at the Rancho Golf Club and when Buster sees a serious golfer about to play off that hole, he rushes outdoors and yells: "The idle rich! Bah!" and then slams the door after him when he goes back into the house. Any golfer knows what that does to a play.

• • •

**N** DUDLEY MURPHY, basking in the glory of his picture, "Emperor Jones," which he directed in New York, now wants to change his name. Dudley says he appreciates his good Irish name, but insists he isn't like his name. He is choosing (Please turn to page 98)





Baby LeRoy knows that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Here he is, the highest-salaried baby in the world, in one of his daily play interludes. Dorothea Wieck seems to be enjoying it just as much as he.

# A Baby Can Do It

By AILEEN ST. JOHN BRENON

**A** SEVEN-YEAR picture contract in his nursery safe, Baby LeRoy, with five productions to his credit, sits in his high chair, ignoring all questions and refusing to eat spinach.

Up to date he has never uttered a word for publication, but since even a baby's life belongs to his public when he is in the movies, here are the inside facts of the private and public career of the most popular baby on the screen.

Baby LeRoy's real name is LeRoy Winebrenner. He was born on May 12, 1932. A year later his name was in electric lights. When he was born he weighed five pounds and eleven ounces. He has not been careful with his diet and now weighs 27 pounds and one ounce. He has blond hair, blue eyes and twelve teeth.

He got his first job because he was the only one in a whole nursery-full of children to laugh when Chevalier came into the room.

He takes many privileges while on the set, chiseling a nap every day at the studio. He is allowed on the set only four hours—and to work only two. He always has two companions when he is working; one is his mother, now eighteen years of age, and another is Rachel Smith, from the local Board of Education.

While his vocabulary is not extensive, it's very up-to-date—comprising three expressions, "Hot Dog,"

"Bye Bye" and "Oh Boy." Slang has been barred on the set because of his aptitude in learning it.

Baby LeRoy never uses make-up. He's a merry soul and hates to cry—even for his art.

In making "Miss Fane's Baby," it was necessary for him to cry while in his crib, and this is how it was brought about: He hates to be told to blow his nose, so Miss Smith would put a handkerchief to his nose and say "Blow." Baby LeRoy would cry vociferously, and then Miss Smith and her handkerchief would retreat—and the cameras begin winding.

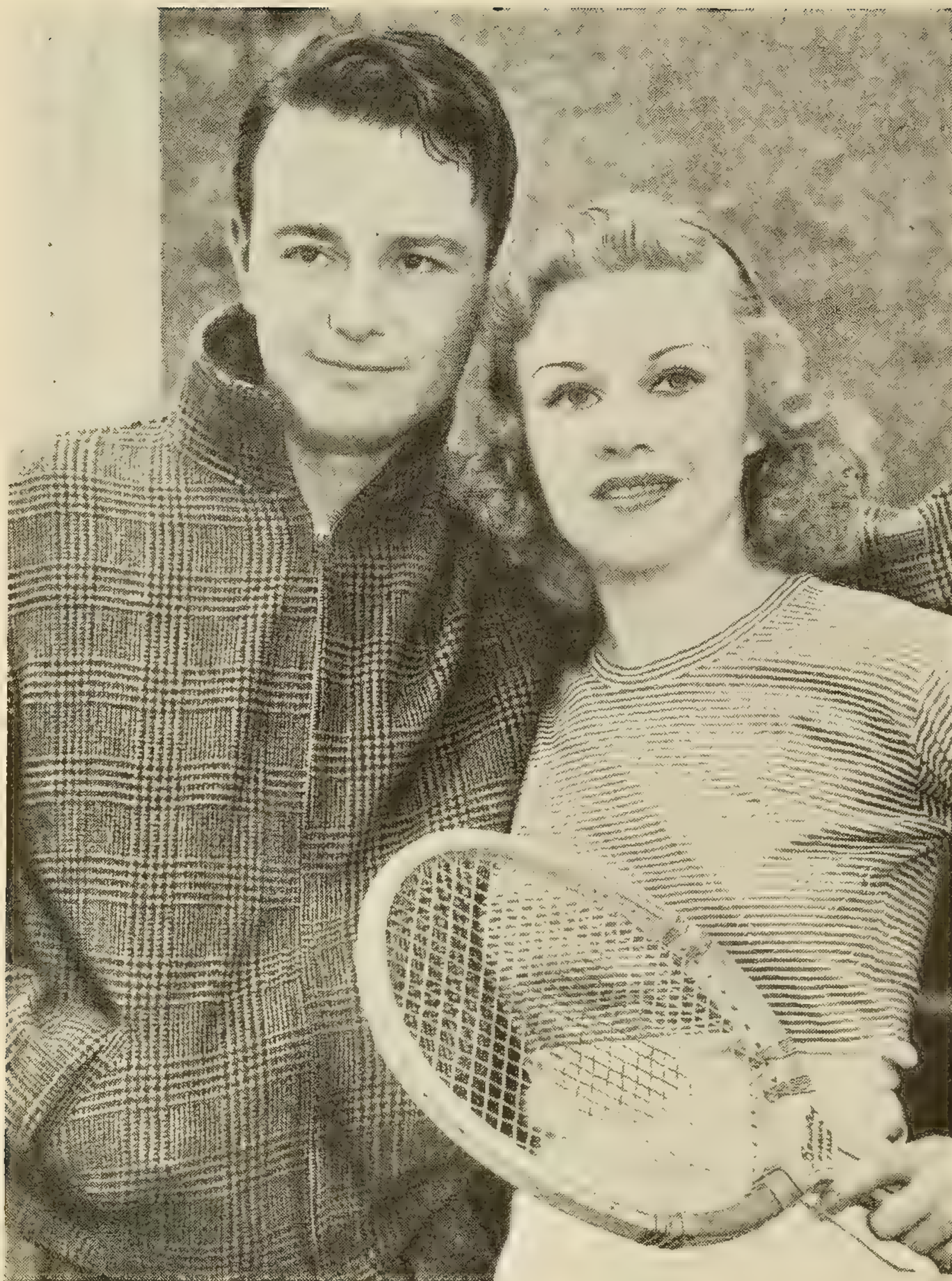
The biggest moment in his career occurred when he took his first step. Moving pictures were taken and his first words were recorded in sound.

Though one of the most popular players on the lot, Baby LeRoy has no dressing-room—merely a crib. His high chair has his name on it. All sorts of methods are resorted to to keep him quiet on the set. Executives let him throw their watches on the floor, stars let him fiddle with their make-up boxes.

Is it Beauty, Brains or Sex Appeal which has given Baby LeRoy his great drawing power with the public—so great, indeed, that at 18 months of age he is one of Paramount's most popular players? He gives no explanation himself, but it's safe to wager, I haven't a doubt, that the answer is "Heart Appeal."



## HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS



Wide World



Wide World

John Mack Brown, the host, in the center with two of his guests—guess who—Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres at John Mack Brown's tennis party.

# Playtime in Movieland

**I** HEARD of a girl in Hollywood once who gave a party to celebrate a new party dress!

Well, of course, that's going rather far even for Hollywood.

But Hollywood does love to celebrate events. You can't possibly get a new whoopee room or a new swimming pool,—or, somebody said slyly, the other day, a new bathroom!—without celebrating with a party.

About that bathroom thing, now, I do remember a star taking me to see her new bathroom. It was decorated with wall paper representing an aquarium, with little fishes swimming all about.

Well, I did feel then that the fishes had more privacy than I!

**S**PEAKING of celebrations, John Mack Brown has the takingest new tennis court, and celebrated with a party.

Tennis is the universal exercise of the moving picture folk. If you don't know tennis, you are just too stupid. I accused a producer the other day of asking a certain candidate for a big role in a picture what her tennis game was like.

"But you mustn't get too good," whispered John Mack Brown to me, "or they'll think you're not working!"

John had to run away in the middle of the after-

noon, clad in white trousers and blue coat, to the dog show, to put his dog through his paces. His wife wanted him to change to formal business clothes, but Johnny was so excited about his dog that he ran off just as he was.

Barbara Weeks was there, and Gwynn Williams was to call for her after tea. There is something interestingly romantic going on.

Fredric March and his wife came early and had breakfast on the terrace, along with Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, Mr. and Mrs. John Lodge, Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, Billy Bakewell and William Seiter, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy, Grace Williams (she who was slapped by Mary McCormick)).

**A**LL the girls wear slacks at these breakfast-tennis affairs. Virginia Valli looked cute in gray ones with a red ribbon around her hair and one around her neck.

Barbara Weeks wore real trousers like those that men wear—but Barbara is a girl who can wear any kind of trousers and get away with it.

**W**ISH you could see John Mack Brown's house. It is what somebody called in old-fashioned phrase a "storehouse of treasure."

You see both Johnny and his wife are descended



**GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie's Hollywood society reporter, gives you an invitation to attend with her some of the gay functions of the film capital**

from Mayflower folk, and their house is filled with wonderful antiques.

For instance there is the silver pitcher wrought by Paul Revere, together with the bill of sale signed by Paul himself, with a little picture (a delicate miniature) of the first owner of the pitcher.

Whoever thought of Paul Revere having a vocation! One thinks of him simply as flying about the country on a horse. But this pitcher is a very lovely pitcher, and would be even if Paul never had done anything to make himself renowned otherwise. He was a skilled silver-and-goldsmith.

Then there is the wall paper, taken from some French palace, representing scenes in French gardens of quaint other days, and which now adorns the entrance hall to the beautiful English house.

Johnny has taken his little brother David, eleven years old, to raise, since his parents passed away. David is a good-looking little boy, and will probably

go into pictures if he shows any inclination to do so.

**E**DWARD G. ROBINSON swung wide the doors of his new Beverly Hills home, and, together with the lovely Mrs. Robinson, welcomed his friends.

And when Eddie and his wife swing wide their doors, there is certainly a rush!

John Barrymore and his wife, Dolores Costello, were among the guests. But, while Dolores circulated, John retired upstairs to Eddie's den with Joe Cawthorne, Edmund Breese and other choice spirits, and swapped yarns. He didn't even come down to supper.

Nevertheless he is going about more than formerly. Went to the Mayfair, and though somebody related that he wore house slippers, just the same he danced!

**W**HICH reminds me of a story that an old friend of Barrymore's told about him when he was in New York.  
*(Please turn to page 81)*



*Wide World*

An interesting group at John Mack Brown's tennis party. Reading from left to right: Lew Ayres, Ginger Rogers, Virginia Valli and her husband Charles Farrell, Fay Wray and Barbara Weeks. In front is John Mack Brown, himself.





You would never think of Freddie March playing the part of *Death*, but watch him in Paramount's "Death Takes a Holiday." Here he is saying good-bye to Evelyn Venable.



Of course, it's Lionel Barrymore, playing one of his most loved roles in the new Fox picture, "Carolina." The lady seated next to him as he offers his toast is no other than Henrietta Crosman.

# Advance News of NEW

By BARBARA BARRY

**F**REDDIE MARCH is starring in a new Paramount picture, and what a picture! And what a title—"Death Takes a Holiday." And what a fantastic story by Alberto Casella! Let me tell you something about it.

Death (get out from behind that cape, Freddie March . . . we know you!) desires to spend three days on earth, as a human being. He induces Sir Guy Standing to take him into his home as a week-end guest and there, falls in love with Evelyn Venable, who is engaged to Sir Guy's son.

It is a fantastic situation. With Death gone A.W.O.L. it's absolutely impossible for despondent mortals to shuffle off this mortal coil. Bankrupt stockholders leap from the flag pole of

the Empire State Building, bounce around for a while, and walk perplexedly away from the spot where the body should have been found! Mortifyin', no less. But dandy in a way, don't you think? Or, don't you?

Freddie's original inclinations have been more or less sinister, but, when Love comes to Death, the gentleman's cruder instincts fly out the window. Cute, eh? Different . . . but still cute.

When Freddie tells Miss Venable that his time on earth is up and he must leave, she quietly insists that he take her with him. Horrified, he refuses, and, when he finds that she is determined, he pretends that he has never cared for her.

But she sees through his intrigue and follows him happily out into the wherever it is Death goes after vacation time.

March is his usual swell self and Venable has heaps of possibilities, being a cross between Miriam Hopkins, Evalyn Knapp, and with just a dash of Dolores Costello tossed in for good measure. You can't ask for more than that.

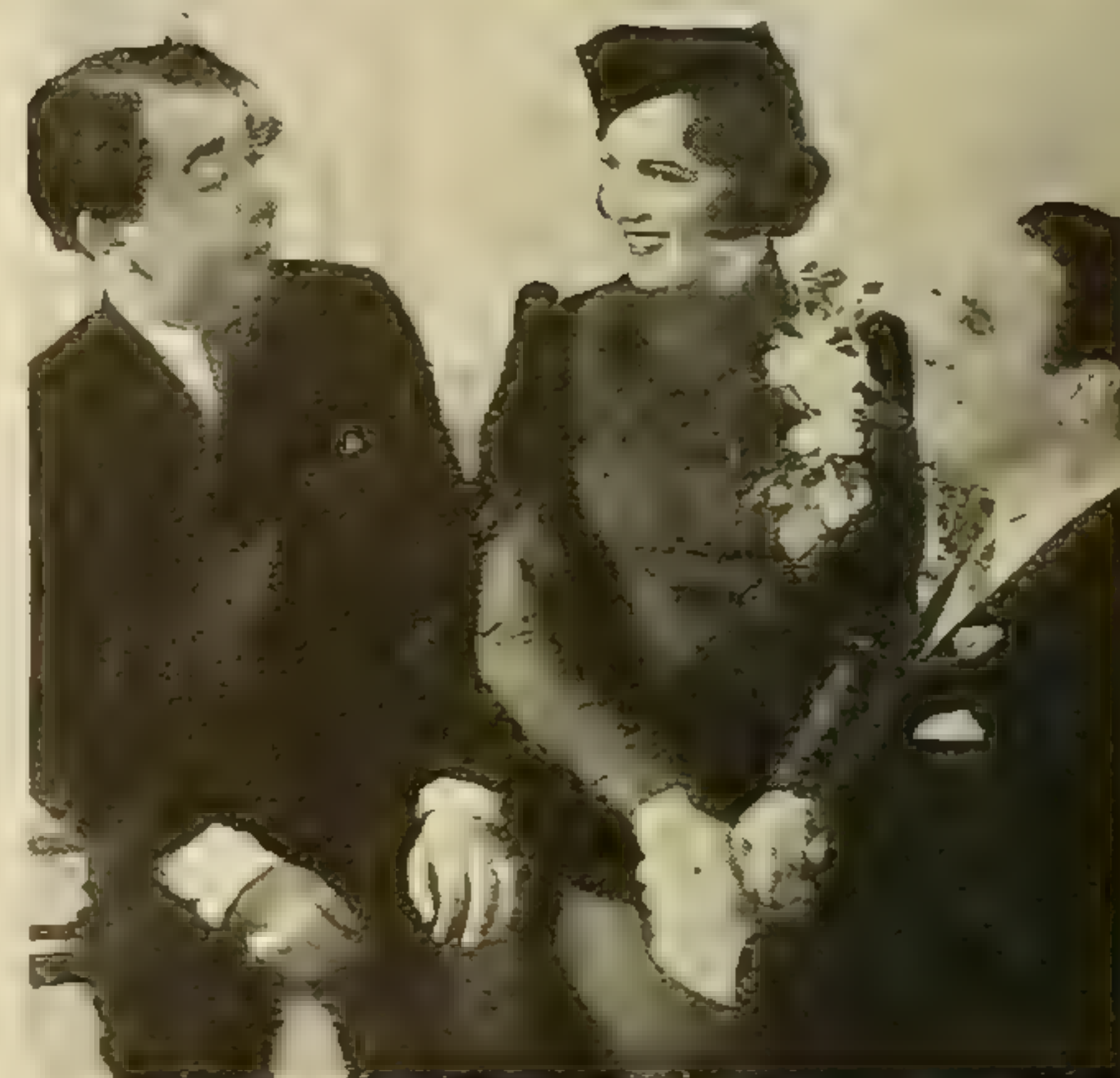
Mitchell Leisen directs with a picturesque and not too sinister touch.

## Heat Lightning (Warner's)

**A**LINE MACMAHON runs a filling station in the sweltering wastes of the desert. Her kid sister, Ann Dvorak, helps out at the lunch counter, but she is dissatisfied with the solitary life and yearns for the lights and gay romance of the wicked city.

It has been to save the little gal from the "fate worse than death" that Aline has gone into the gas and oil business, and, remembering her dance-hall days, you might as well know that she isn't any too tickled with existence in the wide open spaces.

Ann sneaks out to meet Theodore



It is an intriguing title that Fox has given their new picture—"Ever Since Eve." Above you will find Mary Brian, George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin in one of the climaxes.



Warner Brothers are spending lots of money on "Wonder Bar," with Dolores Del Rio and Al Jolson. Here is Dolores in a dramatic scene with Ricardo Cortez.



This picture doesn't look very much like a "Journal of Crime." But that is the title which Warners have given to it. Here are George Barbier, Claire Dodd and Adolphe Menjou.





They call the new Paramount picture with George Burns, Gracie Allen and Charlie Ruggles, "Six of a Kind." Here they are in person, probably looking for the other three absentees.



Romance in a filling station. If you don't believe it, the new Warner picture, "Heat Lightning," will try to prove it to you. Here are Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot and Ann Dvorak.

# FILMS in the Making

For your information an intimate guide to the latest pictures now being made in Hollywood



You would not think that Robert Montgomery and Elizabeth Allan were discussing the new M-G-M picture, "The Mystery of the Dead Police," but that is just what they are doing.



In "Viva Villa," Wallace Beery plays the fire-eating Mexican general up to the hub caps and over. Stu Erwin replaces the over-ebullient Lee Tracy, and you're going to like this picture.

Newton, with whom—for lack of anything else to do—she imagines herself in love. Ted is really a no-good, as you . . . and you, will be able to tell at a glance. But don't let on. In this particular instance, Ann's getting paid to be dumb.

While Ann is out straying from the straight and narrow. Preston Foster and Lyle Talbot, who have just polished off a pair of bank cashiers, pull in to revive their sputtering motor and "check the erl. kid."

It develops that Preston has been a Big Moment among the Split Seconds of Aline's dance-hall days. This is so you won't register surprise when we all. Ann included, catch him sneaking out of Aline's room at an hour when all good children should be dreaming of Peter Rabbit. And stuff.

Ann, who has "paid the price" for running out with a rat like Mr. Newton, accuses her sister of being no better than she.

While they cry on each other's shoulders, Preston is downstairs, trying to force Lyle to crack the family safe for a hatfull of jewels that have been parked there by a pair of guileless (?) divorcees. Glenda Farrell and Ruth Donnelly, who are returning home after a shuffle-off spree in Reno.

To save the baubles, Aline is obliged to shoot her b.f., thereby making an honest, though dead, man of him.

This story, by Leon Abrams and George Abbott, will probably be responsible for a cycle of filling station tales, but, if Aline's in all of 'em, we can take it.

Mervyn LeRoy's last directorial job before headin' for the last hook-up . . . matrimony, if you don't catch on.

## Ever Since Eve (Fox)

NO cowboy trappings for George O'Brien in this one. Taken from Paul Armstrong's story, "Heir to the

Hoorah," the action moves from the gold country, to Park Avenue, and back to them thar mountings again.

Three old women-haters. Herbert Mundin, Roger Imhof, and Russell Simpson, have been watching over George ever since he was knee-high to a what-have-you.

On a trip East to purchase more mining machinery, George meets and falls in love with Mary Brian, daughter of an attractive but slightly insolvent widow, played by your old favorite, Betty Blythe.

Marrying him for his money, Mary eventually learns to love her Tarzan of the gold country. The thing ends happily, but not before they have played a hot and cold running game of you-chase-me and I'll-chase-you, winding up finally when Mary takes

(Please turn to page 93)



You might not recognize either Ramon Novarro or Lupe Velez in this picture but this is how you will see them in "Laughing Boy."





Wide World

Pictured at the surprise party given in honor of Helen Mack, screen actress, left to right are: Dick Poliner, host, Vivienne Gaye, Billy Joy, Phylliss Lee, Edward Bodell, Gloria Monroe, Irene Thompson, Marla Hayden, June Clyde, Thornton Freeland, Helen Mack. The man in the back, extreme right, is Frank O'Heron.

# The Hollywood Younger Set

**D**ID you know the little girl with the curls we've seen all these years in that soap advertisement is Madge Evans at the age of eight? . . . Junior Durkin has decided to use one of those four first names of his, and from now on, will be known as Bide Durkin, Jr. . . . Just to let you know how important dog actors are out here, we found recently that the dog playing in a picture was receiving a higher wage than both of the juvenile leads put together. And to top that, when the company went on location, the dog had to have a special bottle of drinking water, while the mere humans struggled along as best they could on the native supply.

Helen Mack realized a life-long ambition on her twentieth birthday, when her mother presented her with a mink

By HENRY WILLSON



Wide World

Dick Cromwell and his sister, Dorothy.

coat—and a car thrown in for good measure. . . . It is surprising to hear how many fans will write to the stars for their photographs and then fail to bother writing a note of thanks. . . .

**F**OUR years ago, two freshmen in high school decided that their greatest ambition was to play opposite each other in the movies. Algebra gave way to Plane Geometry, which, in turn, was succeeded by Trigonometry, before the girl, Jean Parker, got her first break in pictures. And what a thrill! Now, one year later, the boy, —Pancho Lucas, was discovered by the same studio and placed in his first picture, "Viva Villa." Jean's latest achievement is "Dark Sunlight," an R. K. O. picture, but it's now up to the home studio to make good the greatest ambition of Jean and Pancho.

**R**ICHARD CROMWELL is the most "dropped-in-on" person in Hollywood. You see, Dick has lived here all

his life, and everyone who ever knew him at High School drops in on him at his little hillside home, where he lives alone. But they don't let it go at that. It seems that each acquaintance brings three other friends and introduces them to Dick, each of whom returns a week later with several of their friends—and,—well, it's like one of those "chain letter" ideas. No kidding, it's worse than Grand Central Station on the 3rd of July! He's certainly been swell about it, though, so far, but maybe pretty soon Dick will protect himself by hiring someone to scare 'em away. After all, he still has a lot of things to accomplish in his new home and deserves some privacy by this time.

**T**HE past couple of Sundays, Ernest Schoedsack (director of "King Kong," and others) has been taking Tom Brown, Helen Mack, Anita Louise (Please turn to page 91)



Frankie Darro shows Clark Gable the correct way to make love to Claudette Colbert. Frankie is working on "No Greater Glory," at Columbia, while Clark and Claudette are making "It Happened One Night," at the same studio.



Wide World

Dixie Frances and James Ellison.





Clarence Sinclair Bull

# THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S GALLERY OF STARS



**DOROTHY MACKAILL**—The Hull town (in England) knows she's British because they're proud of their pulchritudinous product. From the stages and screens of London and Paris flaxen-haired Dorothy journeyed to New York and graced the late Florenz Ziegfeld's Follies, before Director Edwin Carewe signed her for movies some dozen years ago. She's married to Neil Miller, who croons. Is an enthusiastic aviatrix. Loves to gamble. She's generous. Her pals include stagehands, players, producers and the "four hundred." Adores Honolulu and hopes to live there some day.





Ernest A. Bachrach



**DOLORES DEL RIO**—Senora of true Latin loveliness. Daughter of Mexico's distinguished banker, Jesus Asunsolo. She was educated in Mexico City, Paris and Spain, specializing in music and terpsichory. Her charm and grace attracted movie director on location in Mexico some years back. She yielded to Hollywood offer. And fans throughout the world appreciated her glamorous talents until her temporary retirement after her marriage a couple of years back to Art Director Cedric Gibbons. Now she has returned to the cinema swing. "Flying Down to Rio" displays her varied talents. The Gibbons menage is smartly modernistic. Dolores loves clothes, sun baths and Cedric. And of course her work.





Elmer Fryer



**MARY ASTOR**—A beauty-contest winner who became a real trouper! Quincy, Illinois, is the lucky town which gave Mary to the world. Only then she was known as Lucille Langhanke—a mighty awkward moniker for one so lovely. So, when she won that beauty award, she changed her name to the flowery one now known throughout the world. She made her movie debut in two reels for Tri-Art. Followed up with feature assignments for National—directed by her first husband, Kenneth Hawks, who met death tragically in airplane crash. Now married to Dr. Franklin Thorpe. Took brief time out to have Mary, Jr., now two years old. Prefers good character parts to heroine roles. She enjoys all sports.





Garbo today and eight years ago. Above, as she appears in her newest M-G-M picture, "Queen Christina," her first release in more than a year. At the right is one of the most remarkable pictures of Garbo in existence, made on the M-G-M lot in 1925, shortly after her arrival in America.





# YESTERDAY WITH GARBO

Strange as it may seem, these pictures are all of the great Garbo herself, and you will find it hard to believe that they were all taken less than ten years ago.



Left, Greta Garbo, learning to ride "Beverly," the famous horse, in preparation for her role in "The Temptress," at the M-G-M studios in 1925.

Above, right, an early portrait of Garbo as the Countess Elizabeth Dolina, in her first stellar role in "The Atonement of Gusta Berling."

At the right, one of the first pictures of Garbo in 1925 when she was signed by M-G-M for "The Temptress."

At the left, a double exposure picture of Garbo made by Buddy Longworth, in which Garbo shows herself how to operate a studio light.







Monart



**MARION DAVIES**—Her real name is Douras. Papa Judge Douras is retired from the bench in New York, and that's where Marion was born. Blue-eyed comedienne acted in religious pageants in parochial school, modeled dresses, sang and danced in Broadway choruses, posed for Howard Chandler Christy and Harrison Fisher before screen debut in 1918. Looks as young and freckly now as then. She'll do "Operator 13" with Gary Cooper next. Loves to sew, dance, play bridge and grow gardens full of flowers. And she's so, so superstitious. Not married, but she is considered one of Hollywood's most hospitable and popular hostesses.





Clarence Sinclair Bull



**DIANA WYNYARD**—Her real name's Dorothy Cox, but her friends in London, England—her birthplace—changed it for her when she started her stage career in 1925. Forty roles in stock preceded important break opposite Leslie Banks in "Lean Harvest." Then came Broadway—and the lead in "The Devil Passes," same role she had portrayed in England. M-G-M scouts saw her, signed her for "Rasputin" with the Barrymores. Option renewed and more movies! Next she'll join John and Lionel in "The Paradine Case." She's a talented pianist, reads a lot, rides horseback and swims. Her hair's golden-brown; eyes are gray-blue. Not married.





Immer Fryer



**EDWARD G. ROBINSON**—Bucharest, Broadway, Hollywood. That's alias Eddie Goldberg's success story! Educated at Columbia University. Speaks Spanish, Italian, French, German, Hebrew, Yiddish, English and his native Roumanian with equal ease. Played first film role with Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl" ten years back. Dropped out to devote himself to stage work exclusively until talkie time. Paramount tempted him, then dropped his option. Warners signed him for "Little Caesar" and the succession of important character roles which followed. Music is his chief hobby. His wife, Gladys Lloyd, plays and sings. He paddles the player-piano. Crazy about Eddie, Jr., who's nearly a year old!



# THE New Movie MAGAZINE



Contributors this month—Clara Beranger, Darryl F. Zanuck, Grace Cunard, Ruth Chatterton and Carrington North.

## THE BOOMERANG OF PUBLICITY



CLARA  
BERANGER

WHEN movie stars are on their way up the ladder of success, press stories concerning their private lives and personal habits give them a boost. In the past, publicity fed to avidly inquisitive fans proved of great value in increasing box-office returns.

But when the publicity turned sour, when stars became involved in scandals, the very people who helped lift them to fame quickly turned about and kicked them to the bottom of the heap into obscurity.

Ever since pictures have had stars, headlines have shrieked the news of high movie salaries. For the edification of an enthusiastic world of movie fans, studios brazenly blew the trumpet of publicity and threw a spotlight on the earnings of their stars.

But the world of movie fans in this day of depression is no longer eager nor enthusiastic, it is envious and resentful. It does not understand that a star's worth is gauged by box-office returns.

It blindly decides that no one could possibly be worth such large sums of money. And the Federal Government is by way of agreeing with the public. That high picture salaries are measured simply and solely by box-office value, that an artist's earning power is limited to a few years and that the preparation for these few fat years takes many lean years of struggle and suffering, that creative talent is legitimately entitled to a fair share in the financial success of a picture.

The studios have only themselves to blame for the distrust of the public and the Government. Publicity circulated to add glamour to their stars is again proving a boomerang.

And this time it may lower the financial returns of creative artists to the level of non-creative craftsmen, and tear down the whole structure of Hollywood salaries.

*Clara Beranger.*

## THE PICTURE IS THE THING



DARRYL F.  
ZANUCK

SCREEN play production in Hollywood has been weathering a crisis which can only be definitely overcome by the overthrow of the present system of producing pictures.

The factory method of mass production, the product of which is the "program picture" designed to meet the weekly-change schedules of the

big theater circuits, must go.

My prediction is that the year 1934 will see the doom of mass production. Screen entertainment can no longer be turned out on a machine-made scale and find popularity.

In the place of mass production will come the new system of building each production as a separate unit, so that in cast, story, richness of production and entertainment, each picture will be a big one—what we in the industry call a "special".

The public wants big pictures, and even in these times will reward super-pictures with greater popularity than even in the more affluent days of past prosperity. While it will still give a due share of favor to program pictures which merit popularity, the public has shown that in the case of the exceptional picture, its support is unlimited.

For that reason, Mr. Joseph M. Schenck and myself, as heads of 20th Century Pictures, have already abandoned the mass production system.

Big pictures of course, cost more—but money is not the main consideration in the making of bigger pictures. The important thing is the planning of the picture in advance, building the story so that all its situations will have strong dramatic values, abundant entertainment, and the added adornment of showmanship.

This story must be presented by a star supported by stars. Sufficient time must be given to the production and for the cast to familiarize itself with the story. That is the policy we have adopted, and which the whole producing system in Hollywood must adopt.

*Darryl F. Zanuck*



Read New Movie's editorial forum where you will find frank expressions of opinion by contributors who know they will not be blue-penciled

#### A STAR OF YESTERDAY



GRACE  
CUNARD

**L**IVING . . . and people . . . these are the most important things in the world.

"Nineteen years ago, when the spotlight of Fame played brightly on my every move, when wealth and success were unquestionably mine . . . I wouldn't have believed that I could be so completely happy out of things; forgotten, except for a handful of dear old faithfuls.

Yet, this is true, I have found truer friends and more satisfaction out of just living, since Fame turned her nose up at me, than in all those prosperous years, when every hour of my days belonged to everybody but myself.

In those days, when I was obliged to entertain hordes of celebrated people in the garishly gorgeous home that was an essential part of a star's fanfare, I didn't have half so much fun as we do now, in my little place, where the guest list includes a chauffeur, a song writer, a traveling salesman, and half a dozen extra people!

Instead of caviar and champagne, we have sandwiches and beer . . . and loads of fun! Why, we really live!

I am still ambitious and enthusiastic about pictures. Occasionally, I get a small part and, when I'm finished, I'm not satisfied. I want to do more. It doesn't seem right to be going home when there's more acting to be done!

I have no illusions about playing ingenues. Character parts are more to my liking. Wrinkles . . . and a few teeth out. I don't care how ugly they make me. Funny . . . these ambitions die hard, don't they?

I've seen both ends of the ladder. The top, with its gaiety, brilliance, and noise, is nice. But—the bottom is so very comfortable . . . and not so far to fall!"

*Grace Cunard*

#### CENSORSHIP—BY WHOM?



CARRINGTON  
NORTH

**I**T'S a swell story, but we couldn't get it past the Hays' Office!"—"Sure, it's a whale of a play, but the censors would never pass it!" That song rings endlessly down the echoing halls of filmdom, though every man who sings it knows full well that if a picture is good enough or funny enough, it will reach the public.

The Blue Noses would create a National Censorship and deal with all pictures in the same manner. They fail completely to discriminate between immorality, common or garden vulgarity and the sincere frankness with which strong drama must deal with life. They would denature all amusement and make it food for children.

There is only one answer. The theater of the adult and that of the child must be separated and the needs and desires of the child carefully considered in mak-

ing up his programs. Who is going to do this and what have they done to prove that they can?

Personally, the most intelligent and efficient group I have ever encountered is a party of Senior Boy Scouts from a lower East Side division. These lads come to me several times a year for picture programs for the younger boys. They look me square in the eye as they refuse many of my suggestions. "No, that's too raw." . . . "Too much love stuff, kids don't like it." Scientific and travel stuff they simply eat. . . . Fair women and brave men, action, adventure. Their taste is sure, their audiences have to be pushed out of the Settlement House when the show is over. And it is all good stuff!

Is it possible that here are the people to choose for children? Adolescence is close enough to childhood to know what a child likes, near enough to maturity to feel responsibility for the very young?

Every high school and academy in the country is full of youngsters in their teens, youngsters awake and alive. They would enjoy taking a hand in this business of choosing their own entertainment and that of their immediate juniors. . . . And I, for one, think they would make a good job of it.

*Ruth Chatterton*

#### WHAT PRICE, BEAUTY?



RUTH  
CHATTERTON

**I** HAVE been asked if the sacrifices which actresses make in Hollywood to meet the beauty requirements of the screen, are worth while?

It all depends upon one's viewpoint.

If regarded sensibly, the "sacrifices" are very much worth while.

Strict adherence to the laws of health, which means enjoying a full quota of sleep and rest, eating only the proper food, abstinence from dissipation, daily exercise and work, can only result in a mental, as well as physical, stimulant.

To meet the screen requirements of feminine loveliness one must rigidly observe these laws. Since the average woman is inclined to lapse into the full enjoyment of whatever luxuries life affords her, usually to her detriment, I honestly believe that the ascetic life one is forced to live in Hollywood, is worth the sacrifice of material pleasures.

Unfortunately, it is true that many misguided young women have been sacrificed on the altar of the so-called beauty standards of Hollywood, due to extremely foolish diets, etc. Such cases are as unnecessary as they are tragic.

Beauty is only skin-deep, after all.

*Ruth Chatterton*



# WHAT Keeps The Movies Going?

The four heroines of the smash hit, "Little Women."



**Can you tell the film producers in advance what kind of pictures will capture the public approval? If you can, you can make a fortune.**

**W**HAT keeps the movies moving?

An exact answer to this question would be worth millions of dollars to any one of the six or seven largest producers of pictures.

They don't know, themselves, what keeps the movies moving.

You could make millions of dollars for yourself if you were wise enough to tell them, in advance, what will keep them moving.

Why did you pay to see "Little Women"?

Millions of you did pay, but why?

Was it because Katharine Hepburn was advertised as the star?

Was it because of the fame of Louisa Alcott's book?

Does the success of this picture mean the return of cleanliness to the screen?

If you can answer these questions—AND NOT MAKE A MISTAKE IN YOUR ANSWER—and if you can answer such questions before they are asked, you can make money in the movies!

The making of successful movies is the greatest guessing game in all the world.

Hundreds of studio movie experts guessed, before it was put on the market, that "Little Women" would die the death of a dog.

Every studio in the land had a chance to produce "Little Women." All but one of them turned it down, for the reasons given above. They laughed at it. What! Produce "Little Women"?—a clean, old-fashioned, harmless, meaningless story? It was too absurd for words.

It was one of the biggest laughs which the insiders in the movie business have ever had—and it turned out to be one of the biggest hits!

They were dead sure you would stay away from this picture by the million, but instead you paid to see it by the million.

They remembered the terrible failure of "Peter Pan" which was just as sugary and sweet as "Little Women." They were just positive you would reject anything of the sort.

But you didn't do it. You took it to your heart and you crowded the theaters to see it.

Why?

Was it because of Miss Hepburn? Was it because of the old fame of the book by Miss Alcott?

Was there something in the advertising which "got" you?

The editors are very anxious to find out the real WHY. They would like to tell the movie-makers what you like and why. This would be a real service.

This magazine will pay \$50 for the best letter of not more than 100 words on *WHY* you packed the theaters to see "Little Women." And \$10 each for the next five letters. In the event of a tie the same amount will be paid for each.

Have your letter here on or before March first, 1934. Only thirty days—but that is time enough to give us your answer.



# The First SOVIET



H. H. H.

The burden of the world is in her eyes as Anna Sten looks at the streets where she is a hunted woman.

**The dramatic life story of Anna Sten, the unknown girl of war-torn Russia and how Samuel Goldwyn discovered her**

A woman's eyes looked out of the screen in a darkened projection room in Hollywood, and the editors of New Movie Magazine realized that they were spectators at an historic event in motion picture history—the dawn of a new star. The occasion was the first private showing of the rushes of Mr. Goldwyn's new feature film of Anna Sten, the Soviet star of his discovery and development, in his sensational picturization of NANA, and the adjective "sensational" is not overworked. In its sheer drama of a woman's soul, the picture is breath-taking. Anna Sten is destined to rank as one of the greatest stars the screen has produced in all its colorful history. When you see her performance, as of course you will, you will appreciate just what we mean. And what is even more important than what Soviet Russia, in the person of Anna Sten, has contributed to American film history, is what American films have again contributed to the entertainment of the world in the daring of Mr. Goldwyn.—THE EDITORS.

**T**HIS is the way Anna Sten's story should start. And properly it is the story of a story. One Sunday morning a Hollywood producer was reading The New York Times. As he turned its voluminous pages his attention was attracted to the rotogravure pictorial section. Suddenly his eyes gleamed. He looked at a certain picture more closely and drew a pencilled circle around it.

The producer's name was Samuel Goldwyn and the picture that had riveted his attention was that of Anna Sten—the first Soviet star to come out of storm-driven Russia. Within twenty-four hours, Mr. Goldwyn's scouts were sent to Europe in quest of Anna Sten. And what they had to report confirmed his first visualized impression. This unknown girl who had weathered all of the throes of a Russia trying to find itself through a storm of blood was an actress who might some day be rated as one of the world's greatest.

Promptly Mr. Goldwyn cabled, "Sign her up." Came the answer, "But she does not know a word of English." And Mr. Goldwyn replied, "Makes no difference. We can teach her." Without the flicker of an eyelash he was shouldering an expense of fifteen hundred dollars a week—founded only on the conviction that he had found one of those rare women in the history of the world—a woman whose photographic acting could thrill millions. And you who know the history of motion pictures know there have been very few. But Samuel Goldwyn is a showman—



# STAR

Anna Sten as Nana at the climax of her artistic career, due to the genius of the man she could not love.

(Below) Anna Sten as the impudent girl of the Paris streets to whom all men were legitimate prey.



By the Famous Radio Reporter

**EDWIN C. HILL**

a sublime showman. He can see things which he can't explain in words.

And he was willing to back with his own money his judgment—which most people would have told him was crazy. So Anna Sten came to America and greeted the ship news reporters with only the few words in English which she could say with an effort, while Mr. Goldwyn waited for her in Hollywood to put her into a picture whose name he did not even know because he had not yet found it.

And in the meantime he had contracted to pay her fifteen hundred dollars a week while she was doing her best to learn English and he was ransacking the earth for a picture to put her in. But that is Samuel Goldwyn.

You would never know what story he found for her. You may never have heard of Zola nor of Nana. Maybe, he didn't—until the right picture synopsis was brought to his attention. And then he seized it—the soul-drama of a woman of the streets who through force of bitter circumstances works out her own tragic destiny. Fire—color—drama—the throb of a soul trying to find itself—Anna Sten could do it. But could she? Samuel Goldwyn was confident—confident with the ability of a creator who sees beyond man-made horizons.

And so he went to work in the privacy of Hollywood, where in spite of all publicity nobody ever knows just what is really going on. And now, after two years, you may see just how far right or just how far wrong he was. But forgetting for the moment the Anna Sten picture let us look at the life story of the woman you will see in the film whose name may be one of the world's household words. It begins back in 1910.

In that year, in the ancient city of Kiev, on the banks of the Dnieper, a daughter was born to a Swedish mother and a Ukrainian father. The coming of the child interfered with (*Please turn to page 83*)



# Wallace Beery Begins—

## MY LIFE UNTIL NOW

As told to ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

**M**Y life's been a lot like a scenic railway ride—one continuous succession of ups and downs.

Four years ago, just before I played "Butch" in "The Big House," I couldn't have sold my screen prospects for a plugged nickel. Today, with a contract that pays me the biggest salary I've ever earned, I may be excused if I find life very agreeable. As far as that's concerned, I always have, no matter what my situation has been.

Lady Luck's been very kind—and I thank her for her socks to the jaw as heartily as for her smiles.

I've been so poor that I couldn't buy half-soles for my one pair of worn-out shoes—and, by contrast, I've had nearly a million salted away. I've been a screen failure twice—and I've been a star three times. I've swung a pick with a railroad section gang—and to my sorrow, I've been a bank director.

Ups and downs. A failure today and a success tomorrow! That's the show business—and that's life at its best, no matter what a man's job happens to be.

I've been in pictures more than twenty years, which is just about four times as long as the average screen actor lasts—and I believe the reason I've survived so long is that I've never taken myself very seriously. I have a good "rebound." I've always taken things as they come, made the best of them and never wasted any time wailing over spilled milk or lost opportunities. After all, it isn't what a man owns that counts; it's how much he enjoys living! What makes a difference whether a man's a screen star at \$2500 a week or a ditch-digger at thirty cents an hour, provided he gets his share of belly-laughs every day?

I've had more than my share of laughs, just as I've had more than my share of ups and downs. No matter what happens, I can never be poorer than I have been—so why worry? It's the downs that place a premium on the ups. Life's like a screen drama; it needs sharp contrasts to make it interesting and enjoyable.

When I was a kid, my folks were as poor as church-mice. My father was a cop, pounding one of the toughest beats in Kansas City, Missouri, for less than a hundred dollars a month—hardly enough to keep the family in food, let alone clothes. We knew all about poverty—and we knew all about laughter. The Beerys, dirt poor as they were, were a mighty happy family.

Until I was old enough to earn money of my own, I never had a suit which was bought especially for me. My father's cast-off uniforms furnished his sons' wardrobes. They were cut down, first for Bill, my oldest brother, then for Noah and finally, in a decidedly threadbare condition, for me.

I've always been glad that I was born and raised in a "tough" neighborhood, that my parents were unable to give me spending money and that I learned the necessity of work while I was still a youngster. I've always been glad that my father was unsentimental enough to deal in hard-boiled facts instead of in theories.

I learned, almost before I'd cut my baby teeth, that this is a fighter's world, a place where a man must make his own way, take it on the chin if he has to, and never whimper. My father was a kindly, understanding man, in spite of his gruff "front," but Lord, how he despised a whiner! He gave Bill and Noah and me more love than any one of us deserved, he was ready to sympathize with us in all our troubles, but he wouldn't tolerate any evidence of self-pity. And he never allowed his love to



Wallace Beery as he is today and as he looked at the age of eleven, from a picture in the old family album.



The first authorized true life story from the man who has been the hero of one of the most remarkable careers in the films



From the album of the Wallace Beery family. When the aunt of Mrs. Beery died, three children were left, whom Wally decided to raise. Reading from left to right, they are:—George, Carol Ann, and little Wallace.

interfere with his sense of duty and justice. If he promised us a thrashing, we got it. We learned that a man has to pay the price for his own mistakes and that last-minute pleadings and repentance won't lighten the penalty. That's a lesson which is better learned as a kid than as an adult.

Thanks to our poverty, I also learned the value of a dollar—another lesson I've never forgotten. It's unjust, perhaps, but nevertheless true that the world measures a man by his bank account—even here in Hollywood where half of the population is perpetually ranting about "art for art's sake."

Most important of all, I learned that the easiest way to get money is to work for it.

It's only by accident that I'm a successful actor. A man's life road is so cut up by intersections, forks and by-paths that Chance invariably determines his destination. But no matter where he eventually arrives or what the nature of his work may be, he's mighty apt to be happy if he's learned never to shirk a fight, never to whimper if he's whipped and never to cheat on his job.

The one gentle influence in my boyhood was my mother. She was happy enough with her own lot, but she was determined that her sons should have "advantages." She wanted us to be refined, cultured, in short, to grow up as gentlemen. I'm afraid I must have been a terrible trial to her, for it was a rare day that I came home from school without torn clothes or a black eye to prove that I'd been in a fight.

She wanted all three of us to have fine educations, and all three of us disappointed her. Bill didn't do badly; he finished high school. Noah finished the seventh grade. I managed to race

through the third grade—in eight years—before my hatred of everything connected with school got the best of the promises I'd made to my mother.

I played hookey for nearly three months before my folks found it out. Every morning I'd leave home with the rest of the kids, and every evening I'd come home at four o'clock. But, in the meantime, I was "riding the rods" on the Santa Fe and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul trains from Kansas City to their roundhouses in Sheffield, twenty-five miles away.

A policeman, one of my father's friends, saw me and recognized me one day. Naturally he went to my parents and they started an investigation that soon revealed all the facts. I realized that I was in for trouble, and, for the only time in my life, I tried to dodge the issue. I ran away.

I rode the rods to St. Louis, Chicago and, finally, to Mobile, Alabama. I slept in hobo jungles, pan-handled and did odd jobs whenever I could find odd jobs to do. I remember stopping early one morning at an Alabama farm house to ask for a hand-out. A tall hatchet-faced woman came to the door, gave me one sour look and pointed to the wood shed. I got the breakfast, all right—but not until after I'd sawed enough firewood to last that family for the rest of the year.

In all, I bummed for nearly two months. I was a big, overgrown kid, tough as they come, and I think I'd have enjoyed it if it hadn't been for thinking about my mother. I knew how deeply I must have hurt her and how worried she must be.

One night in Mobile I went into a little restaurant to see if I could wash dishes for my supper. The woman who owned the place was (Please turn to page 72)

### Wallace Beery Says:

*"I've been so poor that I couldn't buy half-soles for my worn-out shoes—and I've had nearly a million dollars salted away." In this unusual life story he tells you the intimate facts of the ups and downs that he has known*



# Here's To Villa!

WALLACE BEERY



PANCHO  
VILLA



WALLACE SMITH

Wallace Smith has traveled to the far points of the compass and has seen life in every phase which he has translated vividly with pen and brush. The reason why he has been able to transfer so glowingly to the printed page his conceptions of the characters in the M-G-M picture, *Viva Villa!* is because he has lived through all of its wild, stirring scenes.

Pancho Villa, himself, the hero and one time dictator of Mexico, as portrayed by our own Wallace Beery. In a role that he himself would have selected as one of those best suited to portray his own inimitable personality as the dictator of the M-G-M stirring motion picture, *Viva Villa!*

Drawings by WALLACE SMITH



# A PICTURE STORY OF A REMARKABLE FILM



DONALD COOK



LEO CARRILLO



JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT



PASCAL,  
THE TRAITOR;  
THE ROOTS  
MADE IN ENGLAND  
IN WHICH

Fierro, the fire eater, as enacted by Leo Carrillo, in which role Leo does his fire-eating ancestor credit.

Upper Left:—Don Philippe, his henchman, as enacted by Donald Cook, with all of the characterization expected of the part.

Pascal, who lives up to his name, as portrayed by Joseph Schildkraut, with all the concealed emotion one might expect from the character.



# My MISTAKES



**A famous star gives her frank revelations of what her marriage and her career have taught her**

**By JOAN CRAWFORD**

*As told to Nanette Kutner*

**D**URING the past few years I've made more mistakes than most people make during a lifetime. When you ask me to tell you about those mistakes, I grow dizzy. Honestly, I don't know which to select, there are so many of them. And yet . . . I am not ashamed because I've learned, learned a great deal. The real fool is the person who keeps right on making the same mistakes.

I know this. . . . I know when a mistake is *not* a mistake. My marriage to Douglas was definitely *not* a mistake. It was a beautiful experience. Only one who has been married can truly understand what I mean.

*But in my marriage to Douglas I did make two terribly grave mistakes. I'm sorry for those mistakes now, very sorry, but nevertheless I know that my future life is bound to profit by them.*

*At the time we make our mistakes they usually seem reasonable and occasionally altogether unavoidable, but there is no justification in repeating them. People rarely burn themselves twice in the same way, and so a second marriage can only benefit by the mistakes made in a first.*

During my marriage to Douglas the biggest mistake I made was *not* being possessive enough. I had watched, with growing loathing, the horrors in the lives of others who selfishly are too possessive. I had seen too many marriages, in Hollywood and elsewhere, fail because of a possessive wife or a husband or a mother.

"The Silver Cord," with Laura Hope Crews' unforgettable and marvelous portrayal of that possessive mother, impressed me to such an extent that I went to see the play twice and the picture once.

I even made up my mind that if I should ever have a child, when it reached the age of eleven, I would deliberately send it away from me. When I was only eleven I had to fight my own battles in this world. I had to work my way through school. It didn't hurt me, either. I believe that independence hardens you, gives you courage.

And so in my life with Douglas I firmly determined to avoid possessiveness. The funny part, and I guess it was pathetic too, was that no matter how much I wanted to possess him, I just wouldn't allow myself to do so. Very often when the feeling was the strongest, I acted the coolest. After all, acting is my business, and when I (*Please turn to page 73*)



## BLOND DYNAMO

None other than our own Jean Harlow and just as bewitching as ever. Her new M-G-M picture is to be with beloved Marie Dressler and what a title to live up to—"Living in a Big Way."

Harlow



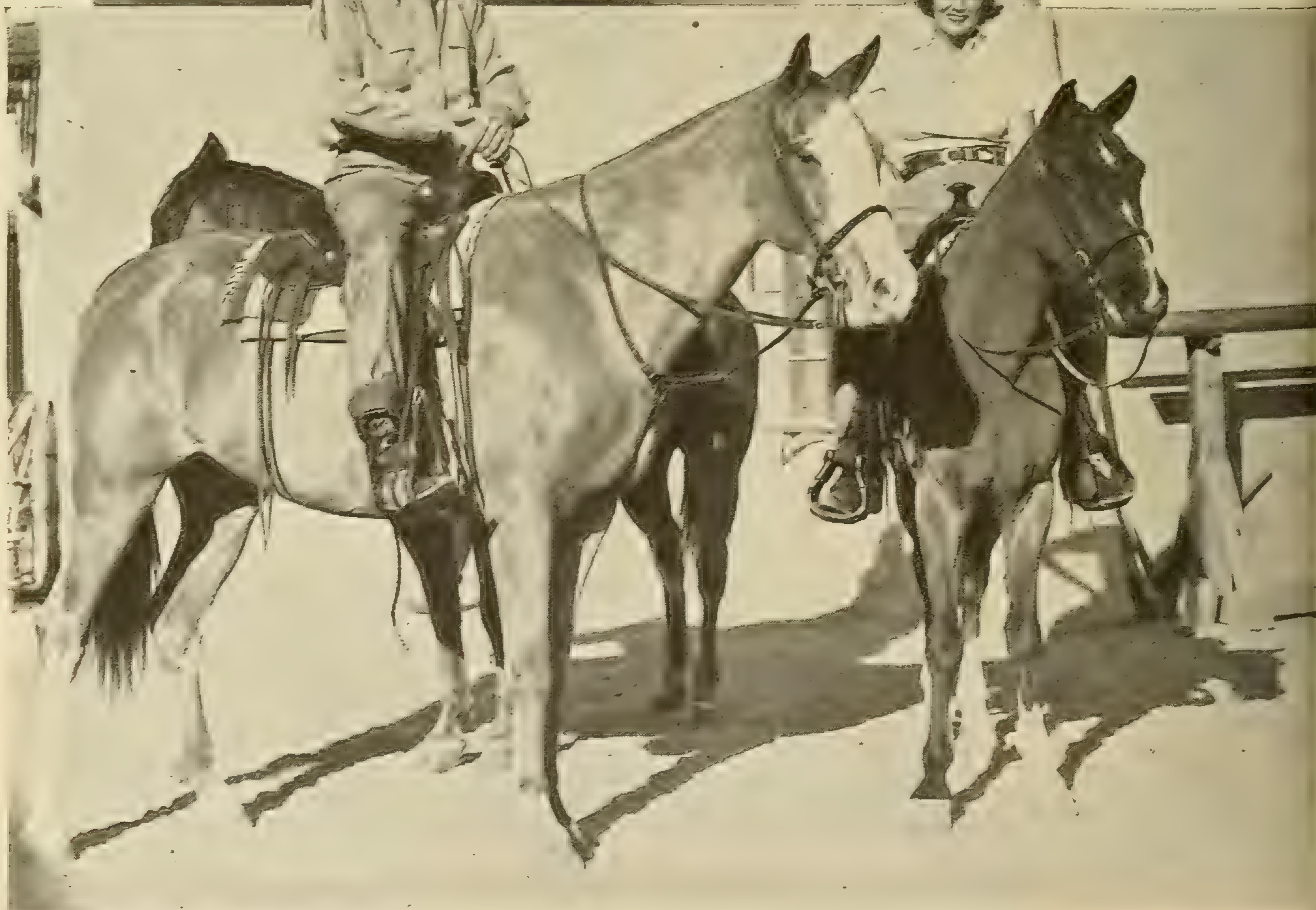


# The LOVE STORY

By  
DOROTHY  
MANNERS

Gary Cooper in one of his favorite roles, the Llano Kid in "The Texan," and below, Gary with his bride, Sandra Shaw, all ready for a canter.

*Eugene Robert Kichee*



*Wide World*



# of GARY COOPER

The hero of "The Virginian" enacts in real life the romantic role which made him famous, and flies across the country to win the society girl of his choice

**D**O you remember the romantic story of "The Virginian," that classic of Owen Wister's, of the cowboy who came out of the great open spaces to woo and win the society girl who seemed so far out of his reach, and whose patrician family had to pass upon his merits before they would sanction the wedding?

Well, that was the first motion picture which won Gary Cooper fame, and at the time he was acting it little did he dream that the day would come when he would be essaying the role of the hero of the film story, in real life.

But that is just what has happened in his tempestuous romance with the tall, gray-eyed girl whose professional name is Sandra Shaw, from the bluest blood of Park Avenue in New York City.

Like Owen Wister's beloved hero, the original "Virginian" whose film enactment by Gary Cooper made thousands of feminine hearts flutter, Gary, the tall, lean, rather shy, one-time cowboy of the western ranges faced the ordeal of inquisition by the relatives of the girl to whom he had given his heart. Unlike the original "Virginian" he came from Hollywood to New York by the most modern means of transportation, the airplane.

He could not wait for more prosaic means of travel. He flew from coast to coast and in those hours high above mountains and rivers who can say what trepidation and uncertainty were in his heart at the prospects of the reception that would await him upon his landing?

It was "The Virginian" come to life out of the pages of a great novel and out of the reels of a great motion picture, but it was a hero just as vibrant with human emotion and just as much in love with the girl of his choice and just as willing to stake his all on the chance of winning her.

Since it was the film of "The Virginian" which first started Gary Cooper on his way to success, it is sentimentally fitting that his paralleling the plot in real life should climax one of the most talked about love romances of Hollywood.

Gary Cooper has been one of the most discussed and one of the most sought after bachelors of the film capital. Many persons have tried to explain him—both men and women but none with any degree of success. And finally those who knew him best were on the point of abandoning the analysis and resigning themselves to the fact that Gary had a bachelor heart impregnable to the arrows of Cupid.

When love did (*Please turn to page 75*)



Wide World

Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw in Hollywood just before she took off by plane to await him for their wedding.



# HOLLYWOOD'S ROARING 40's

By  
RAMON  
ROMERO



Claude Ball

May Robson



Marie Dressler



Hal Phylle

**B**ACK in the Victorian age; in fact as late as the beginning of the World War, a woman was practically through at forty. If she was a wife and mother she was expected dutifully to settle down to a peaceful life of cooking, sewing and general housekeeping, with only the hope of a renewed youth beyond Peter's gates. But though thus condemned to the ash heap it was admitted that within themselves women of forty still had ideas, unexpressed inhibitions, suppressed follies! They termed it the dangerous age.

To use a familiar quotation, much water has passed under the bridge since those days—and much dynamite has exploded in all directions! Traditions have been blasted. Age-old laws blown to Purgatory. A new moral code erected. Women have successfully gone into business, have taken to smoking, and have even donned trousers!

Not only did the emancipation of women take place in the world of affairs—but an even greater and more visible change has taken place in the women of Hollywood. It may truthfully be said that Hollywood through its medium of reaching so many millions of people has helped to speed the acceptance of the new woman in the modern age.

In this gradual evolution of type, the ideal age, which every woman coveted, climbed from sweet sixteen to the rounder number of thirty. Pickford's youthfulness went out of fashion completely with the rise of Garbo to the Hollywood throne. Garbo represented woman in the full bloom of her life; sophisticated, wise, mysterious, enticing. Even Mary Pickford realized this when she renounced child roles. Women were no longer ashamed to be thirty, and show it. In some cases if they looked younger they deliberately added on years with heavy make-up, longer skirts, and a blase expression.

All very well for the women under thirty. But what about the women who were already sighting forty—discovering fifty—finding themselves in the shallow harbor of sixty, from which no ship turns back?

To this question there seemed to be no answer. Then Marie Dressler played "Marty" with Garbo in "Anna Christie," and overnight became the national idol. The barrier of youth was



Freulich

Billie Burke

Above, Louise Dresser



# The dangerous age that some women are achieving opens the new gates of fame in the city of the cinema



Mary Boland

broken: the autumn of life idealized on twenty-five thousand motion picture screens. Old ladies' homes became the new talent hunting grounds of motion picture scouts, and millions of American homes were suddenly paying attention to Grandmother, wondering if they had another Marie Dressler in the family!

The vogue was set—and along came Alison Skipworth, Edna May Oliver, Beryl Mercer, Henrietta Crosman, May Robson, and the late, lamented Louise Closser Hale.

But forty was an age that Hollywood had slighted. Millions of women drifting hopelessly in the mid-stream of life, wanted representation on the screen, wanted a voice with which to speak their new found sentiments; a voice with which to shout from the housetops of the world that forty was no longer the dangerous age.

Years ago, yet not so many at that, Broadway roared at Mary Boland's antics in "The Cradle Snatchers" and "The Torch Bearers." In both she played flighty women half way through life. The Great White Way acclaimed her a star.

While ingenues and leading women looked on in envy, Mary Boland watched her name grow larger and larger in the fickle electric lights. In spite of her success however, Hollywood made no bids for her services. Not that Mary Boland cared much.

She had made a few silent pictures which she remembers as dismal failures. In those days she tried to be, oh so dramatic. And in those post-nickelodeon days she was too old to play anything but character parts, even though she was in her thirties. Audiences liked their heroines coated with sugar B. T. (Before



Alice Brady



Hedda Hopper



Blossom Seeley

Talkies) when "Salvation Nell" was still the model heroine—and the matter-of-fact Boland could imitate anything but pastry. At that she called it quits.

Came a depression—and Broadway went hurdy-gurdy. Ambitious push-cart peddlers from Herring-Row stood out in front of dark, empty theaters and sold shoe laces, or something almost as bad. The storehouses of Manhattan were

filled to the ceilings with rotting scenery. Funeral wreaths were literally being hung out on once busy box offices. The Boland eyes looked West—almost wistfully.

Paramount beckoned with a juicy contract—and Mary gave in. It was not the first time in her life that someone had said to her, "you can be had," (note: please credit Mae West)—but it was the most significant.

Her second debut in motion pictures was as different from her first as a pickle is from a watermelon. At that, her first debut was a pickle, as sour as vinegar could make it. But, as you know, the watermelon has borne seeds. It's a silly comparison. I admit, but then isn't Hollywood success sort of silly, too? No logic at all—just luck and circumstances and changing conditions.

That's what Mary Boland calls this new found glory; luck and circumstances and changed conditions. Luck, because the Broadway slump happened just about the time that Paramount had a part open in which they thought she would be magnificent.

If a manager had offered (*Please turn to page 79*)



# ONCE AN ACROBAT

**The story of Cary Grant who ran away from home, became a tumbler, and finally ended in the movies with his name in electric lights**

**By HARRY B. BLAIR**



Cary Grant submits to the ever-pressing demand for autographs.

SOMEWHERE in New York City, right off Columbus Circle, the landlady of a rooming-house is holding a trunk for non-payment of rent. The trunk belonged to a penniless young actor called Archie Leach, who doesn't exist any more. In his place is the handsome, confident Cary Grant of the films, the sleek, well-groomed young screen personality whose sunny countenance suggests a life singularly free from all worldly care.

Yet such is far from the case. Cary Grant has known what it is to be without friends, money or even a place to sleep. Not for one day, but many weary weeks on end. Grubbing occasional meals at the National Vaudeville Club. Listening to the dreary, droning "nothing doing today," in the daily monotonous round of the casting offices.

I knew Cary in those days and he was just as handsome and capable as he is now. A little more eager, perhaps. Taking it on the chin like the real man that he is.

After being ejected from his lodging house, he sought the comforts of a park bench and an occasional hand-out. Yet, somehow, he always managed to keep up appearances. Then a kindly disposed agent, (there are such) by the name of Jimmy Ashley, let the ambitious youngster sleep in his offices, over the Winter Garden, on Broadway. Jimmy Ashley has since gone on to his reward, but his memory still lives in the grateful heart of Cary Grant.

It was this same agent who got him a part in "Oh, Mamma," a forgotten musical which never reached Broadway. However, it meant making the jump from vaudeville to musical comedy for Cary and convinced him that, given the right opportunity, he might develop into a real actor.

The previous Summer he had tramped the length of Coney Island's famous boardwalk, perched on stilts, a living advertisement for Steeplechase Pier. To his credit, let it be said that he is not ashamed of this fact and has never sought to hide it.

Back on Broadway for the fall theatrical season, he landed atmosphere work in one of the R. H. Burnside extravaganzas which helped to make the old Hippodrome famous. That, too, was a step forward in Cary's transition from acrobat to actor. For it was as an acrobat that he first came to America, a dozen years ago, after running away from his home in England.

The only son of a Bristol tailor, his mother had died when he was eleven years old. Neither of his parents had any connection with the stage although his grandfather, Sir Percival Leach, was famous throughout Great Britain as an actor.

A friend of the family was stage electrician at the Bristol Hippodrome and it was through him that young Archie Leach, who was later to be re-christened Cary Grant by Paramount Pictures, got his first (*Please turn to page 82*)



# WELCOME BACK

## LILLIAN GISH

You might be surprised, Miss Gish, to know how many thousands will cordially echo the sentiment, "Greetings!" when they see your outstanding performance in your new Paramount film, "His Double Life," and realize that you have come to take your place again as one of the beloved stars of pictures.



Above, Miss Gish as the heroine of the film version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," renamed "His Double Life," released through Paramount; and left, a dramatic situation from the picture, with Roland Young and Lumsden Hare.



# I call Dad "Pete," says



Wide World

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., declares, "My father has meant nothing and everything to me." Young Doug is shown here just arriving in Hollywood to do "Success Story" for RKO.

**I**T is a wise father that knows his own child," leers Shakespeare in one of his Elizabethan "Follies" black-outs. But wiser yet is the son who really knows his father. Few do.

The fictionally pictured father-and-son relationship is rare as desert rain, for the sad and simple reason that the two enjoy no interests in common. Witness the blight with which dear old Dad's presence clouds a youthful gathering. And note the embarrassing gaiety of the Old Grad, and the bored, pitying condescension of the youngsters at the frolic following the Big Game.

With Mother and the girls it's different. Women all, they scheme, design and connive against man, the common enemy. But the "stout feller" comradeship of father and son exists only in the sentimentalities of the much-read Warwick Deeping. I certainly thank

**The brilliant son of a brilliant father tells frankly just what the two have meant to each other**

heaven, my boyhood was free of it!

Yet my father was a typical boyhood idol. As a very young man he married my mother, Anna Beth Sully. He was only twenty-five when I was born. He had been in the theater since his eighteenth year. My first consciousness of life established him as a Big Shot.

He was a hero out of Alger—good-looking, daring, athletic, popular, successful. In an abstract, impersonal way I adored him.

Of course, I took him quite for granted, never a childish thought as to his whys and wherefores, but I was proud that in some mysterious way he was connected with the household.

I was pointed out as his son. I basked pleasurably in reflected glory. I never recall a time when his words and pictures weren't published. It seemed perfectly natural for him to be Head Man. And in reality he was ruler of a realm, the glamorous monarch of the movies.

Among the kids, there were those who were a bit hazy on kings and presidents, but nary a one but that knew Douglas Fairbanks. I was certain he could lick all other fathers. And after seeing him slay a hundred villains on the screen, other sons enviously agreed. He was something to brag about. Never but once did he let me down.

One day at the studio we met a professional track athlete, "the fastest human" of all time. There was much talk about his prowess, and I, certain that the superman who came to our house each evening could best any opponent at anything,

urged my father to show up this pretender. But to my chagrin there was no race. Then, as now, Hollywood was shy a sense of humor.

I recall wondering vaguely why my father wasn't President. I think I decided then that it couldn't be such a desirable job, or that maybe this famous father of mine hadn't the time to bother with it. Perhaps these little incidents convey an idea of what my father meant to me when I was in the confused mental state that occurs with a youngster's first consciousness of life.

I imagine that in those days my father was rather fond of me. I don't believe he was hard ridden by paternal instinct. But I, too, was something to brag about. He had that strange masculine pride in the offspring created in his image. My mere being was flattering to him. He liked showing me off, like a

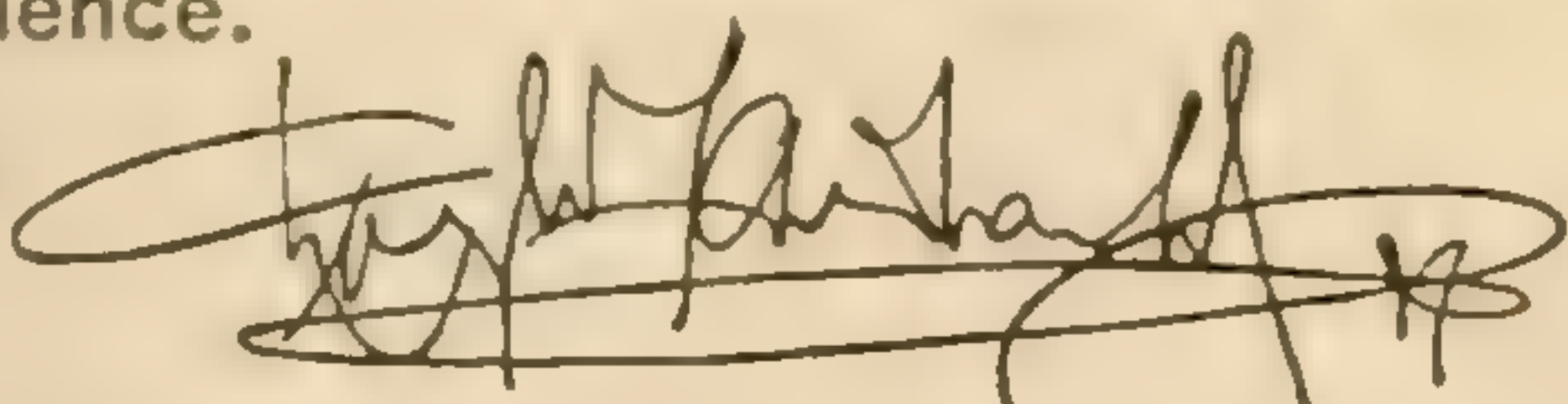


# Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

The editors have asked me to say something on the recently revealed situation existing between Mary and my father. It is a condition about which I know next to nothing as it has always seemed to be none of my business, and I have kept my nose out of it. Any comment from me about it would seem, to me at least, presumptuous.

Consequently, I know I will be forgiven for my silence.

(Signed)



"My father will now find out for the first time that I know his failing for stealing my ties,"—confides 'Jayar.'

Mary Pickford announces that she will start a stage career in a new Broadway play in which she will star.

home intimacies was definitely severed. From that day to this we have led distinct and separate lives. Since then months, indeed years, have passed without more than a casual glimpse of each other.

I went to school, had tutors, and continued to be Douglas Fairbanks, Junior—a title I came to abhor. But everywhere I continued to hear and read of him. He remained one of the "Three Musketeers," a "Robin Hood," a "Thief of Bagdad," one of the Olympians. Of course he influenced my choice of a career. His mere existence did that. With a father's footsteps so plain to follow, a son would have been ridiculous to look further. And if further argument was necessary, his violent objection clinched my determination.

He objected as only Douglas Fairbanks can. There was no common ground for argument and reason. I failed utterly to visualize him as the lad of yesterday who had leapt from a school-house window in answer to the call of a spring day, and he never returned. He wasn't to me the adventurous kid who sailed from Europe on a cattle boat. He was just the Old Man of the Tribe, once removed. What he said was spinach—and to hell with it!

Wisely, and fortunately for me, he stuck to his guns as I did to mine. Thus I was denied affiliation with his company, and the coddling protection of the parental wing. I stood squarely as possible on my own two feet. Naturally. (Please turn to page 77)



Russell Ball

bench dog born and bred in the home kennels. And, like a prize pup, to be handed over to the grooms when the association palled a bit.

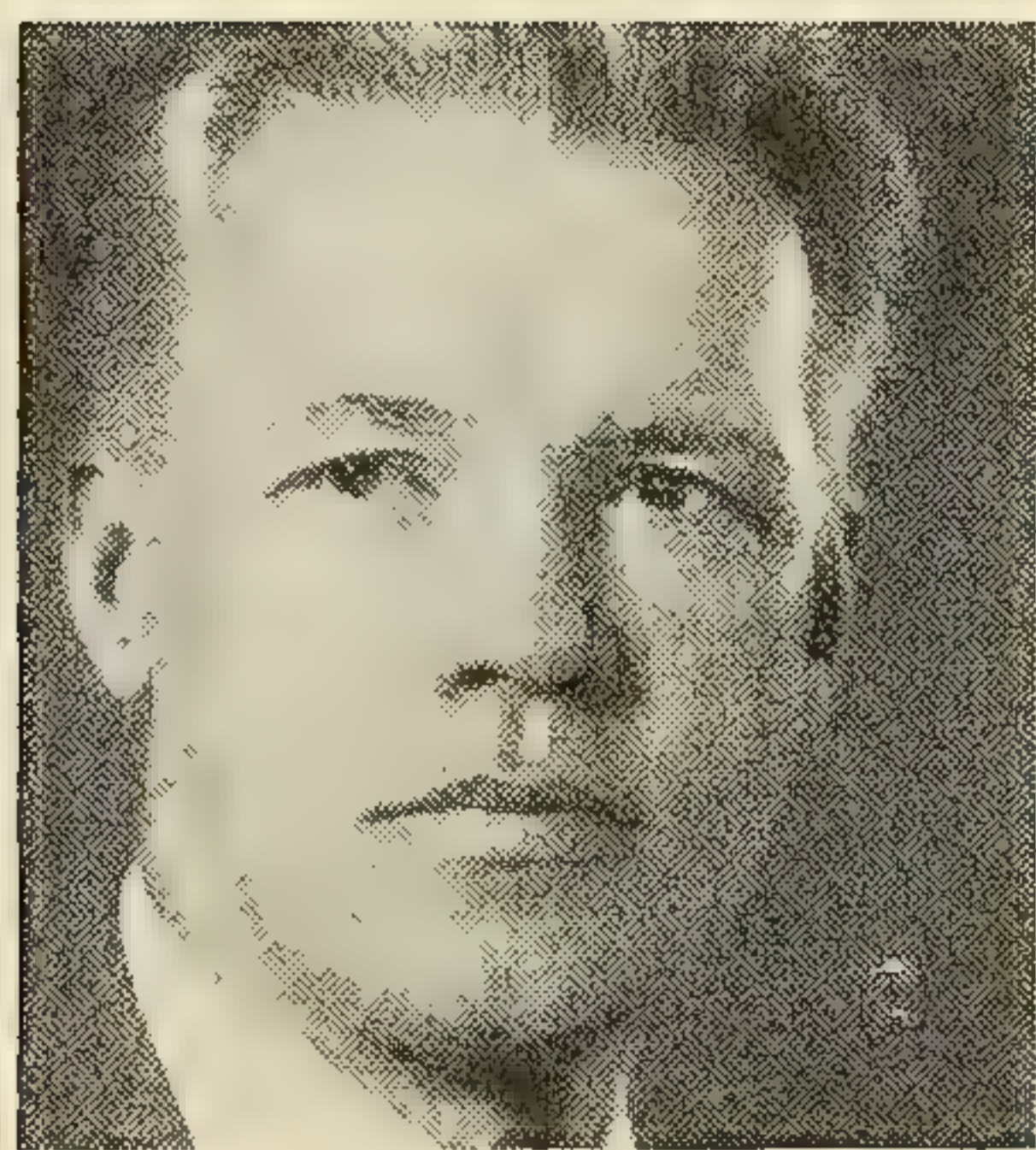
We had our romps together, though. He displayed a proper, if somewhat casual, parental interest in my educational beginnings and general welfare. He provided, and correctly presumed that I had the best of everything. And he didn't permit the accident of fatherhood to interfere too greatly with his design for living. He was, after all, a man of affairs.

From my tenth month to my tenth year, he unselfishly included me in four European jaunts. Then came one of those all too common, unavoidable adult situations that so tragically influence juvenile lives. My parents separated. To me the immediate result was the abridgment of my brief association with my father.

Of course, we visited together upon occasion, but the occasions grew less frequent. The slight bond of



# NEW PICTURES YOU



**A famous writer gives you his frank opinions of the most talked about films and players of the month. You may not agree with Mr. Van de Water but you will admit he has the courage of his convictions.**

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

**S**OME day, some intelligent leader in the film industry is going to learn that movie audiences are intelligent, too. After that happens, all pictures will be better than most of this month's offerings. In addition, the leader who makes this discovery is going to make a lot of money.

To Hollywood, the average picture-goer in this over-patient land is still a gum-chewing, adenoidal, pop-eyed innocent with nothing worth mentioning between his eyebrows and his bald spot. That's why calamities like "White Woman," "If I Were Free," "Gallant Lady," "The Chief," "Flying Down to Rio" and "The Worst Woman in Paris" happen.

The film industry still cherishes a nickelodeon frame of mind.

It overlooks the fact that the people who, a quarter century ago, flocked to a made-over livery stable to see a novelty are only remotely related to the millions who now give many millions yearly to be thrilled or amused by picture plays—and too frequently are disappointed.

Audiences have changed much more than the pictures they see. Audiences today present a complete cross section of American intelligence—and American intelligence, in spite of moans by Henry L. Mencken and others, is considerably above the average of the rest of the world. The picture racket hasn't found that out yet.

Much of the improvement in films has been wholly technical. Lighting is finer; photography is better and there's the sound track, too. Apart from these advances, two out of every five picture plays still resemble something made by Vitagraph in the heyday of Harry Morey.

Jack Holt, an excellent actor, still is doing nickelodeon stuff—with sound. His "Master of Men" proves it. As able a cast as you could wish to see takes that stage hit, "The Vinegar Tree," and by spasms of over-acting, turns out something called "Should Ladies Behave." Why was this photoplay half ruined by the violent cavorting of the cast? None of them would have burlesqued her role or his role on the stage but, you see, unless points are over-emphasized, they might be missed. Movie audiences are so dumb.

We aren't so dumb. We are amazingly patient, but we aren't stupid. We suffer in silence through linear miles of misused celluloid but we are stirred, probably more easily than any other people on earth, by even a faint flavor of that greatness of which moving pictures are capable.

We absorb vast amounts of tripe—not because we like it but because we get it. That doesn't make us dumb.

Who discovered "Three Little Pigs?" Not the film company which twice denied Walt Disney's wish to make it. Not the advance ballyhoo, for there was none. We, the movie audience, identified it as one of the most perfect bits of nonsense in the world.

"Henry VIII" and "Little Women," both films that appeal to intelligence, are enormous hits. The three

best productions this month—"Counsellor at Law," "Dancing Lady" and "His Double Life"—are successes because brains went into them. Everyone concerned with each of these pictures gave the public credit for intellect and appreciation of art. Only three outstanding films in a month among so many which vary from pretty fair to terrible, is no great compliment to picture-goers or picture-makers.

All that the mute and patient movie audiences hopes for is something that stimulates brain and heart as well as eyes and ears.

We hope for it so persistently and we get it so seldom.



Greta Garbo as Queen Christina of Sweden, but Mr. Van de Water says the role of queen doesn't fit her. What do you think?

## Queen Christina—A

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Released by M-G-M

**T**HIS picture is about one-half as good as all the advance whoop-de-doo said it was going to be—which still leaves it a good picture. It has passages of real beauty and power. Its defects aren't the fault of any single person. The responsibility for them must be borne by all concerned.

"Queen Christina" is not the greatest of Greta Garbo's characterizations. I'll probably be lynched for saying so, but Miss Garbo is actually an actress of definite limitations. The role of a Seventeenth Century Queen of Sweden simply doesn't fit her. Majesty is beyond her.

She moves through this film with the smoldering grace of a sulky cat and only in her love scenes with the Spanish Ambassador (John Gilbert) she displays that glamour which has won her such immense fame. Miss Garbo can portray the love-smitten or world-weary woman exquisitely. As a monarch who domi-



# Should See and Why

## MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF CURRENT FILMS (AA—Outstanding; A—Good; B—Fair; C—Average)

**AA**  
*Counsellor at Law*  
*Dancing Lady*  
*His Double Life*

**A**  
*Advice to the Lovelorn*  
*Convention City*  
*Girl Without a Room*

*Sitting Pretty*  
*The Invisible Man*

**B**  
*Alice in Wonderland*  
*Going Hollywood*  
*If I Were Free*  
*Master of Men*  
*Roman Scandals*

*Son of a Sailor*  
*Should Ladies Behave*  
*Take a Chance*

**C**  
*Flying Down to Rio*  
*Gallant Lady*  
*The Chief*  
*The Worst Woman in Paris*  
*White Woman*

nates a turbulent court, she is less successful.

Mr. Gilbert, however, comes out of his long eclipse most satisfactorily. He was one of the screen idols whom the talkies threw into the discard. After long, involuntary exile, he got this opportunity to return to films only after a number of leading men had been tried out with Miss Garbo and had failed to satisfy her. The star has reason to be proud of her selection for Mr. Gilbert acts with skill and seems wholly comfortable in Seventeenth Century raiment.

The rest of the cast are less at ease. When you put the average inmate of Hollywood into a costume, he begins at once to declaim and nothing sort of an act of God can stop him. In "Queen Christina," the Almighty has not seen fit to intervene, and often the characters recite their lines a little like students in a course of public speaking.

The film is intelligently, if not elaborately staged. Mr. Mamoulian's direction is adequate—and no more than that.

**High Spots:** The love scenes between Miss Garbo and Mr. Gilbert. . . . The unfurling sails on the ship that is carrying Christina into exile. . . . The super-close-up of Miss Garbo's face at the picture's end.

**Sore Spots:** The long and ponderous speeches. . . . A mob ranging the streets of Stockholm with never a woman rioter among their hundreds.



John Barrymore in "Counsellor at Law," has never risen quite so high in all of his movie roles.

### Counsellor at Law—AA

Directed by William Wyler. Released by Universal

THIS drama of a few violent days in the life of a criminal lawyer is one of the reasons so many people still go to the movies. It's better to suffer under many bad films than to miss so splendid a photo-

play. In "Counsellor at Law," acting, setting and story all are hallmarked by intelligence and the skill of the director has blended them into triumph.

You'll forget, I think, while you watch events in the office of George Simon (John Barrymore) unfold before you, that these are mere shadows on a screen. The speed and power of the picture will pull you into its drama, almost bodily. That is all the movies, the stage or any form of art can do for its followers. "Counsellor at Law" is something to make even the most violent critic of the films hush his noise.

It would be difficult to praise all the members of an almost perfect cast as much as each deserves and besides, being cinema actors, excessive tribute might embarrass them. Mr. Barrymore, Bebe Daniels as his adoring secretary and Doris Kenyon as his spoiled and selfish wife give flawless performances. Furthermore, no picture ever has had bits of character, atmosphere and humor more deftly handled by minor actors.

John Qualen as "Breitstein," a reformed crook, has a three-minute appearance that should be remembered for at least three years. Vincent Sherman as a youngster suffering from an overdose of Communism is memorable too. So are a half dozen more.

John Barrymore, in all his countless movie roles, has never risen quite so high. As the crafty lawyer who later is bedevilled by threat of disbarment, he reiterates his right to the title of the screen's foremost character actor. Next to him, probably, William Wyler deserves the loudest hosannah for direction as close to perfection as anything human can be.

**High Spots:** Simon, confronted by the ghost of his own past crookedness. . . . MacFadden (John Hammon Dailey) explaining to Simon how disbarment proceedings may be averted. . . . Simon dragged back from the brink of suicide by the chance to defend a steel magnate's son against a murder charge.



Charlotte Henry is lovely in "Alice in Wonderland," but the film loses much of the charm of the book.



# The Most Fearless and Honest

## Alice in Wonderland—B

Directed by Norman McLeod. Released by Paramount

IF Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," had ever heard of movie rights, he might have done a poorer book that would have made a better film. The picturization of his nonsense classic only shows that words still can do things to the imagination that the



Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals," and there is going to be a big difference of opinion about how funny he is.

cinema, so far, can't accomplish. It is unexplainable, but nevertheless true.

There isn't anything really wrong with the celluloid "Alice in Wonderland." It is as faithful a transcription of the book as anyone could expect. There certainly is nothing wrong with the film's Alice, beautifully played by Charlotte Henry. The settings are excellent and the cast is composed of most of the present stars in Hollywood and a lot of old timers whom we used to know long years ago, like Alec B. Francis, Ford Sterling and Mae Marsh, as well.

The fact is that Carroll's dream story is something that can't well be transferred to film. It is jumpy and inconsequential and defies dramatic treatment. Furthermore, three quarters of the actors and actresses speak their parts from behind masks. You don't appreciate how important a thing facial expression is until there isn't any.

"Alice in Wonderland" turns out to be more of a marionette show than a movie. For children or those who still love the book, there will be many moments when it will seem as though Tenniel's illustrations actually have come to life.

There are other bits that will rouse the indignation of Lewis Carroll worshippers—the backward paddling duck with a steam whistle voice in the mock-turtle scene; trees playing their branches and supplying music; the presence of a large black octopus in the walrus and carpenter sequence.

For the person who hasn't read "Alice in Wonderland" at all, much of the film will be just plain boring.

## Roman Scandals—B

Directed by Frank Tuttle. Released by United Artists

NO one is going to get a prize for originality as far as this film's story is concerned. It is merely a Roman variation of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Eddie Cantor plays a delivery boy who dreams that he is a slave in the time of the Emperor Valerius. There are magnificent settings, a stirring chariot race, several songs and a lot of humor, some of it good.

## Mr. Van de Water's Awards of Merit for UNSTARRED EXCELLENCE

(Citation of unfeatured players who this month gave outstanding performances.)

UNA O'CONNOR, for her innkeeper's wife in "The Invisible Man."

MARY ASTOR, for her hard-boiled saleswoman in "Convention City."

STERLING HOLLOWAY, for his goofy office boy in "Advice to the Lovelorn."

THE NAMELESS JAP, for his truly comic gardener in "Should Ladies Behave."

JOHN HALLIDAY, for his human man-about-town in "The House on 56th Street."

JOHN QUALEN, for his frightened crook in "Counsellor at Law."

VINCENT SHERMAN, for his wild-eyed Communist in "Counsellor at Law."

MAY ROBSON, for the deaf old grandmother in "Dancing Lady."

NILS ASTHER, for his villainous husband in "If I Were Free."

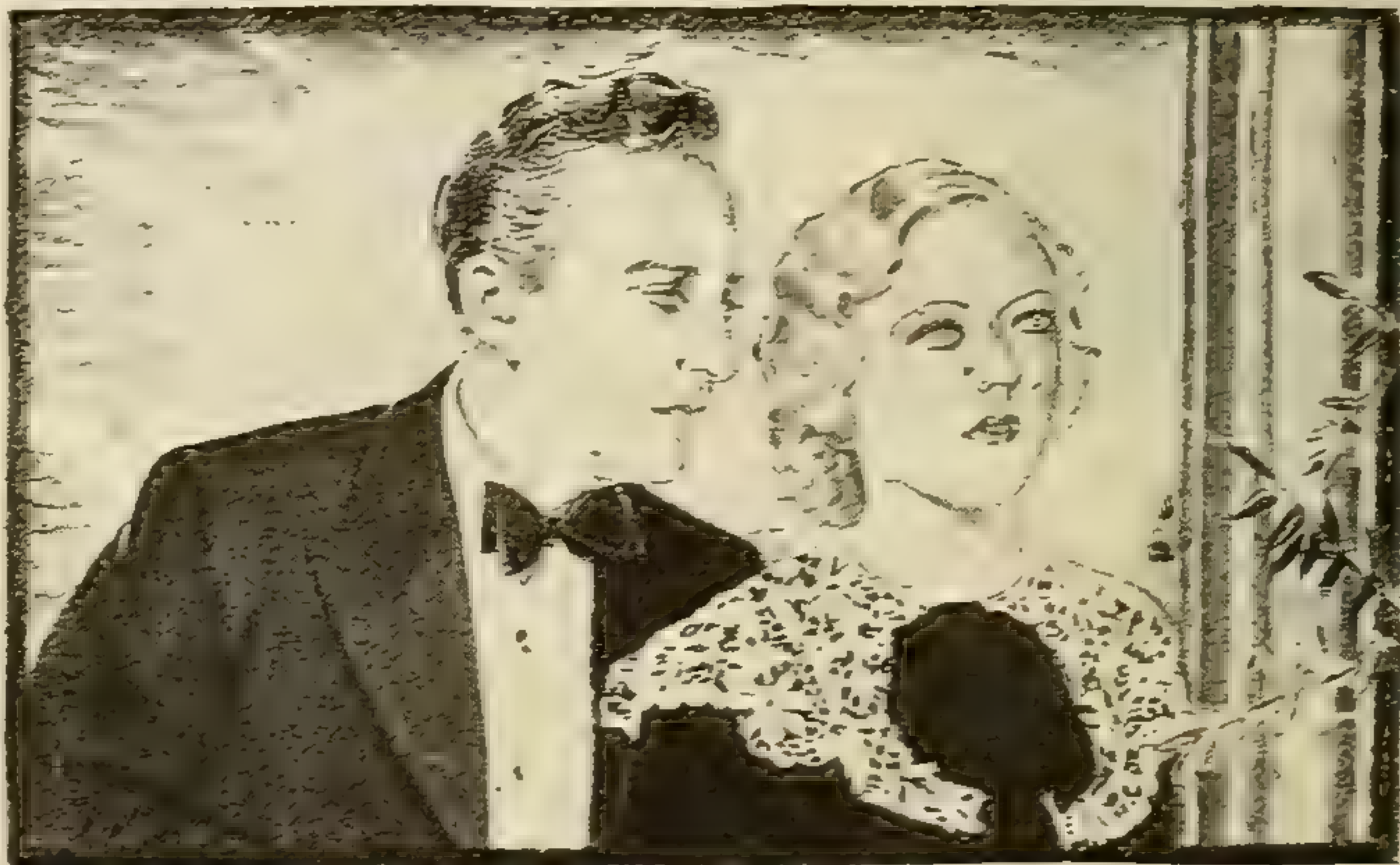
WALTER CONNOLLY, for his fat financier in "Master of Men."

LUMSDEN HARE, for his art dealer in "His Double Life."

NED SPARKS, for his movie director in "Going Hollywood."

This querulous citizen is not wholly qualified for the art of film reviewing—which makes him even with most of his colleagues. Among his handicaps is the fact that he is unable to laugh, unless tickled violently, during most of the various antics of movie comedians.

To the vast majority that considers Mr. Cantor unfailingly funny, "Roman Scandals" probably will be a delight. Even to the benighted who can take him or leave him alone, there is much to recommend this picture to your attention. There would be more if the film were several hundred feet shorter. It is too slow in getting under way. It drags deplorably at the start. But the staging is grand, the songs are good and there is real beauty and skill in the ensemble numbers.



Bing Crosby and Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood." Some good music, but are the movies going vaudeville?



# Picture Reviews of the Month

The plot, what there is of it, deals with the effort of Cantor, the Roman slave, to free the British princess Sylvia (Gloria Stuart) from Valerius (Edward Arnold). The cast includes Ruth Etting, the radio star, in a blond wig.

Even with the applause of a pre-view audience ringing in my ears, I still think the picture is only one-third as funny as everyone else says it is.

High Spots: Cantor singing "We'll Build a Little Home" . . . The pursuit of the fleeing lovers by the Emperor's charioteers.

## His Double Life—AA

Directed by William DeMille and Arthur Hopkins.  
Released by Paramount

THIS dismally renamed version of Arnold Bennett's play, "Buried Alive" is anything but dismal, apart from its inane title. It is high comedy, finely directed and in it Lillian Gish and Roland Young do some of the most delightful and skillful acting you are likely to see on stage or screen this year. The film is also significant because it marks the return of Miss Gish to the screen; and it can be said without exaggeration a triumphant return.

In this film story of a genius who feared publicity so much that he took the name of his dead valet and married the lady with whom the valet had been corresponding, Arthur Hopkins, the theatrical producer, takes his lessons in movie directing under the guidance of the veteran William DeMille. By the result, Mr. DeMille is a good guide and his pupil an apt student.

Mr. Young, creator of so many mentally retarded characters, does the best work of his career as the shy, high-strung painter of great pictures. His is a part in which the temptation to overact is great. Mr. Young plays with delicacy and insight and a touch of inspiration.

Lillian Gish's role is just as praiseworthy. And she has achieved that which to most actresses would be impossible—a return to conquer anew the fields in which she reigned as mistress when only in her teens. This could not be unless she were born an artist. As the practical, calm minded Mrs. Hunter whom Priam Farrell (Mr. Young) married, she plays her role with a clear and lovely simplicity which rouses laughter often close to tears. She has the art that can fill the words of a simple line like "What difference does it make?" with sheer beauty.

The rest of the cast is more than good, notably Lumsden Hare, who brings distinction to the small



Lee Tracy again as the reporter in "Advice to the Lovelorn." And there is only one Lee Tracy who can do it.

part of an art dealer. The direction has the deftness of experience and intelligence. The result of all this is a picture you should not miss.

High Spots: Farrell attending his own funeral at Westminster Abbey and weeping for himself. . . . Farrell's wife repelling obnoxious callers by perfect serenity. . . . The nightmare quality of the trial scene.



Adolphe Menjou in "Convention City." He is a high-pressure salesman in one of his best roles.

## Should Ladies Behave—B

Directed by Harry Beaumont. Released by M-G-M

THERE is more than enough acting in this to fill a couple of films. Despite the presence of Lionel Barrymore, Alice Brady, Conway Tearle, Katherine Alexander and Mary Carlisle in the cast, most of the acting is just plain bad.

Here, for once, is a story much, much better than the performances of those who portray it. The script, adapted from the stage success "The Vinegar Tree," is good and filled with fine situations. All these are not lost, but they are marred by the cast's resolution to play cartoons instead of characters.

Lionel Barrymore can overcast less offensively than anyone else in Hollywood. As Augustus, a grouchy old husband of a younger, silly wife (Alice Brady), he does a reasonably good job that might have been better if it were more normal. All Miss Brady needs during much of her performance is a custard pie to make her characterization pure Mack Sennett. Miss Brady, an actress of high talent, should be the least bit ashamed. So should Katherine Alexander in the part of her much married sister.

When the cast tires of working so hard and behaves naturally, "Should Ladies Behave" is dramatic and moving. Such moments are too far apart to make it more than a fair film. Mr. Tearle as the fickle bachelor, Max, is less jittery than his associates and Miss Carlisle turns in a sincere performance. Only a short year ago, she was a fat-faced white-haired youngster of no visible talent. Now she is beginning to take on the outline of an actress.

A Jap, hailed in the film as *Tokio*, does a clever, amusing bit as a gardener. No credit is given him in the list of the cast and the home office of M-G-M has no information concerning him. Apparently he just walked into the film by accident. It is a pity he did not stay in longer.

High Spots: Augustus trying to persuade his daughter, Leone (Miss Carlisle) not to elope with the elderly Max. . . . The farewell of Winifred (Miss Carlisle) to Max, her former lover.

(Please turn to page 85)



# Class With a

By

ELSIE JANIS



Scotty Welbourne

Kay Francis in the new Warner Brothers picture, "Wonder Bar," which stars Al Jolson.

What type of play do you think is best suited to Kay Francis? Do you agree with the answer that Miss Janis gives?



**T**HIS morning the local papers carry an interesting item about films. "Kay Francis to play the role in *Mandalay* that Ruth Chatterton refused. Chatterton tired of playing bad ladies."

The announcement goes on to say that Ruth's husband, George Brent, will play with Kay in *Mandalay*.

By the time you read this, *Mandalay* will probably have become *Labrador*, Janet Gaynor may be playing the over-advertised heroine while Baby LeRoy replaces George Brent as the leading male interest. Such is the ever-changing Hollywood crazy quilt of casting.

I sincerely hope that whatever the picture eventually is, Kay Francis will be given a role into which she can really get her flawless teeth. It seems to me that outside of *One Way Passage* (in which she was grand) Kay has been handed a lot of roles that someone must have refused to play.

The Kay Francis that Warner Brothers thought fine enough "star stuff" to lure from Paramount two or three years ago should be sitting on the top of the heap by now, but it can't be done by casting her as leading lady opposite a man whose brow barely reaches to her aquiline nose, even if that brow belongs to a great actor like Edward Robinson.

I remember well my first reaction to Kay when I watched her trailing around the Paramount Studio in 1929. I say trailing because as they were busy making her into a vamp they naturally swathed her in black slinky creations, quite overlooking the fact that some of the best home-wrecking is done by blue-eyed baby dolls in organdie wrappings.

My personal observation to myself was, "She doesn't even look like an actress, much less a villainess. She looks like a Junior League girl turned professional and so far it's only a half turn."

I asked people about her, who she was, where she came from. No one seemed to be quite sure. They didn't appear to care a great deal. I met her, liked her low husky voice, and by her manner of speech was more than ever convinced that somewhere there must be a family regretting that Kay had stepped from under what families invariably call "every advantage a girl could ask for" to become an actress.



# Capital KAY

**Elsie Janis lunches with Kay Francis and takes you behind the scenes of Hollywood to interpret the girl who has seldom been given the right role to show what she can do**

Worse still, a movie actress. I don't know to this day if my mental frame fitted the picture. I've never even asked her where she came from. The fact that she came and is a friend of mine is, as dear old Sam Bernard used to say, sufficiency!

Paramount was too occupied with the business of satisfying Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Jeanette MacDonald, Chevalier, George Bancroft and many others to pay much attention to the Junior Leaguer, so she went along adding a dash of studio-made menace to this and that film. They admitted that she was a "comer" but they had too many "goers" on their hands to concentrate on the slim, chic Francis.

Came a day when I sat in an executorial office and heard Paramount's side of a conversation with Warner Brothers, who wanted to borrow Kay Francis for a picture. I watched the Francis stock soar as they discussed terms and, above all, what sort of part she was to play.

"We will have to see the script," said Mr. Paramount. "We can't afford to take a chance on Francis not getting a part worthy of her." Shhhh! You mustn't laugh at that point, but if you don't think I nearly choked, you're not thinking.

It was finally arranged, after the script had been doctored, to give Paramount's rising star all that Paramount had not given her. Kay was again cast as the menace over at Warners, but the tendency to take care of something borrowed is a natural one, so they not only paid attention to her personality, they took a borrower's inventory of her possibilities.

Kay returned to the home lot from pastures new.

Today, there exists what is amusingly called a gentleman's agreement which prohibits holding up the borrower for more than a certain amount over the salary of the player in demand. Back in the good old pre-code days, anything a studio could get for an artist was profit, and therefore actors and actresses were literally not sure where their next salary was coming from. They did hear of their salaries mounting like skyrocket while they remained holding the bag which eventually turned out to be a bunch of firecrackers. Hence the gentleman's agreement. Don't think the ladies were not equally interested in bringing it about.

Almost before anyone could tell whether the ink of the gentlemen's signatures would prove to be in the red or black, Warner Brothers staged their famous raid on Paramount. Ruth Chatterton, William Powell and Kay Francis moved their make-up kits, box-office



Yes, this is Kay in spite of her gray hair which, it must be admitted, is most becoming. You will see her thus in "The House on 56th Street."

values and protests about unsatisfactory roles over to Warner Brothers.

Frankly I expected great things, knowing that Paramount's personal milky way of stars had gone a little sour and that Warner Brothers really needed names and personalities. I have been disappointed.

Can't you just see the Warner Brothers calling a special meeting (which, when they all get together, looks like a convention) in order to formulate a plan of action that might eradicate this great wrong? With *Forty-Second Street*, *Gold Diggers of 1933* and *Footlight Parade* pinned, like veritable medals, on their managerial chests, they should worry about what I think. Nevertheless, I'll keep right on thinking and oddly enough what I think, I say.

Because Ruth Chatterton once played *Madame X* magnificently, there has been one long series of sinning women allotted to her. Usually she grows old under the strain of a youthful misdemeanor and spends several reels getting even with someone. Ruth, the most delightful of comedienne, has met more grown-up love children in the last reel of more tragedies than is good for any gal.

Bill Powell, because he made a hit by playing a super-smart detective is back again clearing up mysteries. The great one is still unsolved. Why can't he just play nice guys in good stories? Kay Francis, who is about as perfect an example of what the real and regular American girl should be, plays practically everything but that.

The expression, "well bred," should be handled with rubber gloves and I wear mittens, but having met girls all over the world whose antecedents and background demanded that label (*Please turn to page 84*)



# MACCLOSE-UPS

## A Chinese Cameraman Wins Fame



JIMMY WONG HOWE

**J**IMMY WONG HOWE is his name, and he isn't any bigger than a minute. Something like four feet ten. He is the first Chinese cameraman in Hollywood, and one of the best. He came to this country from China when he was only four.

When about sixteen he drifted away on his own, caught in the wanderlust of youth. By Chinese magic he got to California—and in Hollywood he met an old schoolmate who had become a cameraman for Mack Sennett.

One day he saw this friend shooting pictures on the street—and when he saw how easy it was to just grind a camera while a lot of figures jumped around in front of it, he then and there decided to become a cameraman.

Miraculously he was given a job immediately as an assistant camera-

man on one of Cecil DeMille's pictures. Later he began to experiment with still pictures, making a few of Mary Miles Minter, who was then in the heyday of her stardom. So flattered was she by the results that she demanded Jimmy Wong as her next cameraman. But so frightened was he by the assignment that he refused to embark so soon on his own. The executives then gave him the choice of grinding on Miss Minter's next picture or taking his hat out of the door for keeps. Jimmy stayed.

Today he holds a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that pays him one of the highest salaries of his profession. Stars fight for him. Directors hold up pictures to obtain his services. Studios try to borrow him. But engulfed in the philosophy of his forefathers he takes it with calm and a twinkle.

By RAMON ROMERO

## The Mother Confessor of Hollywood



REV. LISA MAE GREY

**T**HEY call her simply Mother Grey. But she is the "Mother Confessor" of Hollywood. She is a handsome woman with ruddy cheeks and reddish hair. Her smile can be the sweetest this side of heaven.

Into her ears are poured untold secrets of Hollywood, hungry longings, haunting sins. Sometimes she cannot cope with the strange entanglements into which people have twisted their lives—but it is known that she has led many celebrities through their darkest moments to the peace that survives.

She has a daughter who is an actress, prominent both in Hollywood and on the New York stage. Her son is an orchestra leader and radio entertainer in one of the gayest dime-a-dance Emporiums in Los Angeles. Her sympathy for theatrical folk is therefore something that

is exceedingly close to home.

Her activities are not confined entirely to her little storefront Forum on Sunset Boulevard. Recently she has taken over the little white church in Laguna, the art colony of the coast—and among her new converts are many artists, writers and others engaged in creative work.

She goes on many missions of mercy in the environs of Hollywood; carrying food to the hungry, aid and consolation to the sick, cheer to the depressed.

She works like a Trojan, untiringly; heedless of time and the toll that the work demands of her strength. Her workers claim that she is a human Niagara Falls in energy. She loves praise. It is her only way of knowing how successful she is in her efforts toward making other people happy.

By WEST WORTH

## The Champion Spinner of Tall Stories



ROBERT L. RIPLEY

**B**ELIEVE it or not, Robert L. "Believe It or Not" Ripley has journeyed through 167 countries in the interests of his extraordinary art—discovering seemingly impossible things and situations which actually exist.

The gentleman hails from Santa Rosa, California. He never took a drawing lesson in his life, but sold his first cartoon at the age of fourteen.

The "Believe It or Not" cartoons were born in 1921 when their creator got tired of cartooning sports figures and decided to use his head a bit.

On his staff Ripley now employs a linguist, two readers, a secretary and six assistant research workers. His personal mail averages 4,000 letters a day.

He's a pleasant looking man of medium height, this modern Marco Polo. He's just out of his thirties, and somewhat

heavyish. Maybe you'd think that on account of the nerve-racking nature of his work, he'd be a finicky sort of individual.

But not "Believe It or Not" Ripley. He's gay, and a spiffy dresser, and he loves a good time, and he enjoys a good gabfest.

Among the Ripley facts are:

"Lindbergh was the 67th man to make a non-stop flight over the Atlantic Ocean (proving that Alcock and Brown made a non-stop flight between Newfoundland and Ireland in 1919.)"

"Panama hats are not made in Panama."

"A Bhutan woman gave birth to a boy at the age of 82."

"August the Strong, King of Saxony and Poland, was the father of 354 children. Can you beat these?"

By IRENE THIRER



**Personalities of Hollywood you seldom hear about. One is a dealer in midgets and giants, another sets the fashions for millions of women, another is a girl who is bound to be an actress.**

**D**OC POWERS is a "freak expert." Any time a studio needs a fat lady or a giant or a fire eater or a few midgets or a bearded damsel or anybody else from the freak world, they call on Doc Powers.

For years he has specialized in supplying such creatures for stage and screen entertainment. The freak business isn't what it used to be, but Doc keeps pretty busy.

Doc Powers, incidentally, is J. Donald Powers, and of course, not a doctor at all. He hails from Lafayette, Indiana, and started his show-business career thirty-five or so years back with Doc Voucher's medicine show.

Doc Powers quit Voucher eventually and joined up with another outfit. While playing a small town in Louisiana, he attended the funeral of a colored

actor. As the body was lowered into the ground, Powers, who had mastered the art of ventriloquism, threw his voice into the grave, saying "Let me down easy, boys." The peace was disturbed. Doc Powers was arrested and haled to court and fined five dollars. After the court session, the judge was so amused at Doc's story of what happened that he handed him back his five bucks.

Reams of publicity followed. And Doc Powers capitalized on his new-found popularity and became a ventriloquist in a California side show. That's where he had his initial contact with the freaks he now manages. Besides supplying these people to the movie studios, he obliges once in a while by accepting a film role—as a magician or a medicine man, or a ventriloquist. He can perform card tricks, eat fire, and do other stunts.

By **RALPH MORTON**

**If You Need  
a Freak, Call  
Doc Powers!**



**DOC POWERS**

**Y**OU have heard of Adrian, who has made Hollywood the new fashion center of the world. Great stars owe much of their popularity to his genius. A studio pays him a star's salary to dress Garbo, Norma Shearer, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies and other women who are as prominent.

The real Adrian is an elusive, evasive young dreamer who seems always to be wrapped up in fantastic musings. His friends will tell you he is a splendid story teller with an excellent sense of humor.

It was he who modernized the Empress Eugenie hat for Garbo, who wore it first in "Romance." Three months later millions of women were copying her. He experimented again with Garbo, who likes anything that is distinctively different, and de-

signed a little pill-box hat for her to wear in "As You Desire Me."

Upon its release it got laughs everywhere from the audience. But again the women took up the style, and soon, everywhere, they were wearing small, flat hats on top of their heads.

When "Letty Lynton" was shown and the clothes Joan Crawford wore were seen for the first time, something happened to the ready-to-wear industry. Puff-sleeved models flooded the market, and within a week fifty thousand potential Letty Lyntons were seen on the streets of New York City.

When not designing clothes Adrian is busy interior decorating. Recently he has opened a little shop in Hollywood, and his novel furniture is beginning to find its way into the homes of some of the biggest stars.

By **HAL HERRICK**

**He Decides  
Fashions for  
the Stars**



**ADRIAN**

**M**OST people think that—so far as Hollywood goes—Cinderella is out of style. But there's the exception proving every rule.

Take Irene Hervey. Irene has never been on the stage, she has never played extra parts and she's only appeared in two films, in both of which she's played featured roles. And, guess what? She has no pull and she's nobody's girl.

Finishing high school, she thought she'd like to go into the movies. Lots of other girls have thought the same but Irene got there.

She decided to concentrate on M-G-M because they have the biggest stars and she intended being a big star. She had never applied for work on any other lot.

A young man sitting in the casting office with her one day started a conversation. When Ben Piazza, cast-

ing director, came out, the young man jumped up and introduced Irene and asked Piazza to talk to her. He told her to take some lessons and he'd put her in their school for young actors.

At the end of the eight months, she went back to Piazza. Not having seen her for some time he had forgotten all about her. "By Jove!" he exclaimed when she came into his office, "you're just what I've been looking for. We need a girl exactly like you for the part of Franchot Tone's wife in 'Stranger's Return.'"

Irene's performance more than justified her faith in herself and the chance the studio gave her. They put her under contract and now she is playing her second part—a big one—in "The Women In His Life." The future looks very bright and Irene very lovely.

By **ROBERT YOUNG**

**She Wanted  
a Job in  
the Movies**

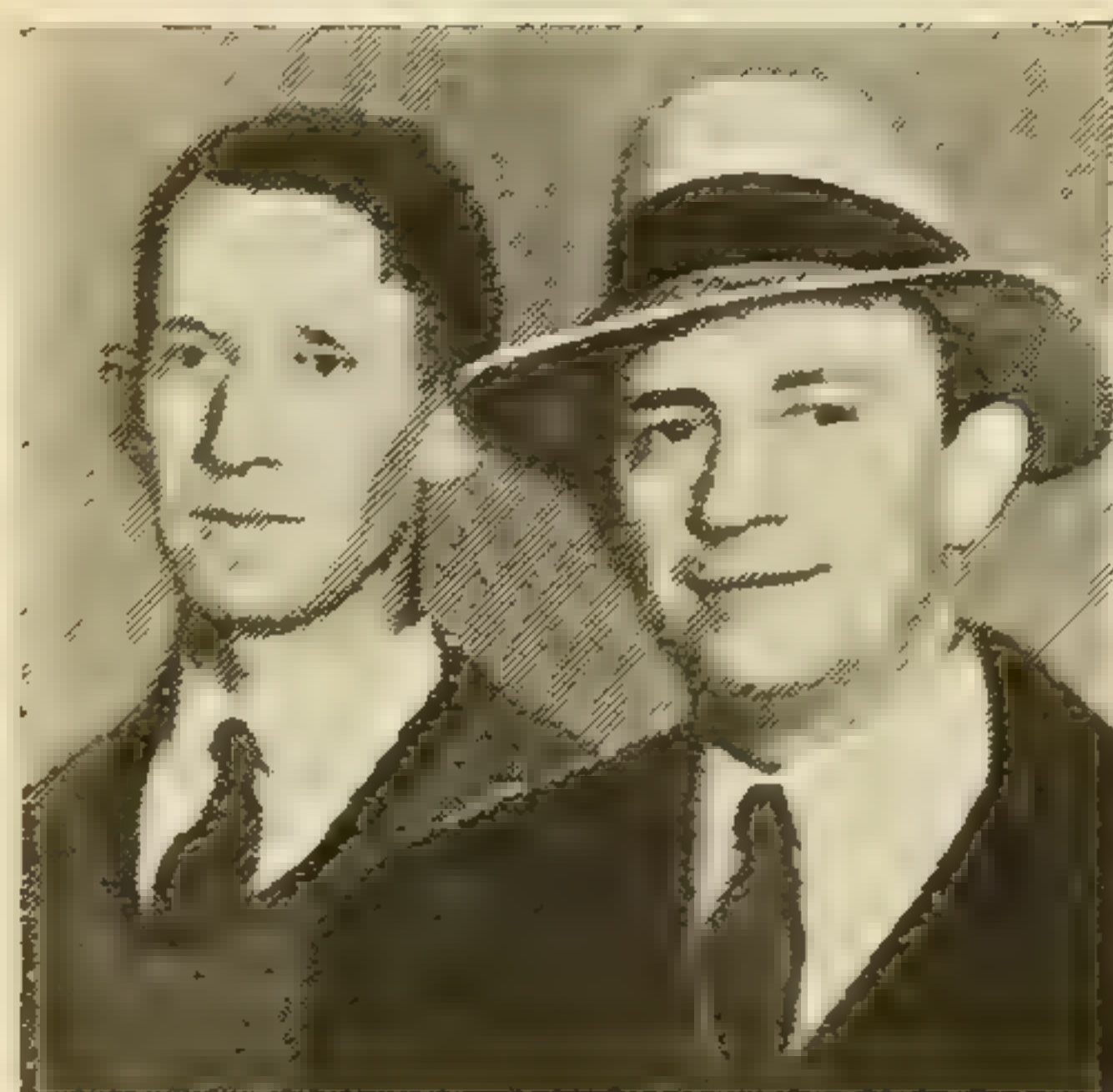


**IRENE HERVEY**



Film folks who may be new to you—two of them make prehistoric animals—and one is a hermit—and another played a long shot.

## They Make Monsters That Breathe



JOSEPH DAMAN  
GEORGE H. MESSMORE

DAMAN and Messmore are as close as Damon and Pythias. Both gave up illustrating careers some sixteen years back to become associated in the business of designing and building animated beasts and objects for the films. Sometimes they have as many as a hundred helpers working on the construction of one monster. Artists, sculptors, draughtsmen, electricians, seamstresses—workers in metal, papier-mache, fabrics and fur are on the payroll.

"We'll make anything the movies want," Joseph Daman declared as he put the finishing touches on the four-foot-tall head of a gentle little thing called "Tyrannosaurus," which rises thirty feet from the floor and moves about, and opens and shuts its monstrous eyes, and gnashes its six-inch teeth and groans.

"We made a twenty-four-foot-high saxophone for the Warner Brothers, large

enough to hold twenty human beings. "And we made the 'King Kong' gorilla for RKO, and all sorts of other strange things. We don't, however, deal only in giant figures. We can create anything from an insect to a mammoth. We can animate anything. And we do. Nothing is impossible in our factory."

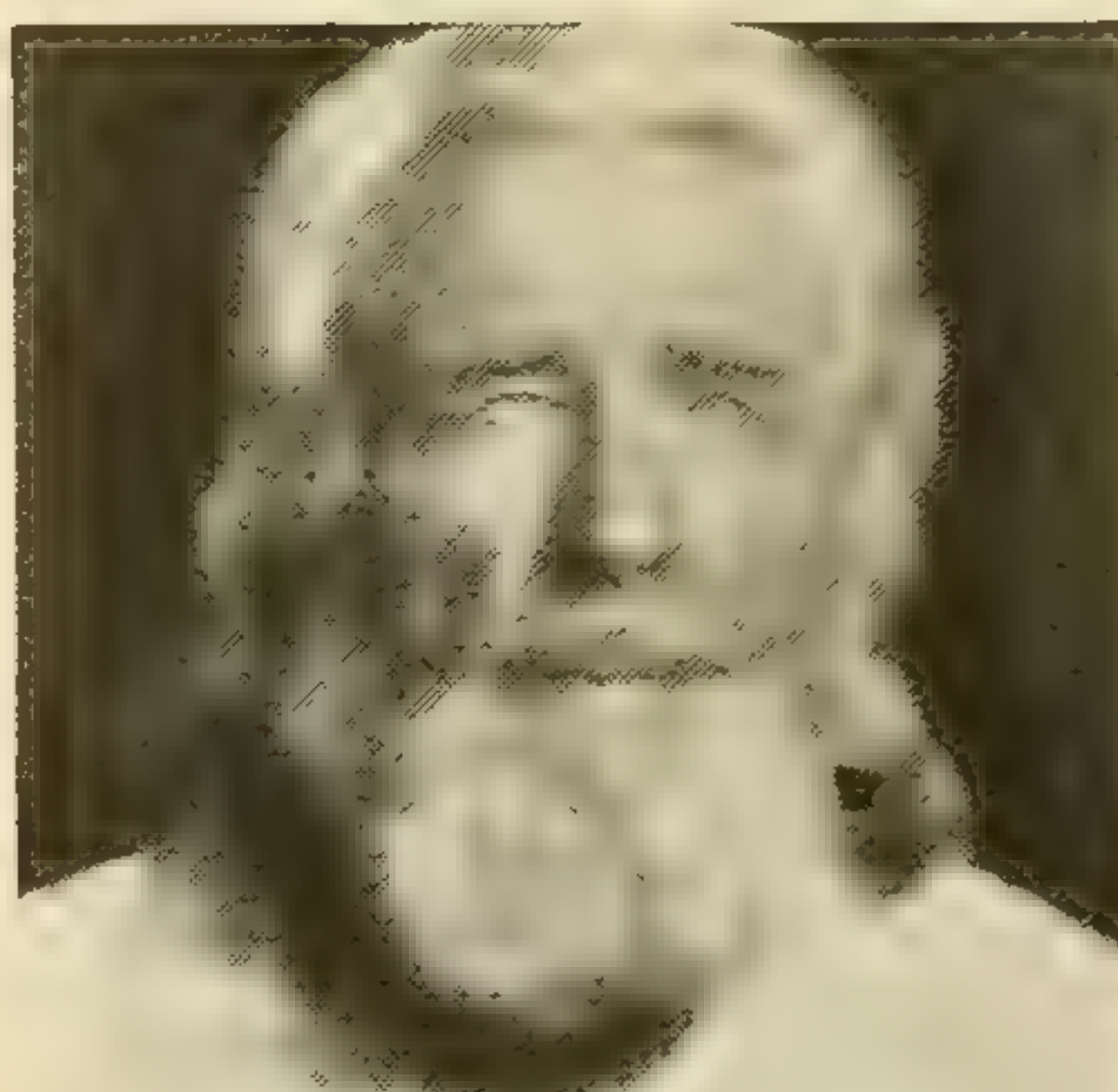
Daman and Messmore are known throughout the world not only as manufacturers of prehistoric monsters, but as skilled inventors.

It was George H. Messmore who discovered another material to use in place of real ice during the making of movie thrill scenes. Although it may look to you as though the hero and heroine are ploughing their way through fearful ice breakers, they're doing no such thing.

Both men have been highly praised by scientific centers all over the world.

By EDITH AMES

## The Curious Hermit of Hollywood



PETER THE HERMIT

MEET Peter the Hermit. He lives in a one-room shack in one of Hollywood's romantic canyons, far from the madding crowd. A dog is his only companion. He comes to town every day to mingle with that same crowd on the congested Boulevard. He has long white hair that blows prettily in the wind, and makes him look like a prophet from Biblical days. He has a long white beard, too.

No one has ever seen him in his stocking feet because he hasn't worn socks in years and years. He walks about in open sandals as if he were on his way to Jericho. He is usually clad in short, white ducks.

He is said to be anywhere from seventy to a hundred—but it is certain that he is at least seventy summers young. He breathes health and vigor. He has the laughter of a child and the

strength of a giant. Of the hundred and twenty million people in the United States he probably felt the depression less than any one of them. He lives from day to day, and from hand to mouth—but he has found the blue bird of happiness.

He never works, except at living a healthy life in the open. Money is the least of his worries. Among the great personalities of Hollywood he ranks with Chaplin and Pickford and Garbo.

Peter has no use for hypocrisy. People say he is a show-off sometimes. But they don't understand that he is selling his idea of a healthy life to a lot of shrivelled-up bodies. If everyone could grow old as beautifully as Peter, what a world this would be to live in!

His bronzed, healthy body is his joy and delight. He says it is the temple of our souls and we must make it beautiful.

By PAUL NORTON

## He Gambled For a Screen Career



HARRY SHAFOR

AN ax flew through the air. Narrowly, it missed a tall, broad-shouldered, lanky figure, who ducked behind a bar. The ax, edge first, struck a table—and split it.

Again the air was filled. This time with a chair. It struck the head of a drunken cowpuncher—the one who had thrown the ax. The cow hand fell to the floor unconscious.

This short, fast moving incident nearly cost Hollywood one of its youthful actors—Harry Shafor.

Late in 1930 Shafor left his Detroit home for Jackson Hole, Wyoming. With only \$12 in his pocket, and practically stranded in a spot once notorious as a bandit and cattle rustlers' rendezvous—Shafor made a desperate decision. He would stake his last few dollars against the skill of the gamblers that infested this wide-open town and see if he

couldn't take enough away from them to finance a trip to Hollywood and a lengthy stay there. He became a familiar figure around the gambling joints. The ax-throwing incident was the outcome of one game in which Shafor was the heaviest winner.

On another night, incidentally his last at Jackson Hole, Shafor managed to get on to the signals of some of the professional gamblers and walked away from the table with enough money, which, was sufficient to take him to Hollywood and tide him over at the film capital for at least three years with careful management.

In Hollywood a friend introduced him to Gilmore Brown of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and he gained admittance to the ranks of that institution's players, many of whom have graduated into prominence in the films.

By HENRY M. FINE



# New Movie's

## HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS



Clothing by J. Mainbocher & Co., 100 West 42nd Street

"After he's proposed, it's trim, conservative, well-made outdoor clothes that help keep him from proposing to any one else." For country walks, Miss Merkel chooses the black-and-white tweed coat (above) and for early-spring street wear, Mainbocher's double rever coat of brown flecked tweed.

"We choose the dress that makes a man propose," says Miss Merkel.





## EVENING CLOTHES FOR UNA MERKEL

Parma violet silk net with a sash of dull jade green. "It's too sophisticated for a girl in her teens," says Una Merkel, "but it's worth growing up to wear colors like this. What a charming dress to wear," she said, holding out the shirred insets and ruffles of tulle. "But what a task it would be to make!" Costumes shown on this page are from I. Magnin & Company, throughout California.



"I just love this dress," said Miss Merkel when she selected this Biancini flowered taffeta. "The long, full, rustling taffeta flounces make a girl look like a lady whether she feels like one or not." New features of this early-spring evening dress are the two crisp ruffles posed at the front of the bodice and repeated at the bouffant hemline. Miss Merkel is featured in "The Women in His Life" with Otto Kruger and Ben Lyon, an M-G-M production.





"A broad band is always  
 as much more interesting  
 when the dress is cut high  
 at the front. Use an-  
 swered by the argument  
 is, 'for now, anyway  
 only Louis d'Orsay frock.  
 Don't you love the look  
 of a white dress  
 across the front — and  
 those new sleeves?'"



"Now I feel like Empress  
 Josephine," she said—but when  
 you see Una Merkel in this love-  
 ly Empire evening dress you  
 are sure that Napoleon never  
 would have cast her aside for  
 Marie Louise. It's white satin  
 with gold thread embroidery  
 made with two huge loops over  
 each shoulder. The gold leaf  
 bandeau, worn high on the  
 head is in keeping with the  
 Empire style of the dress.







Watch for Lilian Harvey in "I Am Suzanne!" with Gene Raymond.



You will see Otto Kruger next in "The Women in His Life."

# The PEOPLE'S Academy



*Hurrell*  
Robert Montgomery in "Fugitive Lovers"—an M-G-M production.

## Speak Up, Buddy!

Corsicana, Texas.

Where, oh where, can the incomparable Buddy Rogers be? I eagerly await the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE each month, hoping to find a picture of him, or news of his return to the silver screen definitely.

What happened to his brilliant and colorful career seems to have been the inevitable, but I've been unable to comprehend just why it should be so, due to the fact that he was one of the box offices' biggest attractions.

In my opinion, he is not a genius and far from being the most clever actor, but his inimitable personality and original charm seems to be lacking in most of the other actors.

I would like nothing better than to see Buddy Rogers and Claudette Colbert teamed together in a good picture. My guess may be far from correct, but I believe my wish is "unanimous."

*T. Garrett,*  
102 N. Beaton Street.

*You never know when you may be right. At any rate you have an interesting idea.*

## An Ohio Critic Speaks

Toledo, Ohio.

The public may change its favorite often, but a few performers of real merit remain year after year. Among these are Ann Harding and Norma Shearer. With these are players well known to movie fans, who, however, are of more recent fame, such as Miriam Hopkins and Elissa Landi. But my highest praise is reserved for Sylvia Sidney, whose poignant sweetness surpasses that of any other star. Give us more pictures like "Madame Butterfly" and "Jennie Gerhardt" with Sylvia Sidney as the leading lady every time!

*Ileen Edelman,*  
611 Lagrange.

*We are just as much for Sylvia as you are. She is a real artist. What do the other fans think?*



Leslie Howard in "British Agent"—Warner Brothers.

## More of Lilian

Indianapolis, Ind.

Something recent in origin—modern, novel—delightful! Lilian Harvey reveals herself to the best advantage in snappy song numbers and fast comedy.

Yes, dear readers, I've just been fortunate enough to see Miss Harvey (a marvelous find) in "My Weakness." Because of his merit, we take off our beret to David Butler, due to his excellent direction and beautiful staging. In a production of this sort we can appreciate the true value of an actor or actress. Lew Ayres is an amiable and suave young playboy in the rough but Lilian Harvey has the picture. Although this role does not give her the dramatic possibilities of some of her foreign-made productions, she is charmingly naive.

Most emphatically I stress this fact: she has proved to my own skeptical self that she is a miraculous achievement of drama.

*Evelyn Doty,*  
314 N. Chester Avenue.

*Have patience and maybe you will be gratified. Watch for her new picture, "I Am Suzanne!"*

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

- 1—Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story



# What makes skin *Smooth* *Wrinkle-free?*

## TWO REASONS!

- 1 *Active Oil Glands in Under Skin*
- 2 *Natural Moisture in Outer Skin*

You have Two Skins. You need  
Two Creams—a different  
cream for each skin

### THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY



<b>Smooth—Glossy</b>	<b>Soft—Spongy</b>	<b>Wrinkled—Discolored</b>
1 At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!	2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk away from outer skin.	3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunk under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

READ the story of the apple above!

Amazing that your skin, too, is subject to changes like that!

But there *is* a way to keep it youthful . . . free from dreaded lines! That way is to give *each of your two skins* the different care it needs.

*To Avoid Wrinkles, keep your Under Skin firm*—Begin early to help this under skin. When its oil glands begin to fail you can supply the oils that keep it firm and young. You need an oil cream that goes deep down. That is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does. It penetrates to the very under skin. Your skin feels toned, renewed. Soon you feel and look years younger!

Use this satiny cream for cleansing, too. Because it goes so deep, it removes every particle of dirt and make-up. No wonder it is so refreshing!

*To Correct Dryness—What to do for your Outer Skin*—Here it's an entirely different need! Not oils but natural skin moisture is needed to keep this outer skin from growing dry—chapped.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is made especially for the outer skin. *It is greaseless.* It contains a marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture—actually replaces lost moisture.

You can test this yourself by a *single application* of Pond's Vanishing Cream on dry chapped skin! The roughnesses are smoothed away!



*Eleanor Roosevelt*

*lovely young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, of Washington, has already started using Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.*

Your skin is pearly looking. And this cream holds powder and rouge smoothly for *hours!*

### *The Two-Skin Beauty Treatment Society Women Use*

Eleanor Roosevelt describes the method for you:

"My night cleansing is Pond's Cold Cream—and Pond's Tissues take it off. The tissues show how marvelously this cream cleans. I do this twice.

"After cleansing I like to leave a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face overnight. It's so good to keep the skin clear and smooth. And there's no heavy stickiness about it.

"In the morning, and in the day when needed, another good Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. Tissues blot it up. Then a dab of Pond's Vanishing Cream to leave on. It holds powder nicely—keeps off any shine."

Send for the samples offered in the coupon below. In a few days see your own skin growing clearer, smoother, lovelier every day!



*For Your Under Skin*—Pond's delicious Cold Cream, or, for those who prefer a cream that melts more rapidly, Pond's Liquefying Cream.



*For Your Outer Skin*—Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless. Overnight or daytime softening. Holds powder.

#### SEND FOR SAMPLES!

POND'S EXTRACT Co., Dept. C, 127 Hudson Street, New York City  
I enclose 9¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

TUNE IN on the Pond's Players Friday evenings, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF, NBC Network

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# News of the New

THERE have always been cranky shoppers, women who in the old days went about pinching and prodding the tomatoes and oranges, sniffing of the cheese and surreptitiously nibbling coffee beans and tea leaves before consenting to buy. Sometimes this fussiness was more of a pose than an indication of real knowledge of food values. It indicated to the neighbors that you were not a careless waster of your husband's income, and to the grocer that you could not be imposed upon.

The fussy shopper of today goes or should go about her business in a different manner. Apples, tomatoes, and sometimes even potatoes go to market neatly wrapped in trademarked paper. Oranges and walnuts of standard quality are stamped with a packer's guarantee. Coffee is hermetically sealed in tin cans and the old open butter tub is gradually becoming a thing of the past. First-hand sampling is be-



coming increasingly difficult and to take its place the modern woman must rely more on her knowledge of trademarks and labels. Instead of trusting her own ability to judge coffee in the bean and the accuracy of the grocer's scales she reads what the packer has to say on the label. She knows that "One pound net weight" is guaranteed not only by the manufacturer but by government authority. She knows that products put up by reputable food concerns come to her in as nearly uniform quality as is humanly possible.

Going to market is still a pleasant and worth-while diversion. It keeps us informed of new food products and reminds us of the wide variety of good things to eat that we might forget if we remained at home. Being fussy about food buying is still as much a virtue as it ever was, but it no longer calls for the time-consuming, personal inspection that it did a generation ago.

Because mother doesn't have to pinch each orange or sample the cheese, sending the young folk of the family to market is no longer an indication of thriftlessness or indifference. Because mothers today know and trust brands of food, boys and girls of school age are often trusted with a considerable share of the family food buying, with the result that these young people are becoming extremely well informed.

SUITS for spring; no doubt about it. And if the first half dozen you try on aren't becoming, try another seven or eight, because the designers in Paris and America have been staying up nights for the last few months, intent on giving the new spring suit universal



appeal. They have done their best to rid us of the prejudice that only a woman with a Gibson girl figure can look smart in a jacket and skirt. There will be the traditional tailored suit made of a firm, mannish type of suiting. Less traditional, but more distinctly 1934, will be the suits with perky shoulders, and snugly fitted jackets cut off surprisingly near to the waistline.

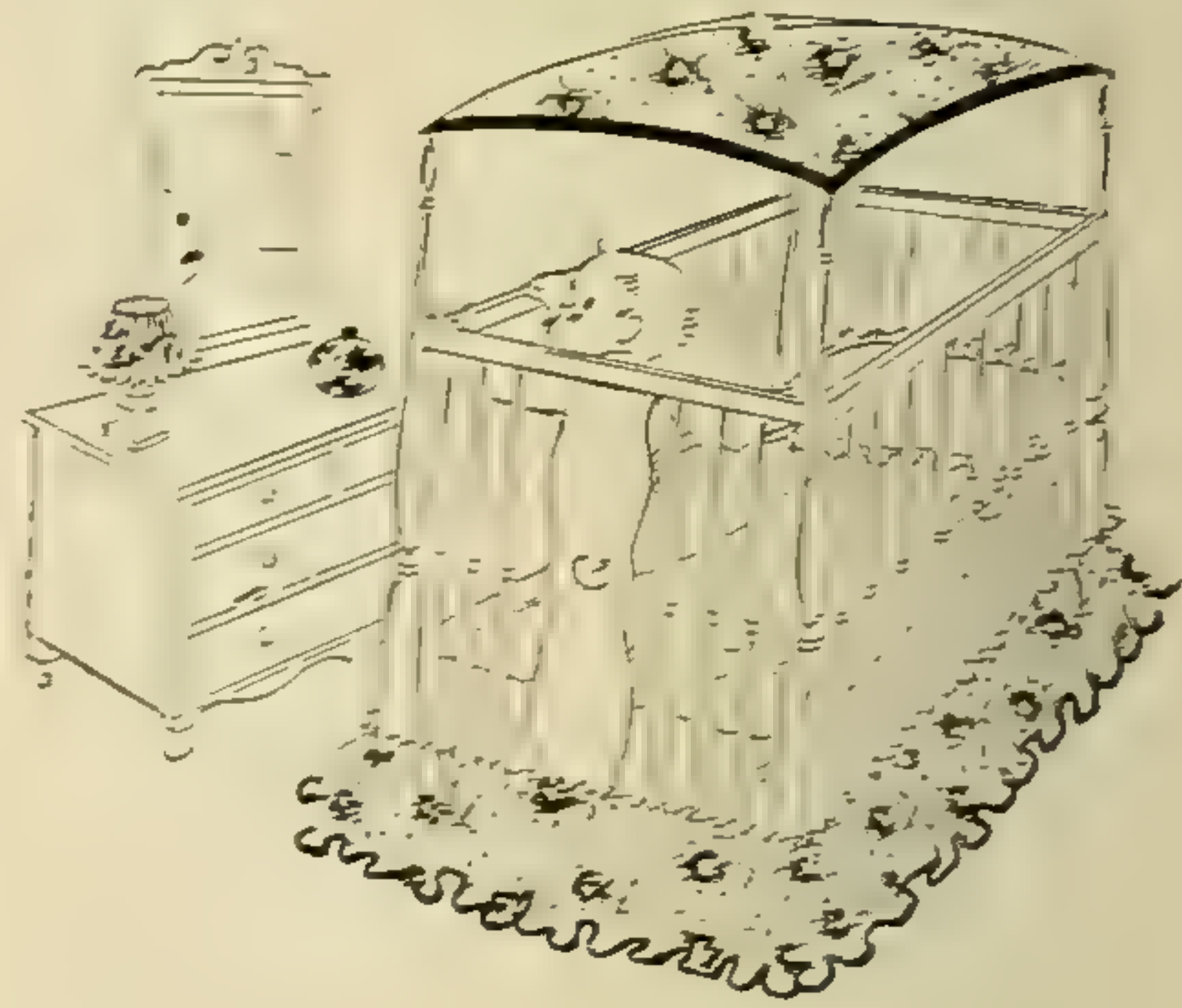
Don't imagine that suits of this newer type are going to be as easy to put on and take off as vagabond swagger fashions of a few years ago. And don't begrudge the time or extra cash that will be required to make needed alterations.



TAP dancing, aesthetic and drawing room. Which shall it be? The very young lady of today must have her dancing lessons. Taking daughter to dancing class isn't the drudgery that it used to be in the days when she had to be dressed up in formal afternoon clothes that made her pout and squirm. The approved dancing class costume is an abbreviated gingham romper, dancing slippers and a fillet for the hair.

IF the generation of babies now in their cribs doesn't grow up with a cultivated taste in furniture, it won't be the fault of the furniture dealers. Ability to distinguish between early Colonial, late Colonial, mid-Victorian and some of the other periods that too frequently puzzle us adults ought to be a fairly simple matter.

For the last ten or fifteen years much has been done to popularize furniture built to the scale of the younger children. It hasn't been enough just to provide them with a chair in which they could sit without dangling their legs. They have had bureaus and desks, settees and work tables, all graded down to their small size. For a time the prevailing idea seemed simply to be to make furniture that they would find amusing. Bunnies and chickens and creatures from Mother Goose were used as decorations. Furniture of this sort is still highly acceptable, but if you take your own furniture seriously you will be delighted with the newer vintage of juvenile furniture which follows faithfully the patterns of the authentic Colonial model.



THIS growing spirit of hospitality is more than a matter of sentiment. It is making itself felt in the designing of our houses and the planning of our furniture. Having a house too small for a guest room need not mean sheltering out-of-town friends and relatives in a nearby hotel. A double berth built into the wall of one of your rooms may solve the problem. We have seen a number of these within the last few months. One was a recent addition to the bedroom of a boy of high-school age. At no great expense a six-foot niche was provided, with two frames, one above the other, on which were placed box springs and mattresses. A pair of steps, painted to match the frames and the woodwork of the room, adds to the sport of occupying the upper berth. And asking two boys to spend the night means no more extra work than setting extra places at the table and preparing a little more to eat.

At country places and summer homes, numerous small guest houses are under construction. If your funds are plentiful the house may contain perfectly appointed living room, bedroom and bath, with a possible kitchenette attachment. But the essentials of hospitality are served just as well by a simple one-room shack built tight enough to insure protection against rain and wind.



## A Hand for Elsie

Piedmont, California.

Others may hand bouquets to the stars, but I'm handing a great big bouquet to Elsie Janis, through whose colorful writings we get intimate glimpses of our film favorites, their habits and hobbies. When I see an article written by Elsie Janis, I know I'm going to get the real low-down on the movie folks and not a lot of cooked-up ballyhoo that will later be contradicted by the stars.

Long may NEW MOVIE's pages sparkle with Elsie's brilliant writings!

L. J. Stephens,  
c/o Mrs. A. Cook,  
100 Greenbank Avenue.

*We thoroughly agree with you. That's why Elsie is writing for us.*

## Hands Across the Sea

Minneapolis, Minn.

Recently one of our prominent Hollywood producers made the following statement, which to my way of thinking is rather idiotic: "Foreign studios have nothing to offer the American motion picture industry. We producers don't have to go outside our own city limits to find the finest acting talent. Foreign stories, like foreign actors, are all right for foreign audiences, but they just will not fit properly into the entertainment demands of American theatergoers." Evidently this man has never heard of the following foreign stars, who came from far outside our own city limits: Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Maurice Chevalier, Lilian Harvey, George Arliss, and so many English players that it would take too much space to mention them. Also he must have missed seeing, and I believe being entertained, by "Be Mine Tonight," "Congress Dances," "Rome Express," "The Good Companions," "Maedchen in Uniform" and "Bitter Sweet."

I believe it's a matter of give and take. We have much that is fine to offer them and there is no denying the fact that they have given us much in the way of fine acting and entertainment. Let's be fair to our foreign sisters and brothers in the moving picture business.

C. H. N.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

*A hundred per cent right. Pictures are universal.*



Hal Phufe

Ralph Bellamy who will appear in "Sweet Cheat."

## Sullivan vs. Hepburn

Winchendon, Mass.

Today I saw Margaret Sullivan, the young actress who has been hailed as "the new Katharine Hepburn." Instead (since comparisons are 'de rigueur' in Hollywood) she is an intense Janet Gaynor. I felt the magic of her talent more forcibly in the early scenes of "Only Yesterday"; not, I think, because her early scenes were better acted, but because, after the first pleasure of meeting her, her personality was not strong enough to dominate the screen to the extent of subordinating everything else. When Miss Hepburn is on



Freulich

Margaret Sullivan, Universal star, in "Only Yesterday."

the screen, supporting cast, play, scenery, direction—all are overshadowed by the breath-taking combination of her personality and genius.

(Miss) Adele Thane,  
55 Highland Street.

*You have a suggestion worth thought. And, incidentally, you have struck one of the big psychological factors of the movies.*

## A Crawford Fan

Chatham, N. J.

In my opinion, Joan Crawford is a splendid actress, as well as a woman of charm and poise. Her beauty is as refreshing as a morning breeze, and her personality is as fragile and easily broken as the gardenia which symbolizes her so well. She is an artist in the true sense of the word. An artist whose works are characterized by beauty and color.

She has been criticized unjustly by many, mostly by those who have not the mentality to see two sides of a story. Nevertheless, I am 100 per cent for her, and I think she is one of our greatest actresses on the screen today.

Oh, Lovely Joan, if I could loan, your beauty for a day; and dance one night, to my delight, in "Franchot's" arms so gay!

Julia Magley,  
52 Center Avenue.

*Speak straight out. That's what we like, and, maybe, we agree with you!*

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## Take a Bow, Bob!

Staten Island, Pa.

Robert Montgomery (you know, that guy with the perpetual smile) is much more praise than he gets.

Every picture which stars him seems to be better than the last. I recently saw him in "Made on Broadway," "When Ladies Meet" and "Another Language," and I really cannot tell in which he was superior. Still in every portrayal he is the same "Bob." He nearly always plays the same role—that of a humorous high-hat who thinks he ought to get what he wants—and does. Let's hope they don't run out of parts for the polo champion. For "the more of his shows the merrier."

(Miss) Catherine McCarthu.

*Here is another Bob Montgomery fan. How many more are there?*

## What a Teacher Thinks

Quemado, New Mexico.

During the State Teachers' Convention held recently in Albuquerque, New Mexico, I, like the other 2,000 or more teachers who attended from all over the state, expectantly visited several of the theaters hoping to mix work with pleasure and to find some desirable talkies to counteract the depressing effect of prevalent lectures on the teachers' deplorable condition during the depression.

"Bitter Sweet," Noel Coward's poignantly beautiful, sentimental operetta which was elaborately produced by an English company but released by United Artists, and splendidly sung and acted by a superb cast, helped me to forget such humdrum everyday affairs as teachers' slashed salaries, short school terms, etc., and transported me into a realm of artistic satisfaction.

Miss Neagle as Sari, the sheltered flower of aristocracy, who for true love runs away with her music master, Carl, and later assists him in their struggle for recognition in the music world and for self support by dancing in a cafe in Vienna while he conducts the orchestra, is charming above description.

My only adverse criticism of this charming fascinating operetta is that the cast should have been All-American and the ending should not have been so realistic, lifelike, and heart-rending, but more idealistic, happy and soul-satisfying.

Clay W. Vaden.

*Most pictures are designed as a way of escape from the cares of life, but there can't always be happy endings.*



Miriam Hopkins in "All of Me"—a Paramount picture.



# Coiffures for Constance



**Not even the hairdresser advises Miss Bennett how to arrange her hair and it is her opinion that every girl is her own best critic**



**S**HOULD a girl vary the arrangement of her hair to suit the occasion?

To this question the truly dress-conscious New Yorker or Parisienne would usually answer, "Emphatically, yes." But Constance Bennett says, "Certainly not."

"An arrangement that would be appropriate for the opera would be out of place on the golf links," says the well dressed American who is not an actress. And the clothes-wise Parisienne considers the line of her costume, the smartly tailored trotteur, or the simple but elegant evening gown before giving directions to her hairdresser. But Constance Bennett says, "One's hair should be dressed in the most becoming fashion regardless of the occasion." And perhaps Constance is right.

This does not mean, however, that Miss Bennett has only one hair arrangement. She has learned the trick of doing her hair in a dozen ways that are all supremely becoming. And in "Moulin Rouge" she even hid her lovely golden tresses under a transforming straight black wig.

Is a girl the best judge of how to arrange her own hair, or should she follow the suggestions of others? To this question Miss Bennett answered, "If she knows her type she should be the best judge. If not she should make a really serious study of her

features and then arrange her hair accordingly."

Does Miss Bennett get the hairdresser to make suggestions? No. Does a director or anybody else ever make suggestions? No. Miss Bennett knows her own type better than anyone else, and needs no assistance. And it is her own personal opinion that any girl, whether or not she is gifted with introspection or exceptional self understanding, should decide for herself what hair arrangements are most becoming and therefore most desirable.

"The care of the hair should be of the utmost importance to all women," she said, "regardless of their profession, for hair has been and always will be woman's crowning glory. But no matter how naturally lovely your hair may be, how fine and soft and glossy, it won't take care of itself. Ordinary hair, if well cared for, is more attractive than the most beautiful hair in the world left to its own devices."

Miss Bennett spends an hour at least in arranging her hair before the first scene of the day is photographed, and between scenes time enough to match it up with the preceding scene.

While Constance Bennett and the other leading screen actresses undoubtedly do settle the important question of hair arrangement for themselves, skilled barbers and hairdressers (*Please turn to page 70*)



# The "Growing Pains" Delusion

"Looks to me as though you have been enjoying a lot of growing pains since I sold you that suit."



CONTRARY to widespread belief, children do not suffer pain just because Nature is making their bones longer and their muscles stronger. It does not hurt to grow.

Whenever a child suffers from so-called "growing pains," a thorough investigation should be made by a physician.

"Growing pains" come from definite causes. Among them are improper nourishment, muscular fatigue following over-exertion, exposure to cold or inclement weather when not suitably clothed, improper posture which may induce flat feet, round shoulders, round back, flat chest, pot-belly, curvature of the spine. Tuberculosis of the joints is a rare cause.

One of the most serious causes of "growing pains" in childhood is rheumatic infection.

Indeed, if it is disregarded, it may lead to permanent damage to the heart.

The onset of rheumatic infection is often so insidious that its danger to the heart may be unsuspected. This infection may cause a sore throat, as well as pains in the legs, arms or elsewhere; occasionally St. Vitus' dance. Sometimes it is accompanied by a steady, low fever. A child with rheumatic infection may look anemic, may be listless and may have no desire to romp and play. He may have little appetite and may lose weight.

While sunshine, rest, fresh air and nourishing food often help Nature to effect a cure if the disease has not progressed too far, do not delay having a needed medical examination if your child has "growing pains." He may be in great danger—the danger of permanent heart trouble.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.



By  
JOHN  
EDGAR  
WEIR

# MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

What's new and best in melodies in  
the movies and on the records



Manatt

One of the outstanding scenes from "Going Hollywood," M-G-M's picture, featuring Marion Davies and Bing Crosby.

**D** ID YOU EVER SEE A DREAM WALKING which has made the grade so fast, is easily the headliner this month. Leon Belasco and his Hotel St. Moritz orchestra do the recording of this, and right smoothly too. This is from the picture "Sitting Pretty" and regardless of whether you saw the film or not, you're sure to enjoy this record. Belasco himself sings the vocal.

"Many Moons Ago" is the tune on the other side. This is another excellent tune from the same picture and also played by Leon Belasco. Dick Robertson sings the vocal in this one. (This is Vocalion record No. 2590-B.)

**F**LYING DOWN TO RIO from the picture of the same name is played for us by Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. Vallee does a good job with this one, and it should meet with your approval. Of course the vocal work is by Rudy.

"Orchids in the Moonlight" is the tune on the other side from the same picture and by the same band. It may appeal to some. (This is Victor record No. 24459-A.)

**B**EN SELVIN and his orchestra are next, and this time it's "My Dancing Lady" from "Dancing Lady." Good smooth stuff, well handled. This is a McHugh and Fields tune, so you know it won't be ordinary. Jerry Cooper does the vocal work.

"I Guess It Had to Be That Way" is the tune on the other side. This is played by Bernie Cummins and his New Yorkers. Just so-so. (This is Columbia record No. 2844-D.)

(Please turn to page 71)

## BIGGEST HITS

"Did You Ever See a Dream Walking," fox trot—played by Leon Belasco and his Hotel St. Moritz orchestra.

(Vocalion)

"Flying Down to Rio," fox trot—played by Rudy Vallee and his orchestra.

(Victor)

"My Dancing Lady," fox trot—played by Ben Selvin and his orchestra.

(Columbia)

"Beautiful Girl," vocal—sung by Bing Crosby, with Lennie Hayton's orchestra.

(Brunswick)





# "Her face was covered with Pimples"

Here's a typical "Case History"  
as described by DR. EDOUARD ANTOINE, the  
noted Paris hospital authority!

● Dr. Antoine is connected with the noted Hôpital de la Glacière, Paris hospital. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

**S**KIN ERUPTIONS—pimples, blotches, boils. Nobody likes to see these telltale signs of ill health!

Below, one of the foremost medical experts in France—Dr. Edouard Antoine, who numbers a king and other royalty among his patients—tells about an all-too-typical case of skin trouble . . . *describes how quickly he corrected it!*

As Dr. Antoine says, "Skin troubles—like bad breath, coated tongue, loss of energy—are danger signals"

—symptoms of *sluggish intestines!* Do you realize how easy this evil is to get rid of nowadays?

"In my opinion," he states, "the most effective way to combat intestinal sluggishness is eating yeast . . . Skin disorders such as pimples and furunculosis (boils) are cleared up by its purifying effect."

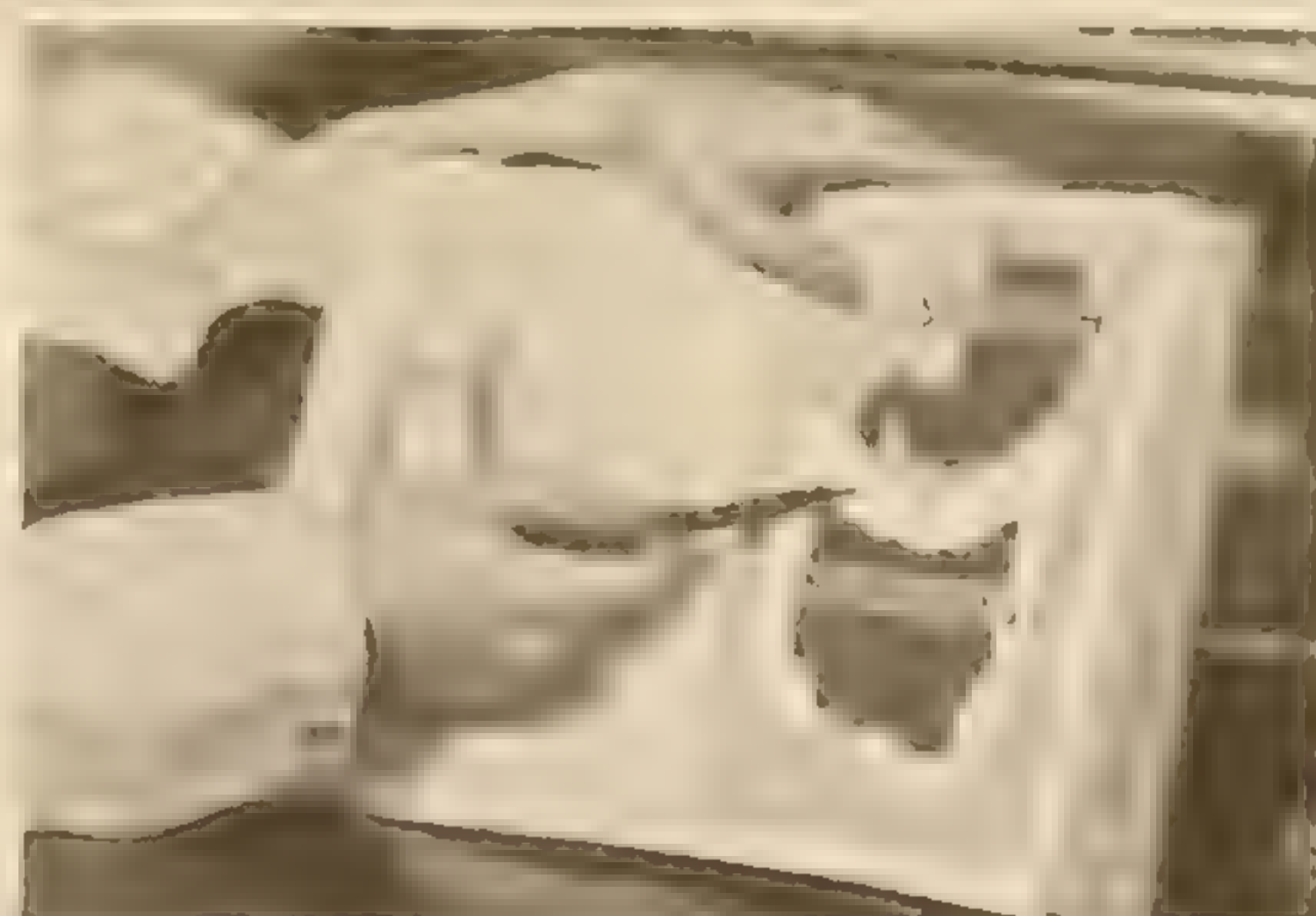
So, if your skin is bad—or your health is "run-down" in any way—read the case below, very carefully. Read this whole advertisement!



"THE PATIENT," reports Dr. Antoine, "had suffered for years from pimples. Had employed ointments, lotions, etc., without result . . ."



"EXAMINATION SHOWED a bad condition of the intestines—obviously the cause of her bad skin. She had treated herself with purgatives . . ."



"I PRESCRIBED YEAST. It quickly brought about the desired result." (Chart shows intestinal tract, where Fleischmann's Yeast works.)

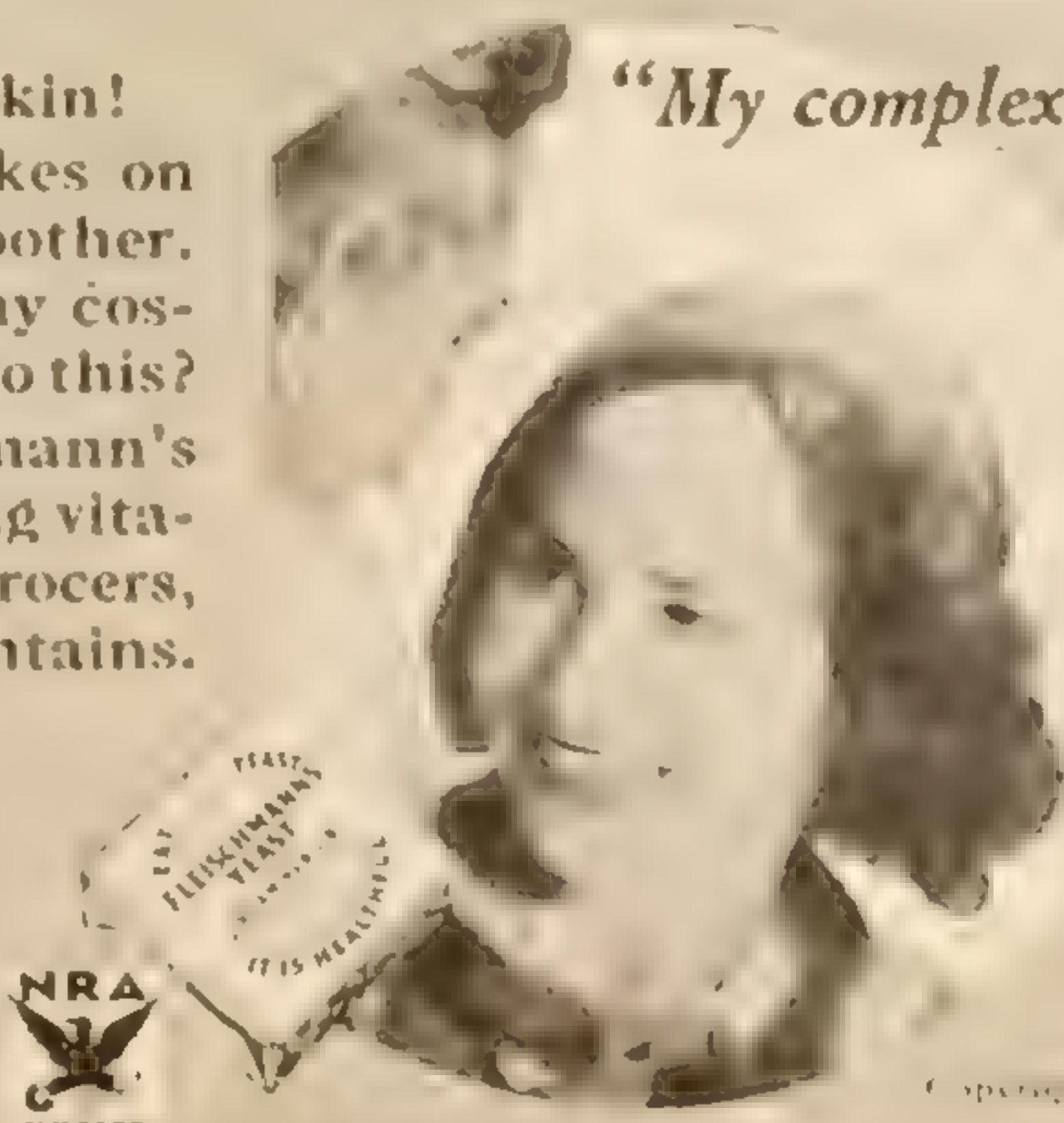
**F**LEISCHMANN'S Yeast is a food which actually *strengthens* the intestines. It also softens the body's waste matter so you can expel it easily.

Then, as Fleischmann's Yeast cleans out the poisons in your system, you feel so much more energetic! Your digestion improves—you eat better—you suffer fewer colds, headaches. And—most gratifying of all—there's *such* an improvement

in the condition of your skin!

It clears. Freshens. Takes on new color. Becomes smoother. Is there any medicine, any cosmetic you know that will do this?

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast (rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D) at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Directions are on the label. Won't you eat it regularly—3 cakes daily—starting this very day?



"My complexion was a sight,"  
writes Miss Mack

"My skin was all broken out," writes Miss Ruth Mack, of Los Angeles, Calif. "I thought my complexion was ruined. One of the boys at the office told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. It cleared up my sluggishness and in two months my skin was all right again."



Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands, Incorporated



# Late Winter Styles

**Rochelle's new crocheted cap and scarf set and Irene's velveteen scarf**

By  
**FRANCES  
COWLES**



Rochelle Hudson has chosen for early Spring a pompon cap and a chevron scarf crocheted from brown and yellow wool.



Irene Bentley chooses this velveteen scarf to give a snug high neckline when March winds blow.

**T**HESE younger girls in Hollywood take their clothes seriously but comfortably. And when Rochelle Hudson starts out on her morning walk she chooses a closely fitting soft little cap that no March winds can ruffle and a matching scarf that is as cozy as it is becoming. Hand crocheted or knitted scarfs and caps are year-round fashions in Hollywood. The Tyrolian berets with their colorful little feathers at the side were a special favorite in Hollywood in Autumn and Winter. But now for a change Miss Hudson chooses the cap with two little pompons posed jauntily at the front. Sets of this sort are sold at the smart shops, but it is a simple trick to crochet one yourself.

Paris set the style for higher necklines and Paris designers invented some intriguing accessory scarfs to give this built-up neckline to a round-necked dress.

Irene Bentley has chosen one of the new velveteen bow scarfs for Spring. It can be worn with a suit, but on warmer days it may be used in lieu of a jacket over a one-piece frock.

Hollywood shops offer all sorts of interesting solutions to the problem of the late-winter wardrobe. There is really no excuse for letting your spirits lag or your wardrobe flop during those late winter and early spring days when you are waiting for the time to blossom forth in your Easter wardrobe. The dark woolen or silk dress that was so precisely right for midwinter will take on new life and animation by the addition of lingerie collar and cuffs. Or you can achieve a complete transformation by means of one of the new toppers, a sort of bib-like bodice front that fastens about the neck and waist.



To obtain diagram circulars please turn to page 92.



# DO BANKERS' WIVES WEAR THE BRIGHT Cutex Coral—Cardinal—Ruby Nails?

## CORAL WITH SABLES

Mrs. Charles Morgan  
New York

The brilliant, smart New Yorker—Mrs. Charles Morgan—contrasts the deep brown of her sables with the Cutex Coral on her nails. "The brighter shades in polishes," she says, "are entirely correct. I see them everywhere today, even more than the paler tints."



"OF COURSE," said these three prominent ones

**R**IGHT down to their finger tips the banking ladies are practically the standard for correctness in every American community.

And now that even they have gone in for bright finger nails like always, there's no need for the most timid of you to hold out against your instincts any longer.

So, if you've been secretly yearning to wear deep Ruby nails with your new navy spring suit—go ahead!

But don't be foolish and speculate with uncertain, inferior polishes. Buy a polish that can be trusted. Buy Cutex.

The 7 smart Cutex shades are made by the World's Authority on the Manicure and have preferred color rating. They'll never streak, peel or blotch.

And, whatever you do, remember the big idea is Variety. So check over your spring wardrobe and see that you have the right shade of nail polish for every single costume.

You may as well buy up all the Cutex colors in sight. It won't put you in the red (except as to finger nails)—and just see if it isn't a great big paying investment!

**NATURAL** goes with all costumes, best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange, yellow.

**ROSE** is lovely with pastel pink, lavender or blue frocks. Smart with dark green, black, brown.

**CORAL** is a perfect shade to wear with white, pale pink, beige, gray and blue gowns. Also with black or brown.

**CARDINAL** contrasts excitingly with frocks in black, white or pastels. Good with gray, beige or blue.

**GARNET** is smart with gowns in tawny shades, brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

**RUBY** (new) A real red red you can wear with any costume when you want to be gay.

*For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.*

NORTHAM WARREN • New York  
Montreal • London • Paris

## CARDINAL WITH PALE BLUE

Mrs. Ernest  
Kessler  
Philadelphia

The young and lovely Mrs. Kessler is wearing a tea gown of pale blue from Jessie Franklin Turner—with softly flaming Cutex Cardinal nails. "I wouldn't feel dressed without the right tint on my nails. And the deeper the tint, the smarter, I think."



## RUBY WITH DARK GREEN

Mrs. D.A. de Menocal  
Boston

With a smart, dark green frock and beret from Paris, Mrs. de Menocal wears deep Cutex Ruby nails. "The trick is to vary your nail tint with your gown," Mrs. de Menocal says. "It's the latest way to achieve accent and individuality."



# CUTEX Liquid Polish



# What's To Eat In Hollywood



**Marie Dressler, Warner Baxter and other favorite stars, turn a deft spoon in their own kitchens. Here are some of the latest culinary triumphs from out Hollywood way.**



**M**ARIE DRESSLER likes to cook, especially when she can do most of it in the refrigerator. And there isn't a hostess in Hollywood who can boast of a more conveniently equipped or immaculately kept kitchen than Marie. She is not the kind of home cook that delights in running downstairs to supervise the preparation of her own breakfast, but when appreciative guests are expected she will don her apron and deftly put together some delicious dessert.

Here's how to make her latest triumph, pineapple parfait:

Put a quarter of a cup of sugar and a quarter of a cup of the syrup from a can of pineapple in a saucepan. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and then let boil until the syrup spins a thread. Quickly beat up two egg whites until stiff, and pour the syrup slowly over them, a little at a time, adding two tablespoons of lemon juice. Let chill and then fold in three-quarters of a cup of drained, crushed canned pineapple. Also fold in one-half pint of cream, beaten stiff, and just a few grains of salt. Turn into the freezing tray of your electric refrigerator or, if you prefer, put into individual moulds and place the moulds in the freezing section.

Warner Baxter favors a Roquefort cheese dressing which he mixes himself. It is made of the cheese,

olive oil, English mustard, lemon and paprika. He uses this on practically every salad.

Kay Francis loves fried onions and fresh popcorn. If you don't think this is a swell combination, just watch the beatific expression on Kay's face when she sits down to a plate of onions and a bag of popcorn!

Clara Salad, named after Clara Bow, is made with mixed spring greens, cole slaw, Julien cut tongue and ham with Thousand Island dressing.

Joan Blondell specializes in "nut hamburger" sandwiches. These are exactly what the name implies: ground round steak, mixed with chopped pecans, broiled speedily and served between the halves of a well-buttered bun.

Fredric March starts each and every day with a tall concoction that is half orange juice, one quarter lemon juice, and one quarter grapefruit juice . . . unsweetened.

Every Saturday night, Bette Davis serves an informal dinner of Boston baked beans and brown bread to her friends.

Barbara Stanwyck is a (Please turn to page 91)



JOAN CRAWFORD  
in "DANCING LADY"  
with Franchot Tone  
an M-G-M picture

## SATIN-SOFT HANDS PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidently on a man's sleeve... soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek... how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!



Photograph by Hurrell

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE



Soft, smooth, and lovely as her face are the hands of JOAN CRAWFORD, in "Dancing Lady." Shown with Franchot Tone in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E. S. T. WEAF, N. B. C. network.



# Let's talk about Something Pleasant!



A delicious bit of chocolate, for instance. For it so happens that a delicious bit of chocolate is changing the ideas of millions about laxatives. And *you* ought to know it!

It's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative. It looks like chocolate and it tastes like chocolate, but through the pure, smooth chocolate is distributed uniformly a world-famous laxative ingredient that is perfectly tasteless. All you taste is chocolate. But no nasty-tasting, harsh, violent purgative was ever more effective!

Why, then, clutter a medicine cabinet with a whole row of laxatives when one tiny tin of Ex-Lax will serve the entire family? And serve them *better*!

Ex-Lax is as gentle as it is pleasant. And that's important! For you don't want harsh, violent action. You want a laxative to be effective—but gentle. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains.

So next time when you have to "take something," get Ex-Lax! See how pleasant it is to take—and how much better you feel afterwards.

At all druggists. 10c and 25c sizes. But look for the genuine Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X.



# The MAKE-UP BOX

IF you would have beauty after thirty —get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep. Sound sleep, healthful foods, and internal cleanliness are a sure foundation for beauty. No, the foregoing is not quoted from a kindly family physician but is the sane advice of the makers of a cold cream which has been used by discriminating women for over twenty-five years. They have entirely modernized the package, new labels, a new jar, and, of course, the whole is wrapped in shiny cellophane. But the cream itself hasn't changed a bit—it is still the same smooth, rich cream with the same delicate fragrance which has had the place of honor on the dressing tables of many women for years.



HOW we women do love to test and experiment! Here is a test we tried out in our beauty department the other day, feeling very scientific indeed. We dropped a small quantity of powder into a glass of water. Not a grain of it dissolved. It was proof positive, so our chemists told us, that the powder was quite free from starch and moisture proof as well. The texture of the powder, too, was as soft and smooth as rose petals. You'll like it and the box in which it comes . . . a Dresden sort of beauty in white and coral with a French blue bowknot.

PINCHED, pink noses and chilly toes these wintry days do not improve your looks. And, if those same toes persist in pushing their way through your best hose, then you have a foot problem. But there is a new convenience that ought to solve the double problem simply and inexpensively. Foot pads, soft and warm, which can be purchased in sizes just like hosiery, and sun-tan in color so that they defy detection. Slip a pair of the dainty footlets either under or over your stockings to give hosiery a longer life.

NEVER let it be said that we are not tireless in tracking down the newest and most exciting of feminine accessories. Compacts have always delighted the feminine heart and this season we're back on the gold standard with a gleaming, golden compact. A particularly captivating one contains



rouge and powder in a slim and oblong case and the richness of the gold-toned metal is emphasized by color accents of soft turquoise blue or coral red. The vanity case is so luxurious looking that it makes a fitting accompaniment for your new tiara, ostrich feather evening bag and gold kid evening sandals.



HAVE you ever had a big date, a miserable cold in the head, and straggly, oily locks all at the same time? It's a horrid fix to be in, isn't it? But be of good cheer for now there is a liquid dry shampoo that performs a miracle. Not a soap, a soapless shampoo or a wave set, this liquid shampoo *dry cleans* the hair and does not spoil a fingerwave. It takes but ten minutes to cleanse the scalp thoroughly and leaves the hair soft and lustrous and the fingerwave as though you had just emerged from the hairdresser's.

For further details including names and prices of the articles described above as well as other beauty news, send a stamped, addressed envelope to Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.





## The greatest thing since MICKEY MOUSE

### A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST SAYS:

"I gave a copy of Tiny Tower to a three-year-old friend for Christmas. We couldn't tear her away from it for two hours. Then eight of us adults read it from cover to cover and were fascinated by this new children's magazine. One woman sent you eight subscriptions. . . . I sent three. Tiny Tower is the greatest thing since Mickey Mouse."

Clark Moore.

### A MOTHER SAYS:

"We have three children of five, seven and nine years; and that little book is ideal for them. We had often spoken of the fact that there was no magazine printed for very little folks."

Mrs. Roy P. K. Johnson.

### A PROMINENT EDUCATOR SAYS:

I turned over the copy of Tiny Tower to my seven-year-old. She enjoyed it immensely, and I am sure from her pleasure in reading it that you have a very good thing for children."

Ernest R. Groves.

### A RADIO BROADCASTER SAYS:

It is delightful! Captivating is a better word. And oh my, the pictures are grand."

W. Orton Tewson.

**A**T RIGHT are excerpts from a few of the many letters we have received since the publication of Tiny Tower. Your boys and girls will love this new magazine, too, because it is gay and colorful with every page full of fun for younger children. Stories, puzzles, rhymes, a song, picture strips, drawings . . . dozens of things to do in this one and only national monthly magazine of its kind. The coupon below will bring your children and little friends twelve happy issues of Tiny Tower. Will you please let us know with what issue you want the subscription to begin.

TINY TOWER • 55 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send a year's subscription to the child whose name appears below. I am enclosing \$1.00 and want the subscription to begin with the.....issue.  
Month

CHILD'S NAME..... AGE .....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY..... STATE .....  
YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS .....



## Coiffures for Constance

(Continued from page 60)

play a big part in giving Hollywood a preeminent position in this matter of hair arrangement. It is one thing to know that a certain type of bang will add a note of infinite bewitchment to the face and another thing to know how to achieve that type of bang by a few deft clips of the scissors. It is one thing to appreciate the charm of softly curling ear locks, and another thing to know by what expert manipulation they can be effected.

**A**CTUALLY the methods and the preparations used by Hollywood's hairdressers are no different from those used by successful hairdressers here, there and everywhere. There are no secret formulas or applications. The difference between the tactics of the Hollywood coiffeurs and those of other coiffeurs is one that can be easily explained by Hollywood's own requirements. If your interest is one of smartness, of keeping up with the fashions, then when you go to the hairdresser you will naturally ask him to arrange your hair in the latest fashion, a style that will be precisely right for that new hat copied after a Paris model. If you are an actress who must register her individuality on the sensitive film of a camera, then the most important thing is to choose a head-dress that is above all else becoming and individual. Mere smartness is not enough.

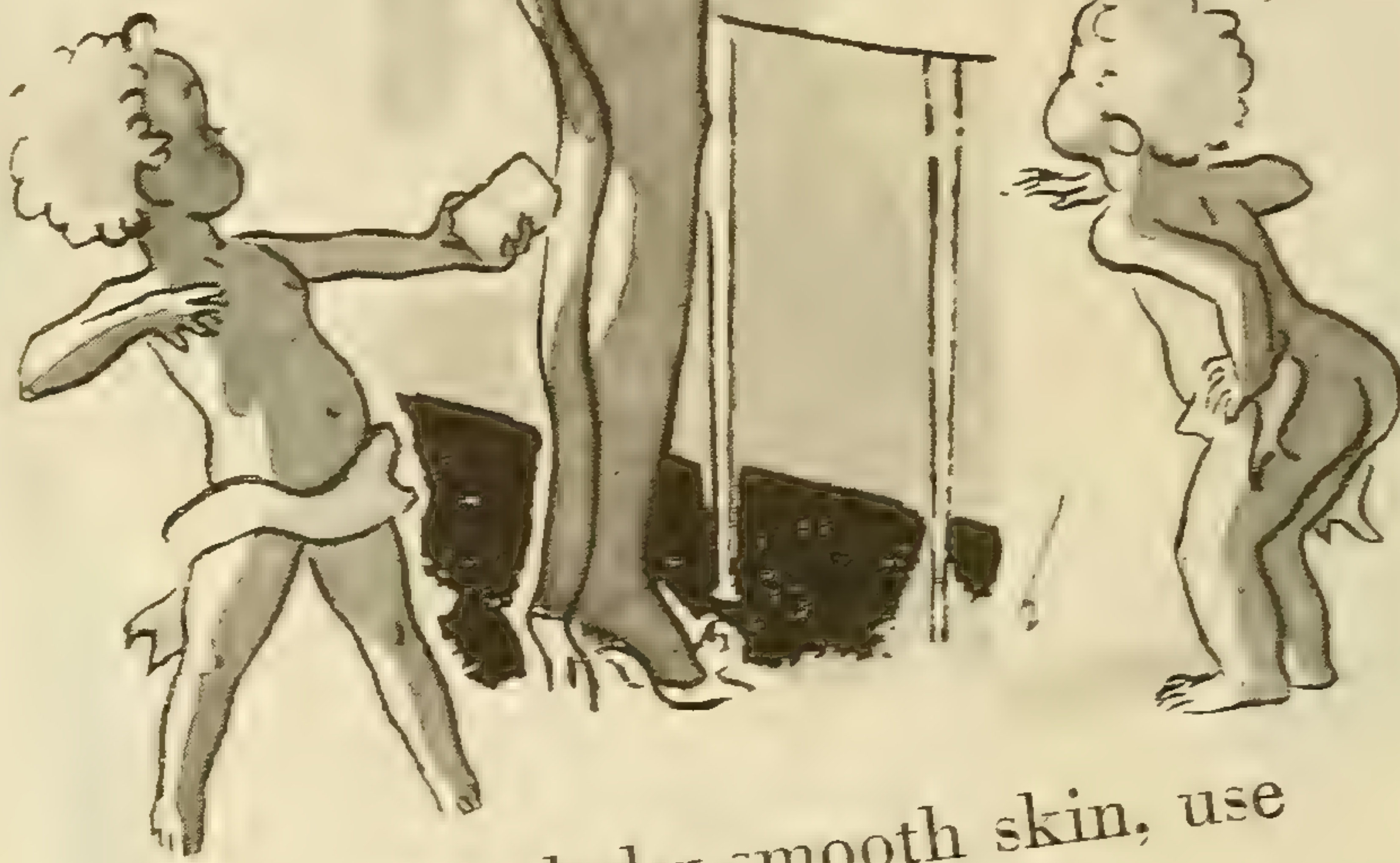
**O**NE thing that may strike you on your first visit to Hollywood from New York, Chicago or Paris is that hair is cut longer there than elsewhere. You have heard of the new sleeker coiffures from Paris, and you have seen them successfully worn in American cities. You are surprised when you see the best Hollywood barbers more chary with the scissors. But that your Hollywood barber easily accounts for when he reminds you that an actress never knows precisely what role she may be called upon to play next and that it is very much simpler to give a sleek contour to hair that is a trifle too long than to give a soft, girlish effect to hair that has been cropped too short. So we may give blame or credit to Hollywood for the continued vogue of the longer bob.

**O**THER present-day fashions in hair dressing may undoubtedly be laid at Hollywood's door. The most important of these is the present insistence on glossiness and sheen. Fuzziness and roughness of the hair that might once have been tolerated show up glaringly on the screen. You may have noticed this yourself in your own photographs. Hair that will stand up under this new requirement must be free from broken ends, it must be smooth and lustrous and soft.

If you could compare the beautifully kept hair of the modern young woman of today with the frizzed and scorched and ratted hair of the girl of the pompadour age, you would begin to appreciate the vast improvement that has taken place in hair treatment, hair preparations and waving methods. And if you stop to think you will give motion pictures a share of the credit.

"Dry those tears, sister. You were a silly to believe that fancy soaps would make you beautiful. We're known right along that no soap smooths up the skin like Ivory!"

"And don't think your complexion stops at the neckline, sister! Please, if you want your all-over complexion to match your face, do as we do—take Ivory baths."



If you want a baby-smooth skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

Spring's on the way! Now's the time to take stock of your good looks if you want to be able to wear the alluring bright colors that will be so popular this season.

How's your complexion? Dull-looking? Roughened by raw winds? Then make-up alone won't do the trick. Your skin needs a little attention. Get busy with a cake of Ivory Soap and start working for a naturally clear, baby-smooth complexion.

Ivory, you know, is the soap that keeps so many millions of babies' skins rose-petal soft. Doctors advise Ivory for sensitive complexions because it is so pure—because it won't

dry up the natural oils that lubricate your skin. No dyes—no soapy perfumes in Ivory!

It's smart to be a baby about your bath, too. Quaintly enough, your complexion doesn't stop at your neck—it extends all over you. And your all-over skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as your face does. So hop into your Ivory bath and scrub yourself shining clean with Ivory's cleansing lather. You'll step out radiant and glowing. Ivory's the best daily beauty treatment your skin can receive. Lucky for you that its price is so modest! And you can buy Ivory at any grocer's.

# Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure • It floats



## Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 62)

"**BEAUTIFUL GIRL**" sung by Bing Crosby should please any one who enjoys vocal recordings. This is from the picture, "Going Hollywood" and if you saw the show, no doubt you recall the tune. Bing has excellent support from Lennie Hayton's orchestra.

"After Sundown" is on the other side, and is from the same picture, and recorded by the same artists. Bing is just as good in this one, but I don't like the tune as well. (This is Brunswick record No. 6694.)

**HERE'S** one from the film "Football Coach" and it's played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. "Lonely Lane" is the title, and I find it a very agreeable tune. Eddie does some outstanding piano playing in this one, and the record is swell in every sense. Lew Sherwood sings the vocal.

"Dark Clouds" is on the other side, and this is also by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. A good tune. (This is Victor record No. 24441-A.)

"**NO MORE LOVE**" is the lament we get from Ruth Etting, and this is from "Roman Scandals." This is a good tune for Miss Etting to put over, and she does it with ease. You'll find no flaws in it.

"Build a Little Home" is on the other side, also from "Roman Scandals" and also sung by Ruth Etting. This is much more optimistic, and affords an agreeable contrast. (This is Brunswick record No. 6697.)

**HERE'S** a list from the current movies that are okay if you run across them. On Brunswick we have: "Lucky Fella" from the picture "The Prizefighter and the Lady" played by Tom Coakley and his orchestra. On the other side "Clean as a Whistle" from "Meet the Baron."

"Good Morning Glory" played by Jay Whidden and his orchestra, from "Sitting Pretty" and on the other side, "I Wanta Meander with Miranda" from the same show and by the same bunch.

"Love Passes Me By" played by Gus Arnheim and his orchestra, from "The Worst Woman in Paris?" and on the other side "Summer Is Over" by the same band. No show.

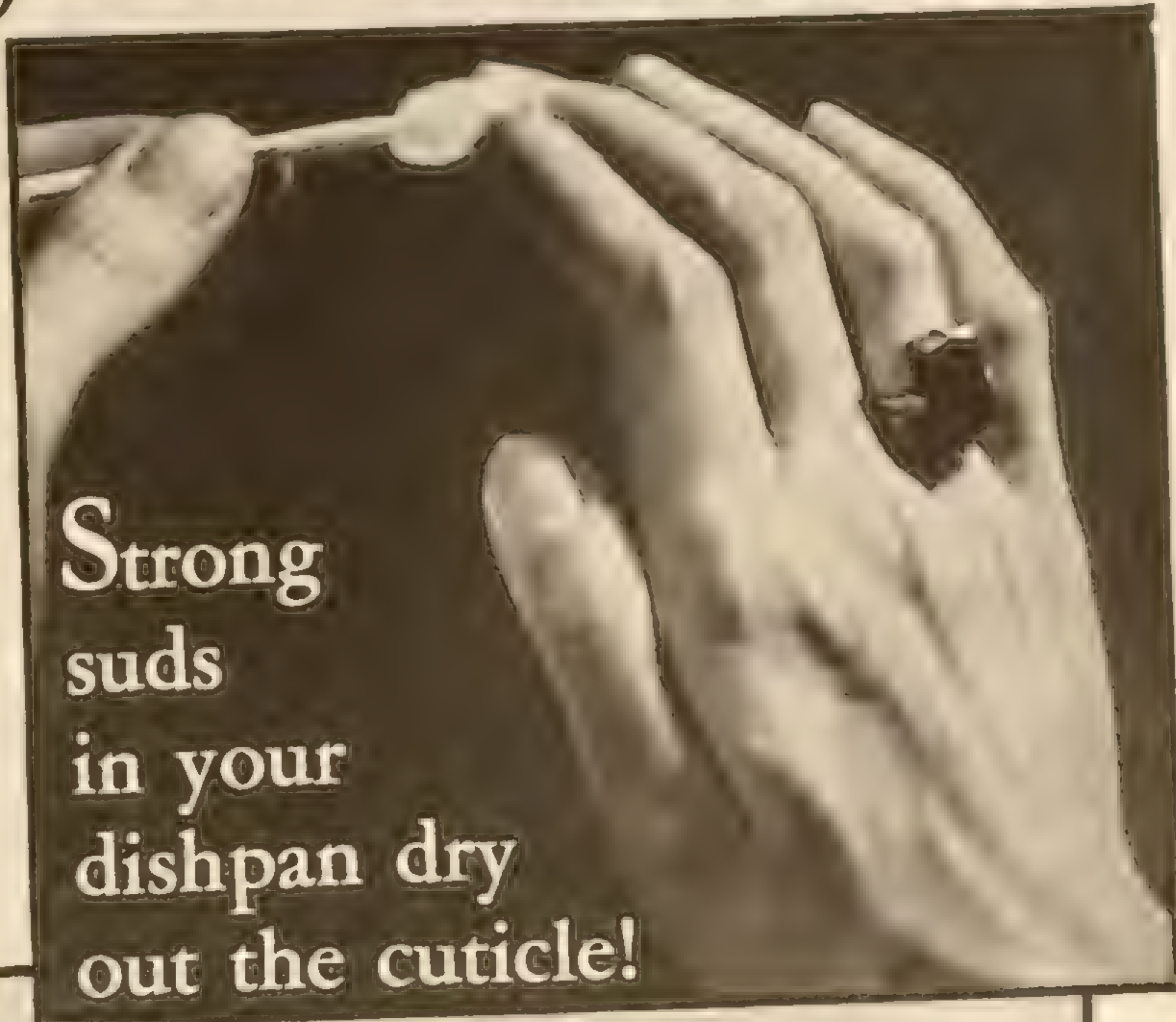
"We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines" sung by Bing Crosby, with Lennie Hayton's orchestra, and the reverse is "Temptation" by the same artists. These are both from "Going Hollywood."

Victor gives us "My Dancing Lady," played and sung by Rudy Vallee and his band, and on the other side "Everything I Have Is Yours" also by Rudy. These are both from "Dancing Lady."

"After Sundown" a rumba played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra, taken from "Going Hollywood" and on the reverse, "La Cumparsita" by the same band. No show.

On Vocalion you should hear, "Doin' the Uptown Lowdown" played by Dick Himber and his boys, and "You're My Past, Present and Future" played by the same. These are both from "Broadway Thru a Keyhole."

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# My Life Until Now

(Continued from page 33)

standing with her back to the counter, talking to one of her waiters. I was startled out of a year's growth when I heard her voice, for it was like my mother's.

I didn't wait for supper. An hour later I was riding the rods on a fast freight, headed for Louisville and Kansas City. I was anxious to get home and face the music.

And I had to face it. Father and Mother were delighted to see me. They bought me a new suit and showered me with proofs of my welcome—but not until my father had given me the soundest thrashing a kid ever received. Having upheld the inevitability of the "law," he then felt free to prove his own understanding and mercy. He asked me to explain just why I hated school and just why I should not go back to it. I did—as eloquently as I could. He listened very patiently, said that he would talk to my teachers and promised to give a decision within a week. Evidently my teachers confirmed my own opinion of my ability as a student, for his deliberations ended with the verdict I'd been hoping for. I didn't have to go back to school if I could find a job.

Employment was plentiful in those days, and I landed work on my first application—an engine wiper's job in the Sheffield roundhouses. I felt at home there, but I didn't keep the job long, for the wages were too low. I was determined to make money.

My next job was with the Sheffield Nut and Bolt company, feeding blast furnaces. Then I landed a job with a Santa Fe section crew, at a man's wages. I felt that I'd "arrived" and was perfectly satisfied with my estate until letters began to arrive from my oldest brother, Bill, who was working with the Ringling Brothers Circus and had been promoted to manager of concessions.

My imagination ran wild. Bill could undoubtedly get me a job with the circus! Travel, excitement, adventure and millions somewhere in the offing! The more I thought about the circus, the more I grew to despise my routine job on a section gang.

I talked it over with my folks, wheedled them into giving a rather reluctant consent, and then wrote Bill a plea that would have melted the heart of a stone image. I waited for a month—the longest month of my life—before his answer came.

Two weeks later I joined the show—as chambermaid to the elephants, at three-fifty a week and my board, plus a bonus of a dollar and a half a week if I stayed the entire season. In my estimation, then, that was a princely fortune. Since then I've made more than a thousand times that salary, but I've never felt as rich. And I've never been happier or more convinced of my own importance—which all goes to prove that the value of everything in life depends on the point of view.

I was with the circus for three seasons, and I wouldn't take a lot for the experience.

A circus crew is "hard" and wastes no sympathy on weaklings. A man has to fight or foot-race—and if he runs he can't come back unless he's willing to crawl.

As a kid, running with one of the toughest gangs in the Kansas City "Bottoms," I'd learned to use my fists; traveling with the circus, I learned to fight with my head as well as my fists. I learned that while it's fatal to dodge a fight, it's folly to pick one. A circus crew, like the world at large, despises a coward, yet has no use for a bully, and loses no opportunity to put him in his place.

Another lesson I learned was that the world never gives a sucker a break. In those days, every circus crew listed its pickpockets, short-change artists and shell-game men—and they sneered at the "yokels" while they robbed them. They considered that their superior "cleverness" gave them the right to loot wherever they could.

Of course I've modified most of the hard-boiled philosophy that was pounded into me then—but a few experiences with genteel stock brokers, big business men and modern philanthropists have convinced me that the circus "grifters" were graduates of the same world-wide school.

From Ringling's, Bill and I went with the Forepaugh-Sells circus. We spent our summers traveling from coast to coast and our winters strutting around in Leavenworth, Kansas, where my father had gone into business. I was still a punk kid and you can imagine how much pride I took in bragging to stay-at-homes of my own age about my adventures with the big-top.

The bubble of my self-importance was rudely exploded by a letter from my brother Noah. He was in New York and announced that he'd gone on the stage. He'd landed a job as a chorus boy, at the almost unbelievable salary of eighteen dollars a week. And I was making only three-fifty, a small bonus and my board.

I decided that I was going to be an actor! And by the end of my next season with the circus, which I finished in order to collect my bonus, my decision was strengthened by a second letter from Noah, telling how his singing voice had lifted him from the chorus to a small "bit" and a seven-dollar raise.

If Noah's voice could earn that much money, mine could! Thanks to my mother's insistence on culture, I'd had some musical training. I could sing as well as Noah—and at least twice as loud! I caught a train to New York.

Noah welcomed me with open arms and escorted me on a tour of the booking offices.

Lady Luck was kind! Within a month I was rehearsing with the chorus of "Babes in Toyland."

*Next month Wallace Beery tells of his rise from chorus boy to leading man, of his debut in the early-day movies and his first stardom—of his marriage to Gloria Swanson and his ups and downs in the pioneer studios of Hollywood. Watch for the continuation of his intimate life story.*



# My Mistakes

(Continued from page 36)

want to act cool, I certainly can. Why, frequently when Douglas used to come home, I'd barely ask him if he had had his dinner.

Oh . . . I was wrong there, for like a boomerang, such coolness is bound to re-act on the woman. We women can't kid ourselves. We love to be possessed. That's a singularly feminine trait. Don't misunderstand me, by being possessed I don't mean bossed. All anyone has to do is to tell me to do something, and I'm as stubborn as a mule, but if they ask me, it's a different story.

With Douglas I made the mistake of going to extremes. This mistake has taught me that there is a wide, wide difference between interest and indifference, interest and possessiveness.

In another marriage, instead of being afraid of that possessive "Where were you this evening?" I shall compromise with "Did you have a good time?" I want, above all things, to be able to strike a happy medium. I think this need applies to any wife. To maintain a successful marriage, she must not go to extremes.

I admit that in our business it is more difficult to be possessive than in any other field. We work so hard, and we come home so tired that we have nothing to give. The only times we really see each other is between pictures.

The other big mistake I made in my marriage to Douglas was the mistake of not having a baby. To my mind no marriage is complete unless there is a baby. I suppose nearly every woman wants a baby to satisfy her ego, and I'm no exception. I do not say that a baby would have made that first marriage of mine a success, but it would have given me something concrete.

My marriage to Douglas smashed a great many of my ideals, but I thank God that I have a few left. And I'm afraid for them, those ideals. I'm afraid of making more mistakes, and thus losing them. That's why I'm not going to tell you what those remaining ideals are; that's why I intend keeping them to myself.

You see, in my personal life my greatest mistake is being too trusting. I'm too impulsive. I judge people too hastily. I talk too much. This has given me a lot of trouble.

I made the mistake of telling interviewers too much about my personal affairs. The public knows too much about me. They know I like gardenias. They know I'm sensitive. They know I cry easily.

Time and again I've felt sorry for an interviewer who says she can make one hundred dollars on a story, and time and again, to my ultimate grief, I've answered a lot of impertinent and unreasonable questions.

There is one interviewer in particular, who has hurt me often. At length I vowed I would never see her again. Then she begged me, she had such a good angle for a story, she said, and so I finally consented to see her. The whole while she was with me I carefully remained on my guard. She wrote a lovely story. And then . . . to my amazement . . . to my disgust . . . the very next week she followed that lovely

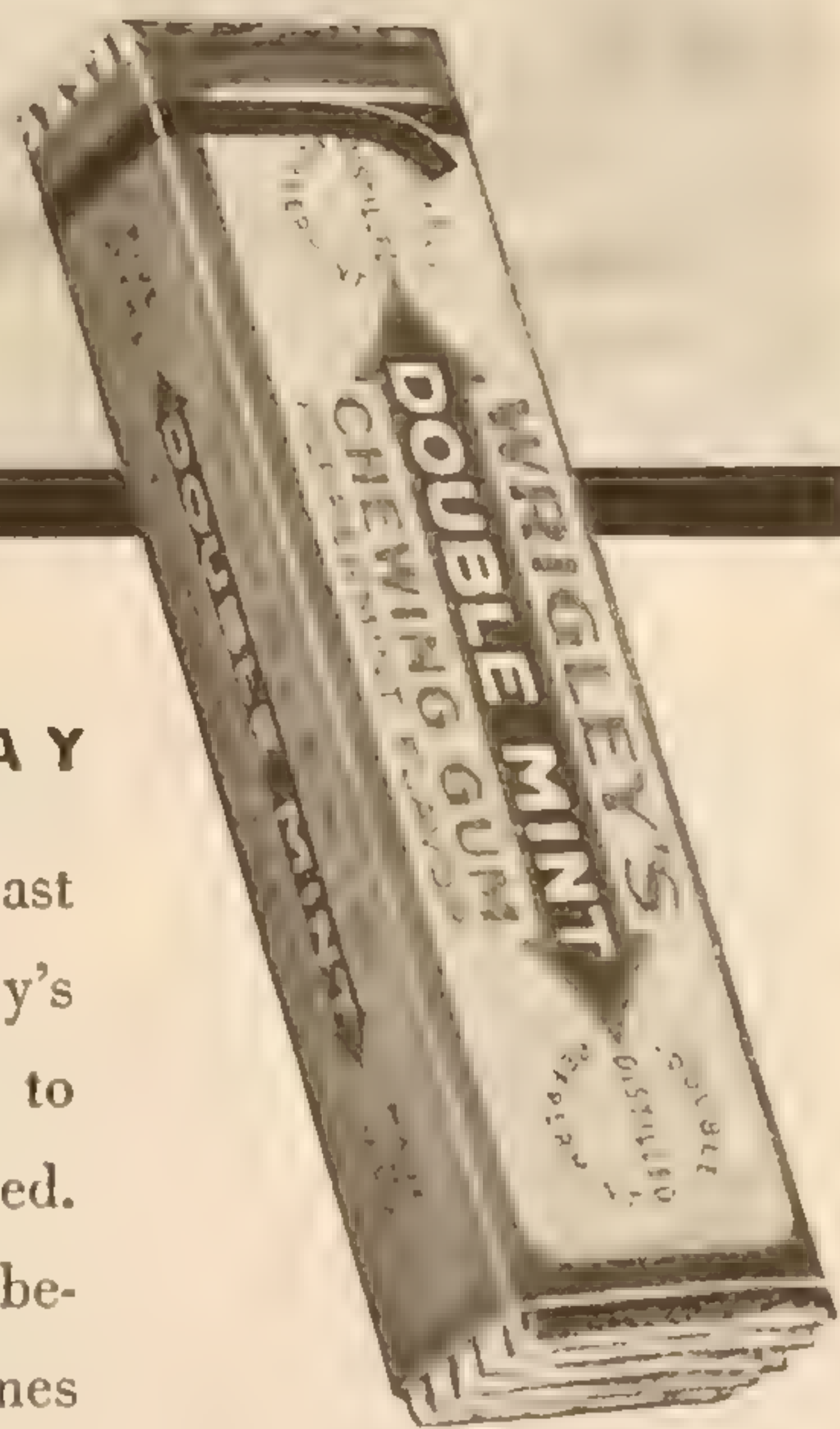
(Please turn to page 74)



## AFTER A STRENUOUS DAY

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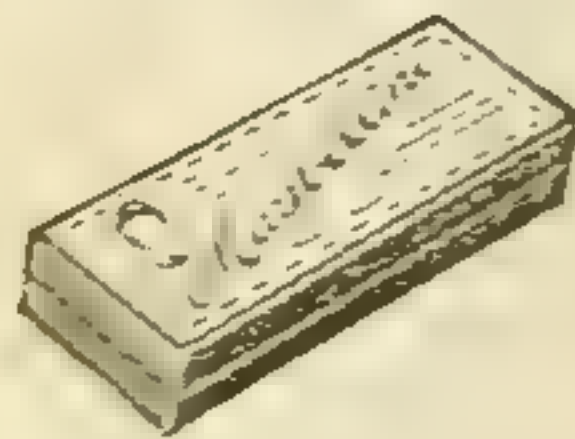


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# My Mistakes

(Continued from page 73)

story with the meanest one I have ever read.

She said that just as George Brent became Mr. Ruth Chatterton, so Franchot Tone would become Mr. Joan Crawford. She said I would ruin him because he would see Hollywood through my eyes. She said that I was only a graduate of the night clubs and whoopee parlors, and that such a person was nothing for a man of Franchot Tone's culture, a man who was a Cornell graduate.

Imagine . . . giving Franchot, who has begun to do such really fine things on the screen, imagine . . . giving him an unfair handicap like that!

I've learned from that mistake. I'm like an elephant, I never forget! That woman will never get an interview with me again. In fact, if I ever see her I might be tempted to slap her face!

All the average interviewer cares about is an "angle" and selling the story. She doesn't care what she does to me. When I'm misquoted I can't do a thing about it.

The mistake of impulsively allowing my better nature to influence me has misled me in charities as well as interviews. I used to give freely, and I wound up by having people signing checks with my name, and walking off with everything in my house! Now I'm careful. I ask questions. I look before I leap. That's what I learned from the mistake of being too trusting.

In my personal life there is another grave mistake I make. I have never spoken about this before because the mistake is a selfish one. I lead too secluded a life. I do this to please myself, and I know it is a mistake. People in Hollywood, the Ritzy kind, who walk around with their noses in the air, severely criticize me for this.

Do you know that I'm more secluded than Garbo! She has at least fifteen friends of her own whom she constantly entertains. I see only three people. They are Franchot Tone, Lynn Riggs who wrote "Green Grow the Lilacs," and a magazine editor. Every Saturday night I have those three to dinner. Then we sit and talk for hours on end.

The latest I go to bed is twelve-thirty because I rise at six-thirty. I do not go dancing anymore. I have been to exactly one night club in the past five months. As for dinner parties, they bore me to death. You know, I don't drink, and at the usual Hollywood dinner party the guests first drink cocktails until nine o'clock. By that time I'm both famished and tired. When they once begin to eat I'm no longer hungry. And so I've cut it all out. I know that's a mistake, but as far as I'm concerned, that's one mistake I'm continuing.

Connie Bennett is one of the few people I do see. She is one of my best friends. Ours is an odd sort of friendship, although it is a perfect one. Sometimes we don't see each other for as long as six months, but when we do meet it's as if no time has passed. We immediately resume where we left off. I feel so at home with Connie.

I can run over to her house and sit with her while she breakfasts in bed, or I can go to one of her dinner parties and, if I grow bored, disappear upstairs to read a book. She doesn't care

what I do. She is a real friend. Only the other day she sent me a box of gardenias. In the box was a card on which she had written the hope that we'd have lunch or tea together just as soon as our respective pictures are finished. Few people can understand a friendship like ours, a friendship in which the two friends see each other so seldom, but believe me when I say that it's absolutely perfect.

The mistakes I have made in my professional life have been many. The biggest, I think was when I played Sadie Thompson in "Rain." I dare say every actress experiences the longing to do "Rain," and I'm just like all the others.

We spent two weary months in Catalina, filming "Rain." It was Hell. We got on each other's nerves. The whole cast grew to despise one another, and I think you can tell this by the picture.

The director was distinctly a man's director. He has done marvelous men's stuff, but he was no good for me.

The mistake I made was in going on, in sticking it out and not saying anything. I should have stopped when I saw that the production was all wrong.

I learned, for that experience will never happen to me again. The next time I'll stop before it's too late. I wanted to be a good sport. Too many people would have suffered if I had insisted upon quitting. This showed me that sometimes being a good sport is the biggest mistake a person can make. It may be unselfish, but at the same time it may be something infinitely worse . . . foolhardy.

Another mistake I made in my career was the lip make-up in "Letty Lynton," and "Rain." To me Letty Lynton and Sadie Thompson were fundamentally the same girl; Letty, with culture, Sadie, a tramp. I liked the way I painted their mouths, but the fans protested. This taught me that very often we professionals have no perspective toward our own work. It's like the composers. I heard that George Gershwin cut "The Man I Love" out of several shows before he could be persuaded to use it, and they say Vincent Youmans had "Tea for Two" in his desk for months until someone insisted that he put it in "No, No, Nanette."

I, who adored that extreme mouth make-up was wrong. One critic went so far as to claim that it made me look like a high school girl playing grown-up. That mistake taught me never to rely solely on my own judgment and instincts.

I told you that mistakes should not be repeated, and that I have no patience with people who do repeat them. And still . . . there is one mistake I know I will repeat . . . and that is "Rain." In a second production of "Rain" I hope to profit by all those first mistakes, just as in a second marriage the sensible woman hopes to avoid the mistakes she made in her first.

I want to make "Rain" again if it's ten years from now. No doubt by that time another actress will have done it. But I want to do it anyway. I've got to . . . for my own satisfaction . . . to show myself that I have learned. It's a challenge I feel I must fulfill.



# Love Story of Gary Cooper

(Continued from page 39)

come into Gary Cooper's life it came so suddenly and so unexpectedly that even romance-alert Hollywood did not suspect it until the wedding bells were practically ringing in its ears.

Of course, it was mentioned in gossip columns that Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were being glimpsed together, and the news picture boys brought in evidence of the fact . . . but what did that mean? Gary's name had been linked with too many women for a new name in the list to arouse any particular suspicions.

There had been that shy-and-embarrassed-Gary who had been in love with Clara Bow; there was the beginning-to-learn-a-little-more-about-women Gary whose name had been briefly linked with Evelyn Brent; there was the Gary who loved Lupe Velez and went away to forget her; there was the slightly-disillusioned-Gary who returned to Hollywood the escort of such fascinating women as Tallulah Bankhead and the Countess di Frasso.

By the time the questions began to pop: "Who is this Sandra Shaw . . . where did Gary meet her . . . where does she come from?" Gary, and the girl he loves had taken off for New York "to be married at the home of Sandra's parents!"

There are, however, a few close friends of Gary's and Sandra's in Hollywood who were not surprised by the "sudden" wedding announcement. They had watched the romance from the beginning and they had known that for the first time in his life Gary had met "the real thing." Though he wishes to remain unnamed, it is one of these close friends who was prevailed upon to give the following "eyewitness" account of the love story of "two people I love very much."

"Gary met Sandra," he began, "last Easter vacation on a yachting party given by Howard Hawks. As I look back on it, I can realize that it was not the actual physical location of where they met that was important; it was the place they had reached in their inner life that mattered.

"Gary had reached a point where he had mental indigestion about women. You know all this stuff about Gary's change in personality, all that social, cynical line that had been written about him since his return from Europe?

"Well, it was only partly true. He had acquired a veneer of sophistication . . . but under it that big cow-hand hadn't changed a bit from the first day he ever set accidental foot in Hollywood. He didn't admit that, of course, I think he rather fancied himself in the role of the soured old apple. He had arrived at that dangerous stage in a man's life when he thinks he knows women!

"On the other hand there was Sandra, fresh from an eastern social background where the big events of her life had been centered in Todhunter's and Bennett's schools, a round of debutante parties, and the adoration of her mother, and step-father, Paul Shields, the capitalist.

"Sandra's real name, you know, is Veronica Balfe. Her parents were divorced when she was two years old and

(Please turn to page 76)

# Stella's teeth grew Brilliant Grace's remained dull

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Teeth grew white, brilliant, clear.

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LORETTA YOUNG and SPENCER TRACY in a scene from the Columbia picture "A Man's Castle"

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# Love Story of Gary Cooper

(Continued from page 75)

a couple of years later Mrs. Balfe married Shields. If ever a girl was brought up in the lap of love, luxury and protection it was Veronica.

"Until she made her debut at eighteen, she was never permitted out even in the daytime without her mother, or the little Swedish woman who had been her governess. It is this woman, who has been mistakenly referred to as her 'aunt,' who is her companion and chaperone in Hollywood.

"But it was only a short time after her debut that she began to be restless with the round of debutante parties in New York. Late in '31 she decided to come west to visit her grandfather Balfe . . . and while she was so close she decided to come to Hollywood to visit Cedric Gibbons, her uncle, and the aunt she had not met, Dolores Del Rio.

"Cedric and Dolores were delighted with the girl, for she is stunning after that statuesque goddess fashion, and in their home she met many of the most interesting men and women of Hollywood. One evening at one of Dolores' parties, David Selznick (then at RKO) asked Veronica if she would be interested in a movie career.

"I suppose this was the most radical and devilish thing that had ever happened in her life. She knew there was going to be the very old Nick to pay with her mother and step-father . . . but she accepted the offer. It was Selznick who changed her name from Veronica Balfe to Sandra Shaw.

"For a year under the amused supervision of Dolores, who was under contract to RKO and therefore right on the scene of Sandra's professional activities; the amazed and almost angry supervision of her mother and father in New York who had practically a telephone wire to the sets; and the worried supervision of the little Swedish companion, Sandra did bits and parts at RKO. When her contract was not renewed at the end of the year her pride was hurt.

"After raising all this fuss about a movie career she wanted a good one for herself . . . so she went out and got another contract with Twentieth Century Pictures.

"Thus, we find Sandra and Gary at the time of their meeting on Howard Hawks' boat. The girl was just reaching out for life and color because she hadn't had enough of it! And Gary had had a little too much of it!

"It wasn't a case of love at first sight . . . or anything like it. The first thing that impressed Gary about Sandra was her height! Sandra holds herself so erectly that not a whit of her five-feet-seven inches is lost in the currently fashionable slouch.

"I remember Coop said: 'That girl is the only woman I have ever seen who isn't afraid to stand up straight!' I don't know whether he noticed, or not, several other attractive features of Sandra's . . . her clear gray-green eyes, for instance, and her sweet, cool poise.

"It wasn't until the second, or third day of the jaunt that we began to notice that Gary was spending considerable time in the company of Dolores Gibbons and her young niece. You couldn't exactly say they talked together a great deal because I have never met two people less inclined to talk than Gary and Sandra.

"Like all good things this delightful trip had to come to an end and I know that before Gary and Sandra parted he asked her for a 'date'. I know this because it was with the greatest perplexity he later repeated the details of that conversation and invitation to me. 'Do you know what she said when I asked her to go dancing with me?' Coop demanded. Obviously, I didn't. 'She said,' repeated Coop grinning, 'that if the chaperone I selected was acceptable to her chaperone she would be glad to go. And if I couldn't get anyone who was acceptable she would bring her own companion, the Swedish woman, along!'

"You can imagine how this hit Gary. I doubt, very much, if he had heard the word chaperone since he hit Hollywood. He was terribly amused. He had a lot of fun raking over some very unsuitable chaperones he could think of, and it finally wound up by Coop taking the little Swede and Sandra to the Beverly Wilshire for Sunday night dinner.

"The gossip columnists began to mention their names together more and more frequently, their pictures were snapped together at tennis matches and premieres, and of course this eventually got back to New York. Believe me, things began to pop then! Mr. and Mrs. Shields got one load of their adored daughter doing the stay-up-late places with Gary Cooper, of whom they had read considerable romantic rumors, and there was the very old Ned to pay!

"Mrs. Shields took the first train out to Hollywood bent on saving her pride and joy from the clutches of Gary Cooper, evidently a leading local Don Juan. When, after she met that great big overgrown cowboy, and did not immediately snatch her daughter back to New York and safety . . . Mr. Shields got on the phone.

"He wanted action, and he wanted it promptly. Well, he got it. Coop hopped a plane to New York and visited the Shieldses for two weeks! No one in Hollywood knew that, of course. It was just figured Coop was back in New York doing the shows.

"After that, it was a cinch the wedding bells would ring for Gary and Sandra. They were head over heels in love with each other . . . and with all paternal objections removed, only a few details remained to be ironed out.

"One of the details was getting Sandra out of her Twentieth Century contract. With the advent of Gary into her life, Sandra had completely abandoned her ideas of a career. The only career she wanted now was to be Mrs. Gary Cooper.

"Another little item was getting Coop's Paramount contract arranged so that he would have plenty of time between pictures to go gypsying around the world with Sandra.

"Late in October they officially announced their engagement at a small intimate dinner party at Sandra's home. A week later Coop bought a wedding ring. And if this marriage between the old kid who found he wasn't quite the disillusioned cynic he thought he was, and one of the sweetest, most sincere girls I have ever known doesn't pan out . . . then there's no hope for real romance in Hollywood!"



# I Call Dad Pete

(Continued from page 45)

though, his name, which was mine, too, was an asset. And his friends, who had known me all my life, helped show me the ropes. But, nevertheless, I actually launched my career on my own.

His fame continued to follow me, his personality to obscure me. He was a terribly vital chap, intense, vibrant, exciting. If we chanced to be in the same gathering, I was utterly shadowed. Unconsciously I determined not to compete. Like him I was an easy laugher. I joined the audience, and affected indolence together with my conception of a semi-studious mien. Sometimes his sheer exuberance embarrassed me. And sometimes it does still!

So things went on for another five years. He grew younger, I grew older. We both encountered our experience—success, failure, happiness, discord—all the things that make a heap o' livin', as Mr. Guest might say. I had been doing my share of climbing toward the top of my own particular ladder, and had become quite complacent. Then one evening about eighteen months ago, I looked into the mirror, and for some unknown reason I began to take stock of myself in a very serious way.

I decided that I had really been sliding along in a hit-and-miss fashion, failing and succeeding by turn, and that I was utterly stagnant, both emotionally and professionally. In reviewing my recent life I found that I was fast succumbing to a despotic system that threatened to interfere with every cherished ambition, to stifle the ambition itself.

I realized that I had submitted, docile as a contented cow, to instructions as to how a role should be played issued by some lordling of the studio who hadn't even bothered to read the script. Of a sudden it became tremendously important to me that I gain freedom, to do things over which I could honestly enthuse. In this crisis, and quite by accident, I met Douglas Fairbanks.

I told him my story. Not only did he prove a good, and sympathetic listener, but to my surprise he related a tale of woe that paralleled my own. Ten years ago my father was one of the four founders of United Artists, an idealistic association, the enormous success of which had thwarted its own purpose.

Formed to encourage and provide free scope to individual initiative, the company had become Big Business. So big, indeed, that the intimate enthusiasm conducive to the production of its early hits had been superseded by the machine-like efficiency necessitated by its growth. Outside interests became so pressing that there was no time for inspiration. My father had grown restless. He was straining at the leash—a practice he will never outgrow.

Suddenly I found my father!

Curiously, and much to my surprise, he was neither Santa Claus, the Old Man of the Tribe, nor the Slippered Pantaloon. He was young, human, likeable, understanding. The sort of friend a feller needs when a feller needs a friend! I think that he discovered me, as well. And I believe that he found

(Please turn to page 78)

Please tell me what is wrong dear!



—but she hadn't the courage to tell him he'd grown careless about 'B.O.'

WE don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (body odor). And even our nearest and dearest hate to tell us. Yet this unforgivable fault can rob us of success, popularity—love itself!

It's easy to offend unknowingly. For everyone perspires as much as a quart a day—whether or not he realizes it. In stuffy, overheated rooms, the merest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed.

Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will recognize its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent



as your assurance of extra protection.

Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—does more than merely surface-cleanse. Its creamy, abundant lather penetrates and purifies pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

### Complexions respond

How they thrive on daily Lifebuoy cleansings! Grow clearer, fresher, more attractive. That's because Lifebuoy's luxurious lather searches out even grimed-in dirt—washes out pore poisons that dull the skin. Try Lifebuoy now!

**LIFEBUOY** ends "B.O."  
HEALTH SOAP (BODY ODOR)



## Dear March Babies



Your birthstone is . . . . . THE BLOODSTONE  
Your flower is . . . . . THE VIOLET  
Your birth month is the same as these famous persons' • ANDREW JACKSON • LUTHER BURBANK • LAURA JEAN LIBBEY • GROVER CLEVELAND • WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN • GENERAL PHILLIP H. SHERIDAN • JAMES MADISON ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL • OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

DEAR little strangers—welcome to this world of ours. We know you're going to like it as soon as you get used to it.



Right now you're probably wondering in a sleepy little way what it's all about. Meal-times. Sleptimes. That daily weighing. And lots of big strangers peering down at you.

But your mother's already looking ahead—so's your pediatrician. They know it won't be very many months before it's time for cereal, spinach, carrots, other vegetables.

When Vegetable Time comes—we hope they'll remember Gerber's. So many leading doctors and pediatricians prescribe them because they're known to be better for Baby.

They're specially grown, harvested, prepared, processed and strained. And don't forget—Gerber's are more than just ordinary commercial vegetables converted for baby's use by straining. They're picked, prepared, packed, as well as strained for Baby. Just one feature of Gerber's is that they're cooked with oxygen excluded—which means that valuable vitamins are retained. So often, you know, they're lost in ordinary cooking methods.

In fact, Gerber's are the finest of FRESH vegetables for Baby—in cans. Which means convenience, time-saving and economy. Not only vegetables for Baby but that fine new Gerber Cereal, too (which your doctor may prescribe weeks before Baby's ready for vegetables), all ready to warm and serve. All baby's own—all "better for baby."

Strained Tomatoes . . . Green Beans . . . Beets . . . Vegetable Soup . . . Carrots . . . Prunes . . . Peas . . . Spinach . . . 4½-oz. cans. Strained Cereal . . . 10¼-oz. cans . . . 15c.

### —a Baby Department at Your Store

You'll recognize the Baby Department of your grocery or drug store by the Gerber display around which it centers. It shows you at a glance the eight strained Gerber vegetables, and the popular new Gerber Cereal for Baby.

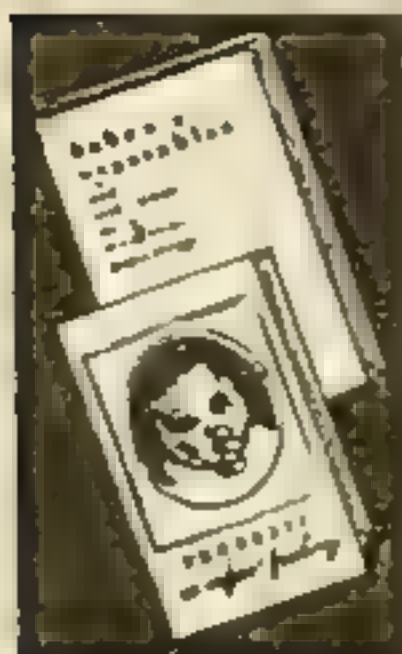


Ask Your Doctor!

## Gerber's

### 9 Strained Foods for Baby

TM-3



Gerber Products Company  
Fremont, Michigan

(In Canada: Fine Foods of  
Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario)

Please send me free copies of "Meal-time Psychology" and "Progress in Infant Feeding." (Enclose 10c if you would also like picture of the Gerber Baby ready for framing.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

## I Call Dad Pete

(Continued from page 77)

me young, but not too young, a bit too human, perhaps, and a fairly decent companion besides. I've tried to be a friend.

Our first interview led to others. We found ourselves dining together; actually choosing to be together rather than selecting other company. We found ourselves mutually inspirational. One was a natural complement of the other, like flint and steel. Each proved more amusing, more interesting than the other had expected. Our ideas jibed. He was old enough to get my viewpoint—I sufficiently youthful to understand his. It was delightful!

Our conversation buoyed us. He had a topper for my ideas, and I for his. Over the coffee we'd be deep in an enthusiastic discussion of new worlds that needed conquering. Riding the crest of one of these inspirational waves, we decided to chuck it all and go abroad—together. This was the beginning of what we have come to term our "Collaboration on Life"!

The phrase and what it means to us are difficult of accurate definition. Perhaps the "Collaboration" is too recent to be thoroughly understandable even by the collaborators. It is so surprisingly pleasant, such an extraordinary and unfamily-like arrangement. But it is an intimacy, and affection, based upon independence and respect.

Neither of us is in material—that is, financial—debt to the other. Our expenses, our business affairs, are kept distinct and separate. If, upon occasion, my comparatively limited funds run low, I politely bow out with an explanatory, "I'll see you later." These exits, or other personal preferences, so to speak, are never discussed between

us. We don't question each other. It prevents embarrassment, and it has strengthened our friendship.

The new deal, however, is not an unmitigated blessing. At times I am obliged to look upon him as my charge, to be responsible for his responsibilities. And he looks upon me as an exacting nurse. Then, too, it is something of a trial for a fellow of my inclinations to be awakened at four in the morning by an exuberant bounding Bedouin who explodes, "How about us climbing the Jungfrau?" And I still gasp when he suggests crossing the Alps on a bicycle, or golfing on the Sahara. He doesn't seem to grasp the necessity for me to catch up on sleep!

The truth is we're rather a good balance for each other. He's a born nomad. I'm inclined to be a stay-at-home. He's a spiritual tramp. I'm a physical loafer. If it weren't for the new-found enthusiasm in our work, the chances are our labors would be confined to what was necessary for the lives we choose to lead. More than thirty-six hours in one place gets on his nerves—I like to linger along.

He'll learn here that I'm perfectly aware of his shameless thefts of my neckties, which he has ever indignantly denied. He'll learn, too, that he's right in suspecting me of purloining his hats, although they are usually old and disreputable, and that this is the reason I affect bare-headedness in his presence.

Another difficulty arose in the question of how we should address each other. Obviously, some names were necessary. I have never called him Father to his face, nor have I addressed him as Dad for years. I went to him (Please turn to page 98)

## What About Your Bath?

ALISON SKIPWORTH once gave Baby LeRoy a bath. But it wasn't a real soap-and-water scrub-all-over-and-behind-the-ears kind of bath. It was just one of the amusing scenes in Paramount's "Tillie and Gus," and it didn't make any difference whether Alison was an expert baby bather or not. But if you have a baby you should know that the right kind of baths make a great deal of difference in his young life. Baths of the right sort are important at any age. Given in the right way they will improve circulation and build up resistance to colds and other illness. They will make you sleepy when you are wakeful, or make you alert when you are sleepy. It all depends on the temperature of the water and the way the bath is taken.



If you would like to take full advantage of the health-giving, beautifying effects of scientifically planned bathing, just write for our new circular, Up-to-Date Baths. Send your request with a stamped self-addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, care of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and the circular will be promptly mailed to you.



# Hollywood's Roaring Forties

(Continued from page 41)

her a play about that time she has no doubt that she would have accepted it instead of pot luck in Southern California. Circumstance: because she was cast opposite Charlie Ruggles. Together they happened to click. If they had put her opposite George Raft she might be back on the Main Stem now doing her stuff, instead of an international celebrity.

Mary Boland brought to her characterizations a new type of screen acting. Neither a straight lead, nor a delineator of character roles, commonly identified under the heading of "mothers," she established a technique which has subsequently been used with great success by her contemporaries of the new woman of forty; Alice Brady, Billie Burke, Blossom Seeley and others. It was she who blazed the trail to stardom for these versatile and gifted actresses, who might otherwise have been lost in a maze of supporting roles of little consequence.

Long before the advent of Boland that attractive screen veteran, Hedda Hopper, had tried valiantly and with the patience of Job, to create a screen character not unlike the roles that Boland, Brady, Burke and the actresses of this school are playing today. But instead major studios kept her under contract for years and merely used her to dress up sets.

Instead of capitalizing on the Hopper wit and ability to play smart, gay, very modern women who could look back at their thirties and laugh, they utilized her services exclusively as a clothes horse. What she failed to achieve Mary Boland has accomplished magnificently—and perhaps if the demand for this type of star grows Hedda Hopper will yet come into her own in Hollywood.

Billie Burke indirectly owes her present screen success to Mary Boland. When the piquant comedienne came to Hollywood to recapture the laurels she had won years before in silent pictures she found she would first have to compromise with Time.

No longer could she gallop through merry comedies with the abandon of a Flapper in quest of a happy ending. It was a case of "be your age"—and so in her first talkie role Miss Burke played the mother of Katharine Hepburn in "A Bill of Divorcement," albeit it was Hepburn who walked away with the honors. It was a discouraging beginning for the Broadway star, but like the rest of the world she too proclaimed the newcomer, conceding her star billing, wondering what her own screen future would be thereafter.

Then producers realized that the screen needed more than one Mary Boland, and decided that Billie Burke could be an exponent of the same type of character. This led to her being cast as the flighty hostess in "Dinner at Eight." So assured is her future that Samuel Goldwyn has signed her to a contract.

Alice Brady is another star who hesitated in coming back to Hollywood to embark on a second motion picture career. Way back in the silent dramas, in the heyday of Clara Kimball Young, she had enjoyed popularity and star-

(Please turn to page 80)

## Discouraged SECRETARY JANE GETS RID OF HER COLD QUICK . . .

How She Found Simplest, Quickest Way

**1 5 P.M.**  
I'M TERRIBLY UPSET . . . GETTING A BAD COLD . . . AND I MUST BE IN TOMORROW FOR THE BIG MEETING . . . MR. SMITH WOULD BE LOST WITHOUT ME .

LISTEN - THERE'S A NEW FAST WAY TO STOP A COLD. WAIT!

**A**  
JUST TAKE THESE TWO BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS RIGHT NOW.

**2**  
**B**  
DRINK THIS GLASS OF WATER — ALL OF IT.

**3 NEXT MORNING**  
AMAZING, MOTHER . . . I HAD A TERRIBLE COLD COMING ON LAST NIGHT . . . BUT I TOOK SOME BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS AND IT'S GONE!  
BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS FAST!

**4 THAT AFTERNOON . .**  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU JANE . . . AND I WAS SURE YOU'D BE IN BED WITH A COLD TO DAY!  
I THOUGHT I COULDN'T BE HERE, TOO, BUT A FEW BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS GOT RID OF MY COLD RIGHT AWAY!

## How to Stop a Cold Quick As You Get It

If you catch a cold—don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold may be dangerous to take chances on.

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

This is recognized as the **QUICKEST**, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it often checks an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it. Just do this:

1. Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.
2. Drink Full Glass of Water. Repeat treatment in 2 Hours.
3. If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle. This eases the soreness in your throat almost instantly.

Your cold should be relieved quickly when you do this because the real BAYER Aspirin embodies certain medical qualities that strike at the base of a cold almost INSTANTLY.



You can combat nearly any cold you get simply by taking BAYER Aspirin as directed. Sore throat can be eased by gargling this way in two or three minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin. It dissolves almost instantly. And thus works almost instantly you take it internally. And for a gargle, it dissolves completely enough for this purpose. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.

Does Not Harm The Heart



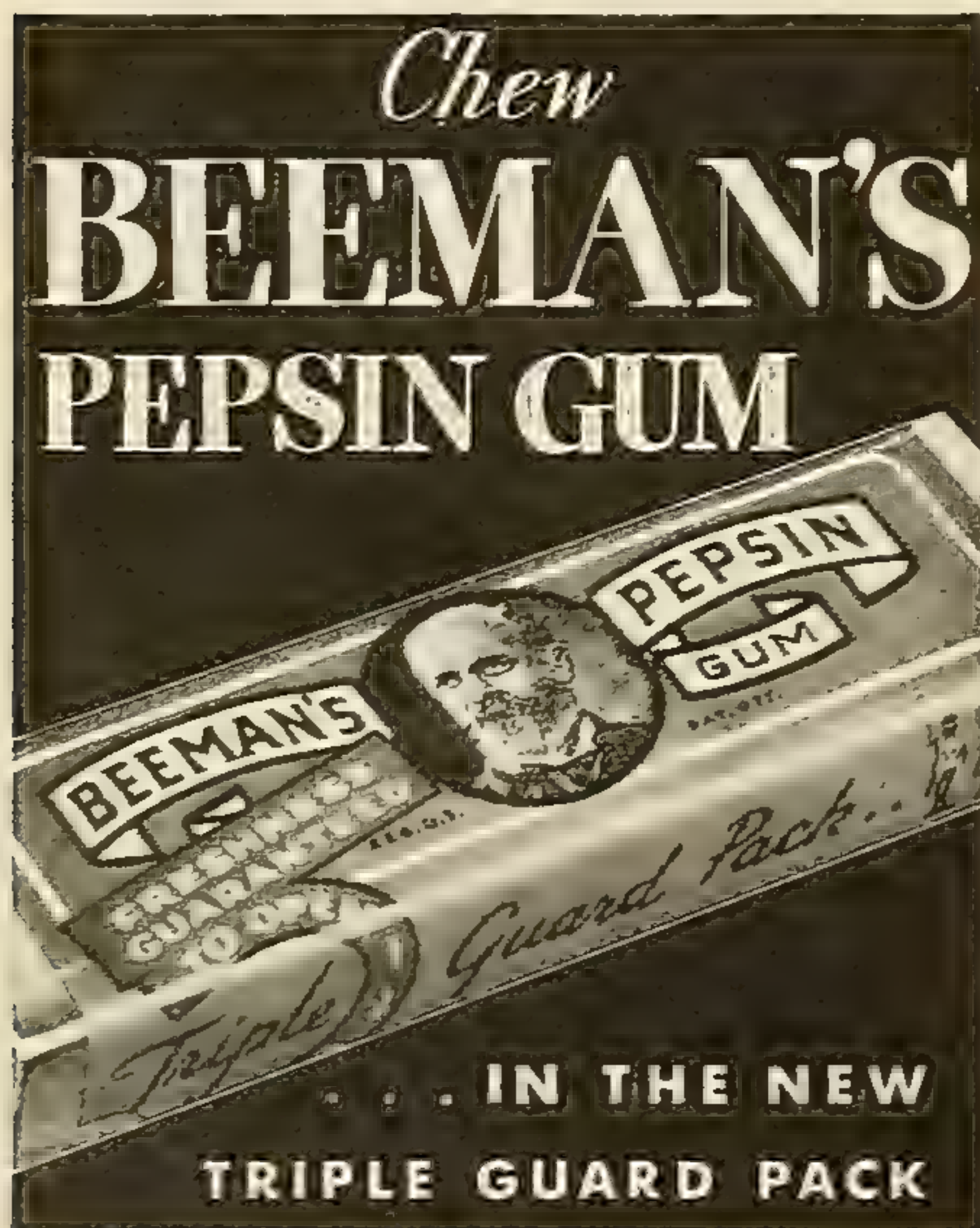
IF THROAT IS SORE CRUSH AND DISSOLVE 3 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS IN ½ GLASS OF WATER AND GARGLE. THE PAIN EASES AT ONCE.





*Yoo-Hoo!*

**CLIMB the Alps before breakfast!** That's about the way you feel when your digestion is tip-top. But a touch of indigestion and you don't want to go anywhere. Sometimes you know what's wrong. Sometimes you don't. Chewing Beeman's regularly is a good plan. It often helps those slight digestive troubles. And the flavor is so delicious, you'll enjoy chewing it every day. You'll want to try Beeman's right away—in the new triple guard pack. New freshness, new flavor.



# Hollywood's Roaring Forties

(Continued from page 79)

dom as a Selznick star. In returning to screen work she wondered what sort of roles she could play.

Personally, she felt that leading woman assignments were not for her—and she realized that Hollywood did not cater to young character actresses, into which category she had placed herself. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer finally annexed her signature to a long term contract with the understanding that she was to have her pick of parts.

Attractive enough, and certainly young enough to portray straight dramatic leads she decided against them with the great intelligence which is hers, in favor of young matrons. Complying with her wishes the studio cast her as the talkative hostess in "When Ladies Meet," and Leo, the Lion, awoke to find a new star in his cage.

"Why," I asked her, "do you play mothers on the screen?"

"Because," she answered directly, "age means nothing to me. It's more of a kick being thirty-five and playing forty-five than being forty-five and playing thirty-five. In New York there are actresses on the stage who make fools of themselves by trying to play roles unsuited to their ages. It only wins them ridicule and makes them appear even older."

"On the other hand I play the mother of Maureen O'Sullivan, Mary Carlisle and other girls and the audience is pleasantly surprised. They say, 'My, but isn't she young to be that young lady's mother.' And instead of adding on to my years they simply chop them off."

Evidently Blossom Seeley doesn't feel that way about it at all, for when she was told the subject of my interview she refused to talk with me. The idea of the number 40 in cold print frightened her, I guess. Not that it's altogether against her, for after all it's human nature to want to stay as young as it is sensibly possible.

Miss Seeley, who is obviously being groomed for Mae West roles at Twentieth Century, has not yet been in pictures long enough to have established a following, but from reports on her first two films it is felt that she has a big chance of hitting the bull's eye. With twenty years of vaudeville and radio experience behind her she embarks upon her new career with a fairly good idea of what it's all about.

Her chief objection just now is the similarity of her parts to the lady who said to the world, "Come up and see me sometime." Both she and West played the vaudeville circuits together for years, and no one ever thought of them as being alike, but Hollywood has its own ideas.

If you think the mature woman hasn't sex appeal then just take a good look at Mae West. I'm not saying that La Belle West is forty or sixteen or that she plays women of any certain age on the screen. It doesn't really matter. West could be sixty for that matter and still be sensational. Her age somehow doesn't enter into her success at all. But women of forty who go to the movies, and there are millions of them, look at Mae West and visualize her as playing that age—and admire her tremendously be-

cause to them she has immortalized the mature woman, as a woman of great fascination, teeming life, gorgeous humor.

Lynne Fontanne, who is the darling of the New York Theatre Guild, admits to being almost fifty! Does her popularity suffer? Not if one is to judge by the lines that stand out in front of the theaters she plays. Such women are beautifully ageless. They soar to the heights on the very wings of Time. Such women were Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, Isadora Duncan.

If Miss Fontanne chose she could come to Hollywood at a fabulous salary, for her sterling performance in the film version of "The Guardsman" is still being raved over. But seemingly the sham of the microphone world holds little appeal to her artistic senses. In New York she can go on being fifty—and proudly admit it. In Hollywood a publicity department would tell her just how old she must be.

Marjorie Rambeau and Laura Hope Crews are two other ex-stage artists who have found a new deal in Hollywood under the "gay forties" code. Miss Rambeau made her first cinematic impression in support of Marie Dressler and Wally Beery in "Min and Bill," and so deep an impression did she make that other studios would thereafter cast her for nothing but old soaks, broken down streetwalkers and waterfront flotsam. She consumed enough fire water playing these roles to float a gambling ship.

Laura Hope Crews made her fame as a comedienne on Broadway long before the cinema barons ever thought of her as a star possibility. Early in the talkies she made a few appearances in supporting roles, arresting attention, however without any real distinction. A little more roly-poly than Mary Boland, and not quite as attractive, the odds were against her to set the stage for this new type of screen star—but now that the stage is set Laura Hope Crews fits right into the scene. Her rendition of the professional mother in "Silver Cord," which she created on the stage, proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is a real place for her.

Encouraged by the success of their sister players, Ruth Donnelly, Helen MacKellar and Catharine Doucet, all well known on Broadway, have come to Hollywood to enter their bids for film fame. Miss Donnelly and Miss Doucet have both made their mark in comedy, but Miss MacKellar's laurels rest entirely upon her New York dramatic achievements. Probably this accounts for the fact that Miss MacKellar has had a more difficult time getting started, for as producers see the ladies of forty just now, they must be gay and vivacious and funny.

Oscar Wilde once wrote that the tragedy of old age isn't that we grow older, but that we stay young. Only it isn't tragedy any more, Mr. Wilde, it's a pleasure! Hollywood has made it that—a pleasure. Youth is wonderful—but, it isn't everything. The connoisseurs of talent realize that like wine, it grows better with time. So ladies of the roaring forties, here's an invitation—come up and insult me sometime.



## Playtime in Movieland

(Continued from page 15)

"He was going down town in the street car one night, carrying his laundry!" related the friend. "Everybody pointed him out as the great Barrymore, but he went serenely on his way, and took his laundry to the place he started for."

I love that independence and democratic spirit. Whoever says John is high hat is all wrong. I have never known a finer, kinder, more courteous spirit.

By the way, John simply worships his brother Lionel. The two brothers visit back and forth at their homes. And John and Lionel always play "Michigan."

**B**UT to get back to the party—and it was such a nice party!

Fancy sitting in a perfectly wonderful Louis Quinze chair and listening to Bing Crosby and Dick Powell sing—in person! Dick sang "By a Waterfall"—and when Dick sings it certainly makes you wonder who you're in love with!

When Dick was singing the irrepressible Bert Kalmar got up and did a spring song dance—and did interrupt Dick a bit. And so when Bert was singing, Dick also horned in with a dance.

But all in good, clean fun, and nobody a bit mad.

Down in the whoopee room, Dolores Costello Barrymore was being so nice as to bring plates to two or three people—it was a buffet supper, and you were supposed to buttle for yourself. Everybody adores Dolores.

**J**ANET GAYNOR was there, all by herself, and looking sweet in a black velvet gown.

And did our hostess look lovely! She wore a wine colored velvet, princess, with a train, and a golden cord about her waist. In that old Tudor house, with its oak panellings, she might have been Guinevere!

**L**OOKING at the baby is the new Hollywood recreation at parties.

Even if the baby is asleep one goes and looks at it.

So at Edward G. Robinson's party, everybody tiptoed upstairs to take a look at Eddie, Jr.

Harry Ruby alone wasn't enthusiastic.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it was such a little baby, it was hardly worth while looking at!"

**W**ILL ROGERS had a swell time entertaining royalty. Prince Ferdinand of Germany, who came to stay a day with Will, remained a week at Will's ranch.

What todos over politics they did have, too!

But it was the polo that particularly fascinated H. R. H. Will's son Bill plays at Stanford, and Bill came down for the week-end, all attending the Riviera polo together.

And that reminds me, too—

Will Rogers went over there one day to see a polo game, and because the man on the stable gate didn't know him, he wouldn't let him in. Will went home disgusted.

## The Smartest Women Use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS



— yet they cost  
**ONLY 10¢**

The sweeping success of Faoen Beauty Aids is a tribute to the buying wisdom of American women. No longer do they consider it necessary to pay \$1 or more for the finest beauty aids. They know that Faoen gives them similar quality for only 10¢. Here is the report of a famous Research Laboratory that has convinced thousands:

"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Your own trial of Faoen Beauty Aids will convince you that science has told the truth!



No. 37  
**A New FAOEN  
Perfume Triumph!**

This is an exact duplicate in fragrance of a popular and expensive imported perfume. You will marvel at this new perfume masterpiece—and its price of only 10¢.

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM  
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES



PARK & TILFORD'S  
**FAOEN**  
(FAY-ON)  
*Beauty Aids*

10¢ each at  
**F. W. Woolworth Co Stores**



Mrs. M. Johnston  
of New York City  
writes:—



**"That's  
what our  
Doctor does  
for Coughs—  
—and it works!"**

● "Mother's cough wore her out," writes Mrs. Johnston. "We finally decided she must see a specialist. His advice was simply, 'Pertussin.' It was certainly good advice. Mother's bad coughing quickly stopped . . . Pertussin has helped us all again and again."

**I**NSIDE your throat and bronchial passages are millions of glands—like tiny water faucets—that keep the tissues healthily moist.

But these glands clog up when you "catch cold." Thick mucus forms. Your throat tickles—feels dry. You cough so hard, but you can't "raise" a thing.

Get those little moisture glands working again, to stop that cough! . . . *That's what Pertussin does!*

Just a spoonful or two of Pertussin stimulates the glands and starts their *natural moisture* flowing freely. Your throat feels relieved. Germ-laden phlegm loosens up almost instantly. Pertussin is helping Nature to cure your cough!

There are no narcotics or harmful drugs in Pertussin . . . it's the scientific extract of a medicinal herb used by doctors to treat the most severe coughs known. Won't you get a bottle of Pertussin now?



DOCTORS PRE-  
SCRIBE Pertussin  
for babies . . . it's safe!  
"I have prescribed it  
for 25 years," writes  
one doctor. It won't  
upset digestion; and  
is pleasant to take.

**PERTUSSIN**  
has been prescribed by doctors  
for 30 years . . . *It works safely!*

# Once an Acrobat

(Continued from page 42)

fleeting glimpse of show business.

Always interested in electricity, he hung around back-stage and thus met many of the performers. Soon he was offered a part in a travelling company of juveniles similar to the one in which Charles Chaplin made his theatrical start. The result was that Cary ran away from home, at the ripe age of twelve years, to become an actor.

His irate parents promptly had him looked up and brought home. Then came a period of enforced education, with the kindling ambition to go on the stage mounting into a raging inferno of rebellion. When, at the advanced age of sixteen, he found the opportunity to join the Bob Pender troupe of acrobats, he again took French leave.

This time, the boy's father realized that interference was useless. Besides, he had acquired a new wife and had all he could do to provide for her and their child. So he made no effort to bring back his first-born.

Then, in 1920, came the marvelous news that the troupe was to go to America. Thus it was that Cary arrived in New York, the city of his dreams. Had he known what was in store for him he would probably have stayed with the act when it returned to England. Instead he remained here, playing with various turns, constantly striving to abandon the art of tip-ups and back-bends for the more dignified song and dance routine.

At last his chance came. Cary abandoned his fleshlings for a tuxedo. He sang, danced and spoke lines. He did all three well. He was on his way up the ladder. "Looking back, I consider that making the jump from acrobatics was the greatest hurdle of all," he confided to me. "As in pictures, vaudeville people are classified and expected to keep within those limits."

Still, things were far from easy for Cary. America, the land of opportunity, had turned a cold shoulder on the ambitious youth. Discouraged, he scraped up enough money to buy a steerage ticket to his native land.

"Night after night I lay in my bunk thinking . . . thinking," he told me, in reviewing his career. "I decided that I must get more experience as an actor and then come back and conquer Broadway. I was discouraged but not defeated. I felt confident that I would again have the opportunity and when it came along, I wanted to be prepared."

Arriving in London, he signed with the Nightingale Stock Company and did a season of one-night stands in England and Wales. His chance came quite unexpectedly while playing in a suburb near London. Reggie Hammerstein, the theatrical producer from New York, was in England on a visit. He happened into the theater and immediately made arrangements to bring Cary back for a role in a musical play "Polly."

So a more seasoned Cary once more came to New York, this time with a contract. "Polly" was delayed in getting started so he was given a role in "Golden Dawn" which proved to be a hit. When "Polly" finally got under way, he was taken out to play the role

for which Hammerstein had signed him. Again disappointment. "Polly" flopped so badly in its tryout that it was withdrawn.

Here Fate took a hand. A Shubert scout who had caught the play, recommended Cary as a good bet and the Shuberts thereupon bought his contract from Hammerstein and gave him the lead opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "Boom Boom." This was his first really good break as the show had a long run on Broadway.

His career launched, Cary made another visit to England. "I wanted to show off a bit back home," is the way he explains it. On his return here he did a season of musical stock in St. Louis. Upon arriving back in New York he was immediately signed for an important role in the stage version of "Nikki" with Fay Wray and Douglass Montgomery.

When this closed, he decided on a trip to Hollywood. Naturally he was anxious to break into pictures, but none too hopeful. Picture offers had been few and far between and his only actual film work in the East was limited to one short.

Arriving on the Coast, he visited his friend, Marion Gehring, the director. It happened that the day he came to the studio, Gehring was making a test of a young actress in whom the studio was interested. He asked Cary to make the test with her as a favor. As a result, Cary was signed while the girl wasn't, which has frequently been the case. The story that Cary got his break through Jeanette MacDonald is untrue, he says, although he admires that young lady very much.

Of course, as everyone knows, Cary really admires only one girl and that is the charming blonde, Virginia Cherrill. About their romance he has little to say, although if they are Mr. and Mrs. by the time this article appears, I shouldn't be in the least surprised.

He's terribly in earnest about his screen career and not entirely enthusiastic about the parts which have been assigned him. Of Mae West he says: "It's an education to work with her. The industry owes her a debt of gratitude."

His favorite picture is "The Eagle and the Hawk" although he has great hopes for "Sailor, Beware," in which he will play a roistering gob. He's rather fed up with being the gentleman and wants to play roles which have plenty of dash and color. "Human beings" is the way he explains it.

He shares a modest bungalow with his pal, Randolph Scott, and his one extravagance is a good car. "I'm the quietest fellow in Hollywood," he says. "I don't know how I manage to crash the columns so often."

His visit to England came as a much-needed vacation after appearing in fourteen pictures during the past two years. He hopes to make fewer and better pictures from now on.

He gets a big kick out of being recognized and I suspect he's still pretty much the young fellow walking on stilts, his head in the clouds, firmly but surely striding ahead. Right now the world is at his feet. It's great to be young, successful and in love. Lucky Cary Grant!



# The First Soviet Star

(Continued from page 31)

the mother's ambition to become an actress, but it affected the roving, gay, gypsy-like dancer of a father, not at all. For a few years, though, things went well enough. Then some one fired a shot. Some one else blew a bugle. There were marching feet and prancing horses. War had come. And the slender, laughing father threw a musket on his shoulder and danced off to battle, blithely as he'd trip a meter in a market-place. Anna was twelve when he came home to die.

A dancer and a soldier—of course, there wasn't a kopeck left for the Swedish widow, her tall, young daughter, and the child that had come later. And what with first the Germans goose-stepping through the town, then the galloping Ukrainian revolutionists brandishing lance and sabre, the storming of the White Army, the mad attacks of the Bolsheviks, the gaunt Polish warriors singing wild songs of victory, life became a complicated terror to the three feminine creatures the dead man had left behind him.

A furtive market was found for the family trinkets, and later for the household goods. Anna was on bowing terms with all the pawnbrokers, and others that fatten on poverty and despair. When everything was gone, bold with hunger she invaded a peasant hash-house and demanded work. She got it, from dawn to dark. Her pay, food for the family. But there came a time when in the once prosperous city of a half-million souls, the most meagre scraps were at a premium. The whole country was bare and desolate and cold. There was even talk of the wolves. But nothing daunted, Anna, bundled in every shawl and petticoat the house afforded, foraged the countryside for food. Somehow they managed to live through these desperate years.

But some order finally came from this chaos. And one of the Soviet's first steps was the establishment of a State theater. God knows the people needed entertainment! So Anna, full of her inheritance from both parents, joined a group of amateur players, and found favor in the discerning eye of the great director, Stanislavsky. She acted for him in a production of a Gerhard Hauptmann piece, and through him, at fifteen, she was admitted to the Soviet Film Academy. For the new Russia was quick to see the potentialities of the motion picture screen as an agent for propaganda. It encouraged actors, directors, and established the school where promising material might be developed.

During the next three years Anna served her apprenticeship both before the camera and behind the footlights. She learned picture acting under Inki-jinoff. If you recall the much-mentioned film, "Storm Over Asia," perhaps you'll recall Inki-jinoff as its star and director. In the theater she worked under the tutelage of Stanislavsky. At eighteen, a more matured, experienced trouser, she made a Moscow debut as a member of his stock company which presented the plays of Pirandello, Maeterlinck, Ibsen and the rest. The girl was receiving as fine a foundation for her art as money could have bought.

(Please turn to page 104)

*I wish*  
somebody  
would  
*tell*  
her!



"ISN'T it a shame? There's a girl who has 'come hither' if I ever saw one. But it becomes 'go thither' after a minute in her presence. Why doesn't some kind girl friend put her wise?"

The surprising thing is that there still are girls and women—attractive ones, too—who need to be told that soap and water cannot keep their underarms free from that ugly odor of perspiration which refined people hate.

Smart girls who prize their popularity know that the *quick*, the *easy*,

the *sure* way to keep their underarms always fresh and odorless, is with Mum.

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe for *all day*. And the instant it's on, slip into your dress. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately.

Don't ever let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum regularly and you'll be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES THE  
ODOR OUT OF  
PERSPIRATION**

**FOR SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.** Mum is also a wonderful deodorant for this use—guarantees protection from the unpleasantness which every woman fears.



# Now *May's Lips* say "KISS ME"



## Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new **KISSPROOF** Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*... This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet *you* can have exactly the same smooth, alluring **KISSPROOF** they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK** in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

# Kissproof

*Indelible* LIPSTICK

# Class with a Capital Kay

(Continued from page 51)

I feel qualified to say that it fits Kay as snugly as one of her own conservatively chic gowns.

Here is a girl whom I have never seen make a gesture in bad taste. Of course, I'm no spy. Keyholes are out of my line but I've watched her in many different environments.

On the tennis court she manages to play a splendid game without stripping down to a costume that suggests most anything but tennis, as a lot of the modern players do. Her game of bridge is excellent and serious. The bone rimmed glasses she wears while playing give her a "don't ask me why!" expression which causes an ordinary gabby card player like myself to return to her game of rummy on tip-toe.

When Kay dances, she is dancing, not taking indoor exercise. She drinks slowly and as if she were enjoying it, instead of rushing into a competition as many of us do. She smokes a lot, but never nervously and her snow white teeth are a red flag of contradiction waving in the face of any anti-nicotine fiends. Kay talks well and listens well. I've never heard anyone say they did not like her, but there again I don't risk my ears on keyholes either.

She came to lunch with me in my honored backyard on one of those hot days which no Californian will admit exists. Cool and calm in a blue and white illustration of what only the well-dressed woman can wear. I didn't dare ask her to take anything off, though I had been playing strip poker with myself for two hours and had lost steadily. It's very easy to talk to Kay. I could have chosen most any subject from the N.R.A. down to emerald jade, but I was hot and miserable anyway so I picked what is with most women a cooling one, marriage.

You see she has been married three times and I am still trying to learn the rudiments of the game which I took up at an age when I should have either been an expert or retired for distinguished service. The first two marriage knots we skipped over lightly. "I was very young," said Kay looking so pristine that I visualized her stepping from her cradle to the altar for that first marriage.

She virtually did, and probably leaped from her scooter into the second matrimonial boat. The last one to Kenneth MacKenna took place two and a half years ago.

With the salad we drifted from the sea of matrimony back to that great shore of indecision, Cinemaland. We discussed her last few pictures. She is not pleased with them, yet she doesn't rave and talk about the parts she would have liked to play which other stars were given.

"What would you really like to play if you could have your choice?" I

asked and waited, expecting that, as with most actresses, there must be a suppressed if not censored desire.

She thought fully half a moment, tapping imaginary ashes off her cigarette—"I don't know. I want to go on and do better work. I want to save my money so when they kick me out—"

I, not being well bred, cut in with, "So the spot they kick will be well padded?"

"Yes!" she laughed, then seriously said, "You know, Elsie, it's a short career comparatively. In the theater you can go on acting with a double chin or lines about the eyes. Those things don't matter, but with the camera, well, you know what I mean!"

I looked at her perfect face, lineless in our California sunlight, which is guaranteed to bring out everything including one's past, and said, "But, my dear, you've nothing to worry about!"

"I'm looking ahead," she answered. And that's where you are going, I thought. Far ahead, just because you can see the hand-writing on the wall of film fame before you get near enough to it to read your own epitaph. O. K. Kay!

For two years now I've been going around with a sort of Elsie Semple McPherson attitude. All I've needed was a Temple and they cost money, which I have learned is very important when you have it, but becomes strangely uninteresting when you learn how many lovely things there are that it cannot buy. I was McPhersoning a bit at Kay. She was very sweet and understanding. "You must read *All Men Are Enemies*," she said. "Tony in that book has ideas that you will love. I'll send it to you."

Well! I'm still waiting for a lot of books that folks promised to send me when I was a child, but Kay must have gone directly from my house to a book store. The book arrived and I read it at once. In it I found the character Kay should play. The girl's name is Kathy.

Perhaps Kay knows it, perhaps she longs to play it and is too well bred to snatch at anything. I don't know, but I know this—if I am wrong in my impressions of Kay, if she is really a roughneck and people who know her better than I do laugh at my "well bred" fixation, then all I can say is, she is the best actress off the screen today and the sooner they stop remodeling-Ruthie's—"cast-offs"-for-her-and-run-up-a-little-model-designed-for-Kay Francis-as-she-is—the quicker she will be considered one of the best actresses on that same screen.

No, thanks, Messers. Warner Brothers, I couldn't write the story for her myself, but you've all heard of a kibitzer. The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

## FAVORITE BREADS FOR EVERY MEAL

Old-fashioned housewives made their own bread—and so do up-to-date housewives today. With improved ranges and reliable yeast, flour and other ingredients, making bread, muffins, rolls, baking powder biscuits, and griddle cakes is much easier than ever. To obtain this month's food circulars send 10 cents to Rita Calhoun care of Mystery Magazine, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Here they are:

1. Making yeast bread
2. Special yeast breads
3. Rolls and buns with yeast
4. Muffins and breakfast breads
5. Baking powder loaves
6. Baking powder biscuits
7. Griddle cakes and waffles
8. Toast in many forms



# New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 49)

## Going Hollywood—B

Directed by Raoul Walsh. Released by M-G-M

**G**RANDPA, dear children, is real spry for his age and still can stand as many film musical shows as most. As a steady diet though, they raise tarnation with Granpaw's in-nards and bring spots before his eyes. There have been plenty of such shows this month and "Going Hollywood" is just another added to a list that is overlong already.

Movies have pretty well eradicated vaudeville from the land and now they are adopting most of its features themselves. "Going Hollywood" is really Marion Davies, Bing Crosby, Fifi Dorsay and a lot more going vaudeville.

In this opus, the vital Miss Davies is amazingly versatile. She is, in succession, a boarding-school teacher, an extra in films, a blackface comedian, a dancer, a singer, an imitator and a star in pictures. Mr. Crosby, a better actor than most radio luminaries, sings on every possible occasion and there are several opulent ensemble numbers. Gentlemen billed as "Three Radio Rogues" have an act that is really funny, and Ned Sparks does a genuinely comic impersonation of a bilious director.

As a vaudeville show, "Going Hollywood" isn't bad and if that's the sort of thing you like to see, help yourself.

**High Spots:** The ensemble number that supplies the chorus for Mr. Crosby's and Miss Davies' song, "We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines."

## Dancing Lady—AA

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Released by M-G-M

**I**N one form or another, audiences have seen most of the plot of (Please turn to page 86)



Lilian Tashman tells Doug Junior a new story which he evidently finds very amusing.




“ I PITY POOR IDA!  
SHE JUST ABOUT PASSES  
OUT EVERY MONTH ”

“ SHE WANTS TO SUFFER!  
I TOLD HER HOW MIDOL  
EASES REGULAR PAIN ”

## How to Relieve Periodic Pain:

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	X	X	X	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twinge of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.

Take one tablet  then drink a full glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you're at ease in ten minutes.



Periodic pain is *out*. So is discomfort at this time. That's a fact, and it's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know it. A million women have had it proved to them. At least that many women now use Midol, keep their dates and keep comfortable.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose. Its action is unusual. Its relief is felt almost immediately.

Take a Midol tablet just before the expected pain. You may have no pain at all. If you do, a second tablet will usually check the pain in *seven to ten minutes*. That's how rapidly this remedy works! And the relief is unusually lasting. Two tablets should see you through

your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meantime, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it's folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process—just makes it comfortable and easy.

These tiny, tasteless tablets come in a slim little case of aluminum. Tuck it in your purse and be prepared. Then make your engagements—and keep them—without worry as to the time of month. Every drugstore now has this relief for periodic pain. You'll usually find it on the toilet goods counter; or just ask for Midol. Directions telling exactly how to use it will be found inside.







## Capable Hands must be lovely, too!

Woman's place in the scheme of living has changed, but Romance still holds sway. Wise indeed is she who preserves her feminine charm at any cost!

Don't let the workaday world rob you of the allurements of soft, smooth, white hands. It's too easy to keep them lovely with Pacquin's! Apply a pat of this marvelously penetrating, skin-feeding cream every time your hands have been in water. Use it before and after every exposure to the wind and weather. You'll be delighted at the way rough, chapped skin regains a smooth, soft texture. Pacquin's protects your hands against the drying out of natural oils that is so fatal to hand beauty.

Try Pacquin's and you'll never be without it. It never leaves your skin sticky or greasy, and it's pleasantly economical because a little goes a long way! Don't try to hide your hands—use



In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to \$1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

# New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 85)

"Dancing Lady" many times. It is the same old story about the woes that involve cast and director in the production of a musical comedy, but people of great ability have turned a sleazy set of situations into something that is alive and human and exciting.

Robert Z. Leonard, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone and a number of others have used their brains. It's a pity these aren't employed oftener in films. In this instance, intelligence has made a hackneyed theme the best of all backstage pictures.

You'll see no better acting this year than Miss Crawford's as the burlesque strip dancer who becomes a Broadway star. The ordeal of her recent divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., seems to have increased Miss Crawford's emotional stature. Whatever the cause, that growth is plain.

Her throaty, slurring voice; her sensitive face that wears at times the look of a younger Ethel Barrymore; her personality that seems to glow with an inner light lift her high in this picture. Clark Gable is more than satisfactory as the rasping, bitter director. Franchot Tone who, according to Hollywood gossip, is Miss Crawford's current devotee, does well with the role of an aristocratic playboy.

Mr. Leonard brings style to his directing. The pace he sets is swift and it doesn't let up. He has given humanity to even the most minor characters and has decorated his plot with telling bits of satire and comedy. May Robson is a delight as a deaf old grandmother and Sterling Holloway whose gift for caricature has not yet had its real opportunity does a fine thumbnail sketch as the hapless author of the show.

**High Spots:** Janie Barlow (Miss Crawford) defying the judge after her arrest for strip dancing. . . . Janie, in search for a part in the new show, dogging Patch Gallagher (Mr. Gable) . . . Gallagher hiding his love for Janie beneath sham impatience.

The backstage atmosphere of "Dancing Lady" is familiar to Joan Crawford who, before she entered pictures, appeared in a number of New York musical comedies. She was born Lucille LeSueur in San Antonio, Texas, and got her love for the stage through her father, a theater owner.

She is five feet four inches, 110 pounds. Her hair is reddish gold; her eyes, blue.

She likes dresses of blue or green, tight at the hips, loose at the shoulders; swimming, crackers spread with mustard, diamonds, golf, pajamas, malted milk and driving her car at sixty m.p.h.

Among her pet dislikes are bridge, cheap jewelry, being waited on and her own previews. She never wears stockings, walks pigeon toed, is forever losing her gloves and is genuinely afraid to go to sleep in a dark room.

### Advice to the Lovelorn—A

Directed by Alfred Werker. Released by United Artists

SEEING a Lee Tracy picture is a little like riding a particularly violent roller coaster. "Advice to the

Lovelorn" dives toward disaster and soars into mirth even more successfully than its forerunners. This story of a rowdy reporter who is forced to run a column for the love smitten is the best of the Tracy films.

His current offering adds new laurels to his record. No one else in Hollywood can do one character over and over and still keep it alive and impudent. Mr. Tracy is an actor of definite limitations. Whether he is cast as a hooper, a press agent or Toby Prentiss, the scandalous reporter in "Advice to the Lovelorn," he is always the same and always amusing.

Alfred Werker, director of the current film, has made the most of the bits of humor and characterization with which the script abounds. The cast, which includes Sally Blane as the heroine is excellent and Sterling Holloway, a youngster who is rising fast in films, is downright funny as Benny, an office boy whom Toby Prentiss makes his secretary.

Mr. Holloway trained for the stage with the Theater Guild in New York. He has appeared since then in revues and night-club floor shows and, for several years now, has been doing small parts in pictures, each of which has been better than the last.

**High Spots:** Toby mistaking an earthquake for a hangover. . . . His horror when he is assigned to the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column. . . . Mr. Tracy's fine portrayal of grief when Toby's mother dies.

### Flying Down to Rio

Directed by Thornton Freeland. Released by RKO Radio

HERE is still another film musical comedy, this time without much of either comedy or music but an awful lot of film. It is liberally bestarred with names whose owners don't live up to their reputations. Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, all added up together, don't contribute more than about one good performance among them and about three-quarters of that is afforded by Miss Rogers.

There is some good dancing by Mr. Astaire, a spectacular airplane ballet and one elaborate ensemble number. If you think it's worth sitting an hour and a half in a theater seat to see that much, nobody is going to keep you from going. Only don't say afterward that I didn't warn you.

### The House on 56th Street—A

Directed by Robert Florey. Released by Warner Brothers

GOOD acting by all concerned makes this a good picture, even though most of its plot should have been retired long ago to an Old Stories' Home. Thanks to the glamorous art of Kay Francis, fine support and good direction, the film is worth seeing. That doesn't mean that the author of the script should feel called on to take a bow. The cast and director deserved something better than a revival of the moss-covered situation in which an erring mother sacrifices herself to save the daughter who does not know her. You can forget the script's inade-



## New Pictures You Should See

quacies and idiocies in Miss Francis' smooth performances as Peggy, first a kept chorus girl, then a millionaire's wife, then a convicted murderess, then a blackjack dealer in a speakeasy that had been the house on 56th Street to which she had come home as a bride.

Miss Francis is one of the blessed who never overact. She has converted the rest of the cast, who behave like human beings throughout. Years do not improve Ricardo Cortez's looks but he plays the role of Peggy's gambling partner acceptably and Margaret Lindsay, as Peggy's daughter, brings to a brief part a deal of warmth and power. John Halliday also merits citation for his quietly forceful portrayal of a man about town.

**High Spots:** Peggy telling her lover (Mr. Halliday) that she is leaving him to marry another man. . . . Peggy beating Bill Blaine (Mr. Cortez) at his own crooked stud game.

**Sore Spots:** Eleanor Burgess (Miss Lindsay) supposedly a woman of breeding, yet signing a note "Mrs. Burgess" . . . Peggy waiting leisurely for the moment when her daughter sails from New York, as though there were no wireless that could apprehend her later for murder.

### Son of a Sailor—B

Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Released by First National

IF the theater showing this one is an easy walk from home, Joe E. Brown's latest may be just about worth the effort—that is if your shoes don't hurt.

Much of this film which deals with the adventures of a gob on and off an airplane carrier is mildly funny and there are one or two genuine laughs. That's about all you can expect from Mr. Brown. He has worked his way up through an acrobat act, through a term as baseball player with the Yankees, through sundry engagements in burlesque and musical comedy to an apparently warm place in the hearts of film fans.

During the course of his latest, Mr. Brown is kidnaped during shore leave by the daughter of an admiral; is entertained at dinner by high officers of the navy; is almost seduced by an international spy and is finally deposited in the stack of a warship that is about to serve as target for an air attack. Through all these trials, Mr. Brown shows more durability than skill. The only difference between this and the old Keystone Comedies is that the latter didn't have sound tracks.

**High Spot:** Handsome Callahan (Mr. Brown) romancing about a pair of baby shoes and thereby dating up sundry girls.

### Convention City—A

Directed by Archie Mayo. Released by Warner Brothers

THIS photoplay, depicting the major and minor disasters that attend the annual convention of the Honeywell Rubber Company at Atlantic City (Please turn to page 88)

## World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting



### Eagle Brand

#### MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate      1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk  
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

*Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls! But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.*

#### FREE! "AMAZING SHORT-CUTS!"

Cut out that astonishing recipe above! Prove to yourself that it actually works. And here and now, mail this coupon, to learn a whole new kind of cooking!

The Borden Co., Dept. TM34, 350 Madison Ave., New York  
Please send me FREE booklet, "Amazing Short-Cuts."

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# JACK FALLS when Jane Finds the "keynote" of CHARM



## Have a Glorious Wave in Your Own Home Tonight

INSTEAD of paying \$2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, do this. Just wet your hair with the new discovery, JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! In a few minutes . . . you can have the most becoming wave you ever had—literally double the attractiveness of your hair and for only 5c.

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. It has a quince-seed base—which eliminates all stickiness, and will not leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave lasts 7 full days. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



**Jo-cur**  
PRONOUNCED "JOKER"  
**WAVES ET**

# New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 87)

is several miles ahead of what the film trade usually labels "comedy," for lack of any other printable title.

It is doubtful whether Atlantic City will be pleased by the fun poked at its chief industry. Serious business men may writhe at the mockery with which this film exposes the convention racket. I think the rest of the nation will relish the spicy satire and irreverent burlesque in which "Convention City" abounds.

Here is a picture with no hero or heroine, despite resounding names in its cast. Adolphe Menjou, Frank McHugh, Dick Powell and Guy Kibbee appear merely as salesmen who lay hold upon the convention as an opportunity for inebriety and impropriety. Mary Astor, Joan Blondell, Patricia Ellis and other women have equally minor roles. There isn't much more sustained plot than there is in an actual convention.

Human bits of irony and humor and abounding comic incident make "Convention City" a scandalous delight. The by-play and smooth acting by all concerned are the picture's best qualities. Grant Mitchell is fine as the pompously hypocritical head of the concern and Mary Astor again surprises those who have thought her beauty greater than her ability. She gives an expert performance as a hard-boiled saleswoman. This and her earlier role of the spoiled wife in "The World Changes" prove that Miss Astor has something above her shoulders more valuable than mere good looks.

High Spots: The Mayor of Atlantic City addressing a series of conventions from a moving platform. . . . The soused salesman's belated discovery that he's at the wrong convention. . . . The solution of the problems of the various characters by a series of shots through car windows as the rubber company's special train pulls out.

## Girl Without a Room—A

Directed by Ralph Murphy. Released by Paramount

RALPH MURPHY, director, must have been thinking hard of Ernst Lubitsch while he was shooting this film of student life in Paris. There are worse guides to follow. If the picture hasn't all the sugar coated impropriety which Mr. Lubitsch deals out so deftly, it is good entertainment and at times—chiefly when Charles Ruggles is on the screen—is extremely funny.

Into each of the fuzzy-minded, scatter-brained roles he plays, Mr. Ruggles manages to pour a warming jigger of humanity. The world is filled with people like his characters, which may be one of the chief troubles with existence. In "Girl Without a Room," he has expert assistance from Charles Farrell as a gawky young artist from Tennessee, Marguerite Churchill as the heroine and Grace Bradley as Nada, a Russian gold digger.

Not so long ago, Mr. Farrell was just another fair-faced juvenile, dedicated to sugary films. His stature as an actor is increasing. Besides being the hero of this picture, he manages to give an amusing and realistic characterization of a bewildered youngster from the sticks.

There is some satire and much slapstick comedy in "Girl Without a Room." The picture is well cast and the pace it sets is fast and funny. You won't regret, I think, making an effort to see it.

High Spots: Hordes of hungry students, dropping in to share Tom Duncan's (Mr. Farrell's) first meal in Paris . . . Virgil Crock (Mr. Ruggles) explaining to Duncan the true meaning of art . . . Crock making Nada yell "Uncle" by a well applied toe hold.

## If I Were Free—B

Directed by Elliot Nugent. Released by RKO-Radio

HONEST acting and a good plot have been mutilated by someone in the cutting room who chopped large chunks out of this story with a meat axe. Irene Dunne gives one of the truly fine performances of the month as Sarah Casanove, a divorced wife who loves another woman's husband. Clive Brook carries the role of that husband as smoothly and gracefully as he does his correct British attire. The film is further blessed by Nils Asther as the villainous Tono Casanove. There is also an excellent subordinate cast.

There might have been an excellent story, too, but as it stands it is filled with holes and adorned with a lot of flapping loose ends of plot. One of the finest scenes is that in which Mr. Asther attempts to blackmail his divorced wife (Miss Dunne). What happened thereafter only the butcher in the cutting room can tell. No one else knows whether the scoundrelly Tono succeeded or not for the picture never mentions him or his blackmail again.

In spite of the fragmentary story, Miss Dunne is immensely skillful and appealing. She had gone steadily forward since her appearance as "Sabra Cravat" in "Cimarron" years ago. In her current role she had many opportunities to rant. She resists them all and makes a difficult part seem real and easy to play. "If I Were Free," with a more complete story might have been a fine film instead of just a fair-to-middlin'.

High Spots: The shrill and brittle gaiety of Sarah Casanove (Miss Dunne) in greeting her friends just after her husband has threatened to shoot her . . . Sarah at the hospital bedside of her lover (Mr. Brook).

Sore Spot: Gordon Evers (Mr. Brook) supposedly paddling a punt while sitting in its center bottom, beside Sarah—a process that could make no boat go anyway but in a circle.

## Master of Men—B

Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Released by Columbia

THIS is just one more Jack Holt film in which the hero's chest is hairy and the plot has long white whiskers. The story concerns a steel mill executive who makes so much money that he neglects his wife and almost loses her and all his cash as well. Someday some brilliant script writer will turn out a plot in which



## New Pictures You Should See

money brings happiness. That will at least be novel, but because of its novelty, Mr. Holt won't be in it.

Jack Holt is known as a gentleman who, in the Hollywood hothouse of gossip stoutly minds his own business. He would mind it more ably if he insisted now and then on a film worth his abilities. He has magnetism and virility. These qualities redeem "Master of Men" from complete triteness but even these, plus the aid of Fay Wray as the wife and Walter Connolly, who does a fine characterization as a fat and canny financier, can't triumph over clumsy dialogue and a dismally unoriginal story. "Master of Men" has its moments, but they aren't enough to make more than fair entertainment.

**High Spot:** Buck Garrett (Mr. Holt) dazedly watching Sam Parker (Mr. Connolly) manipulate the steel market.

**Sore Spot:** Guests in the home of Kay Walling (Fay Wray) fleeing in squealing panic when a delegation from the steel mill calls to see her father.

### Sitting Pretty—A

Directed by Harry Joe Brown. Released by Paramount

THANKS to the performances of Jack Oakie and Jack Haley, a newcomer to film plays; thanks, too, to smart direction, this is one of the better celluloid musical comedies. In it, Messrs. Oakie and Haley are linked as a song writing team. As a step toward originality, the show's scene has been moved from backstage in the theater, where nearly all similar productions alight, to the movie lots in Hollywood.

What traces of plot there are make very little sense and less difference. If you're satisfied with one good song, "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking," and a lot of Oakie and Haley you'll probably laugh your head off. This old grouch did, anyway which is saying something.

Mr. Oakie is his assured and breezy best as "Chick Parker." Mr. Haley as "Pete Pendleton," the other half of the firm, is not only funny but on occasion sincerely pathetic. He has reached a headliner's rank in Hollywood by a crooked road that ran from Boston, his birthplace, through apprenticeship to an electrician, a long sojourn in vaudeville, and years of clowning in New York musical shows. He has appeared in many movie shorts but this one is his first full length film.

There is much humor in this crazy quilt and some gorgeous photography of dancing ensembles. "Sitting Pretty" doesn't lift the art of motion pictures to any new height but it's darn good fun.

**High Spots:** Parker and Pendleton trying to tune up an octave of glasses, filled with liquor, by sipping the contents . . . Parker telling Pendleton their partnership is over . . . The film's final, spectacular chorus.

(Please turn to page 90)



## NEW! EXQUISITE!

**NEW**—Marchand's have discovered a formula for a decidedly superior shampoo.

**EXQUISITE**—Made to make hair lustrous and lovely, as well as to cleanse it.

If you have been using any old soap or shampoo, use Marchand's Castile Shampoo for a change, for a wonderful change in the condition of your scalp and the beauty of your hair.

Ordinary soaps leave tiny soap particles in the hair (despite rinsing) making it dull, streaky—also tending to dry out the scalp. Marchand's contains the highest grade of virgin olive oil to nourish the scalp and helps retard dandruff. Marchand's cleanses gently and thoroughly—leaving the hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb—perfect for waving or dressing. The natural color is not lightened or changed.

Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff conditions. Exceptionally low price—

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## Too Late... She Learned How To End That

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I WAS furious when Fred said it looked cheap, for a girl to be powdering her nose every few minutes. Yet—I knew he was right. For no really well-bred woman indulges in that constant powdering. It looks as if she wasn't sure of her appearance—as though her skin was naturally coarse, greasy and not well kept.

Right then I decided to test a new powder I had just read about. It was triple-fine. But it had two other amazing qualities, which made it stay smooth and fresh hours longer. It actually repelled moisture—refused to mix. Instead of getting down into pores and clogging them up, it contained a refining and skin-toning ingredient.

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I decided to get a box of this Golden Peacock Face Powder. The very first time I wore it—what a surprise! It was so fine—so smooth, and so even that I really didn't look powdered. Instead, my skin had a natural "peach-bloom" look. What was most wonderful, that lovely bloom and freedom from shine lasted for hours—kept right on looking perfectly fresh.

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## Golden Peacock

Face Powder

# New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 89)

## Take a Chance—B

Directed by Lawrence Schwab & Monte Brice. Released by Paramount

THE film version of last year's successful musical comedy has fewer bird's eye shots of choruses in action and more humor than many such offerings. If you like that sort of thing in general, you'll probably like this. It's all about the trials that attend the production of a musical show. That idea has become about as original as serving ham with eggs.

There never was much plot to "Take a Chance" and the film version's story is perhaps a little foggy than the original show's. Several new songs, most of them tuneful, have been added to it. James Dunn and Cliff Edwards supply the bulk of the comedy and June Knight and Lillian Roth are the leading women characters. A thinner, more world weary Buddy Rogers sings well and acts not so well.

## The Chief—C

Directed by Charles F. Riesner. Released by M-G-M

ED WYNN is funny over the radio and pretty amusing on the stage. In motion pictures, he is neither. "The Chief" is something to stay enthusiastically away from. Mr. Wynn's type of humor simply can't be embalmed in celluloid. The process is a complete failure.

The cast of "The Chief" is on a par with the film's star. Mr. Wynn's assistants might have been drawn from among the less proficient members of a small town dramatic club of which Mr. Riesner, the director, may be the head. Discussion of the film really isn't the duty of this department. It should be directed elsewhere under some such heading as "Major Calamities of the Month."

## The Invisible Man—A

Directed by James Whale. Released by Universal

THIS picture is worth while for the very thing that keeps it from being more hair raising. The magical camera work, whereby Jack Griffin (Claude Rains) turns invisible before your eyes, takes away from the drama's horror. You keep puzzling over how the thing was done, instead of being stirred by the picture's grisly events.

The mechanical mystery behind the film is more absorbing than the plot of the picture play, which is an adaptation of the H. G. Wells story. Griffin, a chemist, discovers a draught that makes him invisible. He terrorizes England, until at last, a snowfall reveals his tracks and he is shot down.

Mr. Rains has the oddest role ever a film actor had played. Most of his work is limited entirely to the sound track. In his visible moments, he is entirely without facial expression for only by wrapping bandages about Griffin's invisible head can it be seen at all. Until death destroys the effect of the drug and his actual body gradually reappears on a hospital cot, his face is always hidden. The cast that supports him is not particularly noteworthy, though Una O'Connor does an excel-

lent bit as the virago wife of a tavern keeper.

The real honors go to no actor but to the technician who invented this most baffling of camera tricks.

High Spots: Griffin, unwrapping the bandage about his face to reveal no head at all . . . A crowd falling back as the invisible man ploughs his way through it . . . Griffin's footprints, stamped one by one upon the snow and the mold of his unseen body therein as he falls, fatally shot.

## The Worst Woman in Paris—C

Directed by Monta Bell. Released by Fox

MARGARET VANE (Benita Hume) isn't really the worst woman in Paris for she has a heart of gold. The film in which she appears however has a strong claim to the title of the worst picture of the month. It is a dim story of a lady of light virtue and a train wreck in Kansas and a hick school teacher and varied implausible complications.

Despite the presence of Adolphe Menjou and Helen Chandler in the cast, this picture is distinguished by as undistinguished an exhibition of acting as the long suffering audience of this nation are likely to endure.

In the heyday of silent pictures, Mr. Menjou was a star of the first magnitude. Since sound was added to films, that star has been declining. It is to be hoped that Mr. Menjou's languid interpretation of a boulevardier in this item marks the end of his descent. Miss Chandler as a wistful small-town girl is as effective as anyone, which is small praise. Harvey Stephens as the school teacher is dismally miscast. So is the director.

Sore Spots: A school class reciting in unison, after the fashion of 1870 . . . The unmuscular figure of Mr. Menjou on a rubbing table . . . Innumerable close-ups, showing Miss Hume's face forever wearing the same expression.

## White Woman—C

Directed by Stuart Walker. Released by Paramount

A SHOPWORN drama sets forth, once again, the dire things that the tropics do to the souls of men. It might just as well have been shot by Biograph in 1910. It looks like that and, thanks to the advance of cinema science, it sounds worse.

"White Woman" is Charles Laughton's farewell to films, prior to his return for a while to the stage in England. It will make you miss him a little less. Mr. Laughton plays a fat tarantula of the rubber trade in a comic cockney make-up. It is not the best of his characterizations.

All the reliable old situations, which really are no longer so reliable, appear in "White Woman." Carole Lombard is the unhappy wife of the rubber trader, thrust into the company of assorted scoundrels at the tropic trading post. Kent Taylor is the sin-scored hero whom she redeems. Miss Lombard seems to be suffering bravely from facial neuralgia throughout the film and Mr. Taylor is scarcely more impressive.



## What's to Eat in Hollywood

(Continued from page 66)

celery fiend. All during the filming of a picture, her favorite prop boy keeps a supply of crisp celery constantly on hand.

A Gaynor sandwich, named after Janet herself, is made of cream cheese, with a dash of horseradish.

Bob Montgomery's favorite sandwich, incidentally named after the star, is an open sandwich consisting of four oblong pieces of toast. One is topped with egg salad; another with the white meat of chicken; still another with cream cheese, topped with currant jelly; and the fourth with thinly sliced tongue.

In the center, serve a mound of fruit salad in aspic.

Low Ayres puts plenty of sugar on herring and swears this is the best way to eat it.

Paul Muni eats oodles of sour cream. He mixes it with chopped onions, pickles, and radishes, and eats the result with a dessert spoon.

When George Raft is in training for a dancing part, he has nothing but chocolate malted milks.

Three times a day, Ruth Chatterton has a glass of hot milk and yeast.

A Boles cocktail, a la John Boles, is half and half clam and tomato juice, with a dash of Worcestershire sauce.

## Hollywood Younger Set

(Continued from page 18)

and a few others in the gang, sailing on his new seventy-six-foot schooner. Last Sunday afternoon, Schoedsack said to his hard-boiled Irish captain:

"Did you know all these kids are in the movies?"

"No—zat right—well, I don't go to the movies much." And the subject was promptly dropped. The following Sunday, when all the young stars came down to the boat, they greeted the skipper with the usual cheery: "Hi, Cap"—but they didn't receive the usual happy response. Instead, the captain leered at them. He was, plainly, very angry.

"What's wrong, Skipper?" inquired Tom, good-naturedly. "Did your girl leave you?"

"Say, listen! I t'ought youse guys wus actors in the movies."

"Well, we are," said Helen, somewhat surprised, "at least, that's what we thought"

"Oh, yeah! Well, don't give me none o' that, see—'cause las' nite I went to a movie jus' to see—and NOT A ONE OF YEZ WUS IN IT."

The captain was in earnest, too.

(Please turn to page 92)

# Take Care... Colds-Susceptible!

An eminent physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect in treating the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under control.

In thousands of clinical tests, under medical supervision, Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds has greatly reduced the *number* and *duration* of colds—has cut their *dangers* and *expense*. The Plan provides proper care and medication, at the proper time and place, for different types and stages of colds. (Full details in each Vicks package.)



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Heed that first warning sneeze, sniffle or nasal irritation. Quick! ... Apply the new aid in *preventing* colds, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. Gently, they stimulate the functions which Nature has provided—in the nose—to throw off threatening infection.

### If a Cold STRIKES ... VICKS VAPORUB

If a cold has developed, massage throat and chest at bedtime with VapoRub. Acting through the skin, like a poultice, VapoRub "draws out" tightness and soreness. All night long, too, its medicated vapors carry soothing relief *direct* to irritated air-passages.

### VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

## Winter Time is "Vitality" Time For Fruit in the Diet

For health and well-being, fruit is an important part of the diet during these late winter months when vitality is apt to run low. Fruit is full of vitamins and minerals that you and your children need for health. Send today for the

food circular "Fruit Recipes" which gives you a variety of new and unusual ways to use fruit. Ten cents a copy. Address Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



# COLDS

## Go Overnight

*When You Take This Famous Tablet in Time*

**B**EWARE the cold that hangs on. It may end in something serious. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an internal infection—and you will get results overnight.

Never let a cold go 24 hours untreated. At the first sign of a cold, take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. This famous tablet stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

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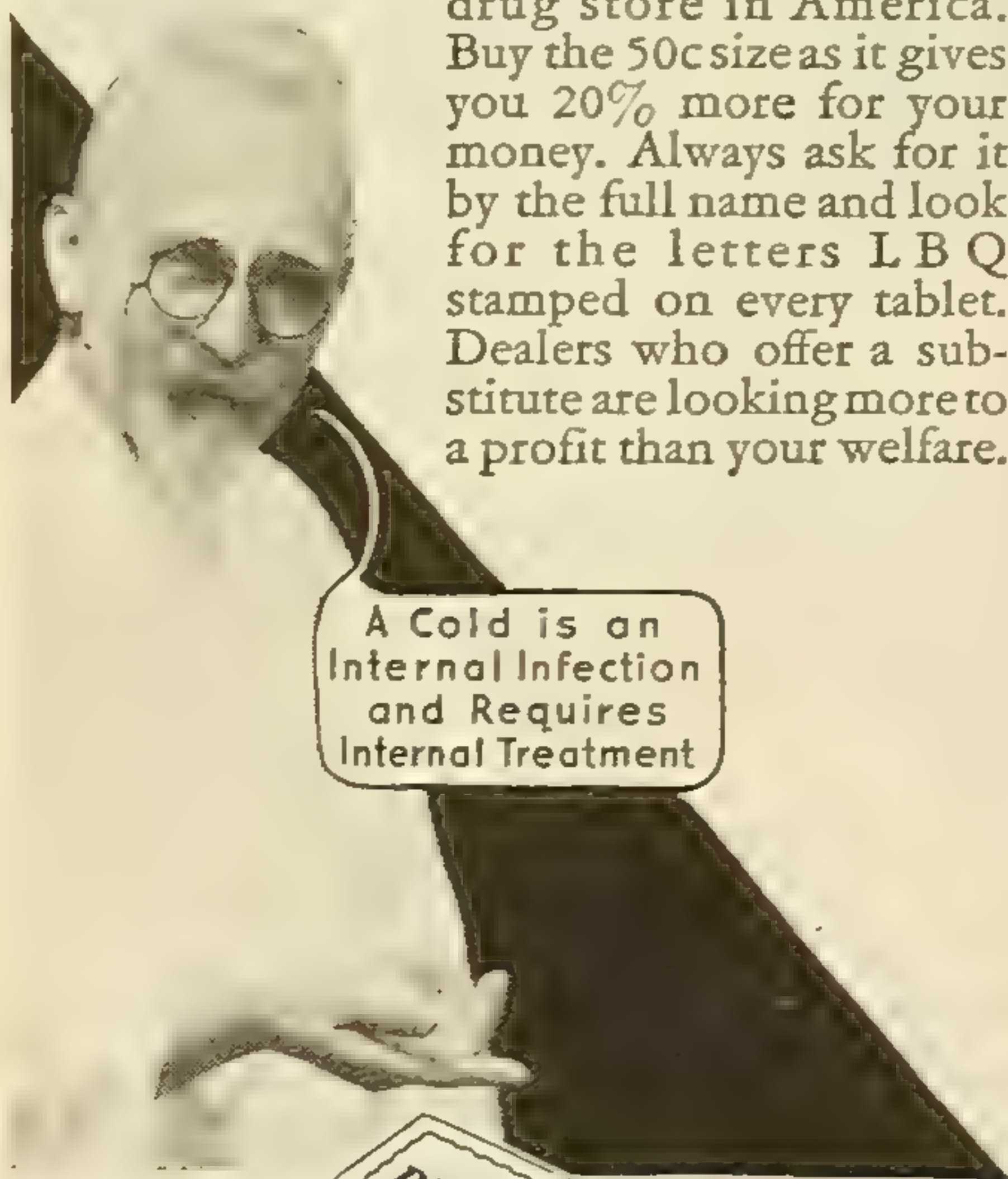
First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and gripe tablet of the world.

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Dealers who offer a substitute are looking more to a profit than your welfare.



## GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

# Hollywood Younger Set

(Continued from page 91)

**J**UNIOR DURKIN swears this is true, so don't blame me. The script of Junior's picture called for him to fall off a horse and lie in the sand (supposedly injured) until someone comes to his rescue. It was about the fourteenth time the scene had been shot this particular day, and Junior was just about as black as he was blue, when he suddenly felt a tickling sensation in his right ear. An ant, no less! The entire company stopped work while the director tried, in vain, to catch the dizzy ant with the corner of his handkerchief. But no soap—or rather, no ant. One of the extras, struck by a bright idea—(sure, "extras" have ideas)—tore over to a nearby cafe (they were on location), secured a bowl of sugar, and while Junior lay on the ground, the director sprinkled little grains of sugar around the edge of the actor's ear. This was too much. The insect's sweet-tooth got the better of her.

(P.S. The ant later died.)

**G**EORGE WHITE, who was brought out here by Fox to produce the "Scandals," in picture form, claims that seventeen-year old Dix Dunbar—that belle from "Gawja," will be another Ann Pennington. The dancing Dixie was discovered in a New York cabaret and brought to the Coast to play second lead to Lilian Harvey. She's plenty cute, so don't miss her.

**T**AKE a tip! The next time you write to your favorite star asking for a picture, don't be foolish enough to do as one group of girls did by sending one post-card with four names signed, and asking for four pictures. It makes the guys and gals out here pretty sore.

**J**ESSE LASKY hired two hundred honest-to-goodness college men and debutantes for his picture "Coming Out Party"—as well as a society author from New York as Technical Director, so that everything would be just right. They almost ruined a scene or two by chewing gum and looking into the camera, but everybody had a swell time. All the new young actors were very fond of John Blystone, the director, and his brother assistant, and also Mr. Hartwig, the dialogue director—all of whom treated them with genuine good will. It's funny—or maybe it isn't—that the people in Hollywood who really mean something are genteel, level-headed and cooperative.

**T**HE production activities on "Dark Sunlight" suspended for two days, while Jean Parker nursed a couple of swollen eyes infected by make-up.

"Jean," asked Mr. Lewis, the producer. "How soon do you think you will be able to work again? We should finish the picture this week."

"Well, Mr. Lewis, I'm tired of sitting around waiting, so I'll tell you what—if we can come to terms, I'll be a stand-in for Ann May Wong."

**A** THIRTEEN year old girl was singing and dancing away for all she was worth, on a community house stage in Kansas City, one night four years ago. After the show, she went up to Randy Rogers, then with the Paramount School of Acting.

"I want to go into the movies. How do I get in, Mr. Rogers?"

That was probably only the hundredth time Mr. Rogers had heard that question that week.

"The best thing to do is take your banjo and your mother to Hollywood the first opportunity you get," and with those words of wisdom, the question was dismissed from his mind.

One day, three years later, Mr. Randy Rogers was busying himself on the set of a picture over at Fox, when someone tapped him on the shoulder. He quickly turned around to find standing there the little gal from Kansas City.

"Here I am!—How do I get into the movies?"

When he recovered from his shock, he told her that the only way she could do now was to get a job in a local cabaret, singing and dancing, and hope that some producer would see her. Again she was dismissed from his mind. The next time Mr. Rogers saw this little straggly-haired country girl, it was six months later—completely transformed in actions, appearance and make-up, to a young lady of Hollywood. She had secured the night club position—been spotted by a studio producer—given a screen test and placed in the picture—"My Weakness." Her name is Dixie Frances. Now watch her climb!

**M**UST have a little romance in these columns, I am told, so here goes on the latest: It's Patricia Ellis and Howard Wilson (R.K.O. contract player); William Janney and Jacqueline Wells; Richard Cromwell and Katherine DeMille; Tom Brown and Anita Louise—and well—I think Paula Stone is a pretty swell girl!

## BRIGHTEN YOUR MID-SEASON WARDROBE

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Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for any one circular, 10 cents for three circulars, or 15 cents for all eight. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the number given in the accompanying descriptions.



## New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 17)

time out to present her startled spouse with a new edition. And you just know the effect of baby fingers on any man, no matter how stubborn.

Direction by George Marshall.

### Wonder Bar (Warner's)

AL JOLSON, tearing your heart out again with that good old tear behind the smile . . . the sob in the throat of a song. It's lovely hokum. And one of the most gorgeous sets we have seen in many a moon.

Jolson is proprietor and head entertainer in the spectacular gold and ivory Wonder Bar, a Paris night club.

Al is hopelessly in love with a dancer in his place, Dolores Del Rio, who is hopelessly in love with her partner, Ricardo Cortez, who is hopeless . . . no, that's another story. Ric is playing around with Kay Francis, wife of a prominent banker, who has foolishly given the dancing man a diamond chain. Her husband misses it and, being more or less normal, gets suspicious.

Frantically, Kay tries to get it back, but Ric . . . the nasty mans! . . . has sold it to Al for enough money to scam to the United States. And is Al ever-glad he's going? Now, he thinks, the coast will be clear for him to win the dancer's heart.

There is a knock-em-down drag-em-out Apache dance in which Ricardo treats his lady friend (Dolores) so rough that she sort of resents it. She decides to teach him a lesson and, at the close of the number, stabs him so thoroughly that, heh, that's all there is . . . there isn't any more!

Al figures out a scheme to save her from paying for the crime, but, by the time he gets back from disposing of the body, Dolores has run into an old sweetheart from America and they're getting along fine. So-oo-o, there's nothing for him to do but go into his theme song. And here is where you reach for the Christmas hankie Aunt Emma sent from Dubuque.

Dick Powell, who has just signed a brand-new high-figure contract with Warners', plays the American sweetheart.

Karl Farkas and Geza Herczeg wrote the play and Lloyd Bacon directs.

### I Like It That Way (Universal)

SO far, we haven't been able to discover Who Liked What How. But, titles being what they are, we've decided not to let it worry us. Unless, of course, there comes a day when we're all caught up with our other worrying . . .

The play itself is what really counts, anyhow, and in this one, Roger Pryor, comedian of "Moonlight and Pretzels," is a fast-talking salesman who high-pressures himself into the hearts of beaucoup fair ladies, until . . . aha, there's always one! . . . he meets up with Gloria Stuart, who works in a night club, only—mind you, to get money for an operation on her blind brother. Tck, tck. . . .

(Please turn to page 94)

## Three Steps to



## Loveliness

## Blue Waltz

... choose first the powder, petal-soft and silken-smooth—this to flatter and to protect your skin . . . next a touch of lipstick to make the lips warm and luscious . . . and last, the precious fragrance of the perfume—delicate and alluring—so that forever your loveliness is a haunting memory . . . try these three steps to loveliness and quickly attain that harmony of effect, that glamorous look, which is your natural right—men will admire you, women envy you, when you use Blue Waltz Beauty Aids. Each only 10c at your nearest 5 and 10c store.



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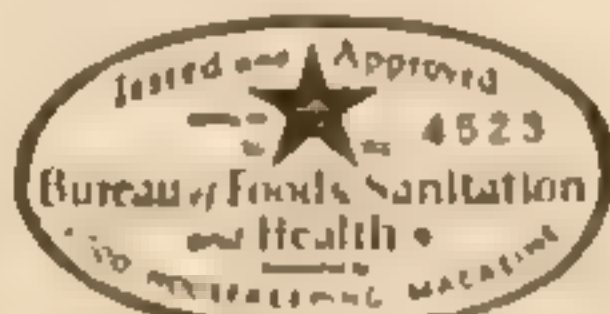
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# New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 93)

Roger doesn't know this, believing her to be the sort of gal you can take home to mother, providing mother is home herself.

When he discovers the horrible double life Gloria is leading, it's just too mortifyin'.

In trying to protect Roger's sister, Marian Marsh, from the oily clutches of Noel Madison, the night club owner, Gloria gets herself in worse than ever. For a long while, it looks as though love's young dream is destined to be just another nightmare. But Marian comes to the misunderstood lady's defense on one side, the blind brother dashes up on the other, and Roger is made to see that Gloria is pure as the lily and really worthy of a good man's love.

Do you like it that way?

Harry Sauber wrote the story and Harry Lachman directs.

### No More Women (Paramount)

WHAT! No women?

Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe are at it again. This time, they are deep sea divers, working for rival companies and, as usual, Eddie has the best of things until he accidentally knocks Victor out of a scenic railway car just as it reaches the highest part of the ride, directly over the ocean. To get even with his rival, Vic lets the world in general, believe that he has been drowned and is tickled to death when Eddie is arrested for murder.

A big job comes up—\$2,000,000 at the bottom of the sea—but, with Eddie in jail and Vic playing at corpus delicti, it looks like curtains for the crew of the Pelican.

Duty triumphs. The show must go on. Loyalty to his job overcomes hatred for the pesky Eddie, so Victor comes "back to life," gets Eddie out of jail, and, together, they go out to give their all for dear old Pelican.

And don't let the title fool you. No More Women, my hat! Sally Blane is the gal over whom the two boys battle so consistently, and Minna Gombell is the dame who holds life insurance policies on practically the entire fleet. And how she stands around waiting for wrecks!

Albert Rogell directs the tough guys in this tale by Delmar Daves and Grant Leenhouts.

### Journal of Crime (Warner's)

RUTH CHATTERTON murders her husband's lover, stops long enough to drop the smoking gun in a pail of water and scrams for home, with nobody in a crowded theater being the wiser.

Neat, eh? And practical. A lot of husbands would have a lot less girl friends if a lot more wives could get away with what Ruth does in this play by Jacques Deval.

She confesses to husband Adolphe Menjou and he begs her to give herself up to the police and clear her conscience. But Ruth says "No!" And, after all, why should she?

The police have searched the theater and found an escaped murderer hiding in the flies, of all places. Naturally,

they suspect him of committing the murder and, as long as he's up for one crime, what matter if he takes the responsibility of the other?

However, Menjou insists that Ruth come to the fore with a complete confession. She is just about of a mind to do so when she visits the condemned man in his cell. The murderer, Noel Madison, convinces her that it would be silly and useless. He has to die anyhow. Why need they both sacrifice their lives?

Just before losing his head, permanently, on the French guillotine, Noel confesses falsely to murdering the other woman. At this, Ruth breaks.

Hurrying down to tell all to the police, she is struck by a car and comes out of the hospital, her mind a blank. Convenient, no less. Direction by William Keighley.

### Hold That Girl (Fox)

HAMILTON MACFADDEN directed this rapid-fire comedy thriller by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti.

The story is so full of action that just watching them shoot a few scenes left me weak and exhausted.

Jimmy Dunn, a fast-talking detective, falls in love with Claire Trevor, a lady reporter who gets places and corners scoops by hopping convenient running boards, trucks, limousines... anything going in the general direction of news.

Cornered by a maniac, Claire writes a message in lipstick on her step-ins and tosses 'em out the window. Jimmy finds the cute whatcha-ma-call-ems and dashes to her rescue.

After saving her, he has to dash off to raid a fan dance. Claire wants to go along, but Jimmy puts thumbs down on the idea. So, the little gal grabs a fan and joins the ladies of the ensemble, just in time to be hauled off to the hoosegow. And Jimmy, the meanie! makes her pay her own fine.

They get tangled up with gangsters and Claire is being taken for a ride because of what she knows.

For a smart newspaper woman, the lady manages to get into more trouble than a Hibernian at a Kosher picnic. With our Jimmy always roaring to the rescue.

In fact, he becomes so indispensable to her that Claire decides to marry him so he'll always be around in case of emergency.

Fast work. And should have plenty of laughs.

### Gambling Lady (Warner's)

BARBARA STANWYCK, daughter of an honest gambler, takes up her father's profession after he has killed himself rather than stack the cards when a tough gambling syndicate commands him to do so.

She falls in love with Joel McCrea and, after assuring himself that she is really the fine, honest girl she seems, Joe decides to take a long chance and marry her.

Right there, trouble starts. Claire Dodd, who had hoped to marry Joel herself, makes disparaging remarks about the bride's gambling past. Barbara is hurt... have you ever seen



# New Films in the Making

a picture where Barbara wasn't hurt? but takes it big and suggests that Claire might like to see how it's done.

Before the evening is over, our Nell has won all of the unpleasant lady's jewels. And serves her right, don't you think?

Stanwyck's intentions are honorable and she really intends returning the stuff, but, before she can get around to it, she learns that Pat O'Brien, an old friend of her father's, is cooling his heels in the local jail house because he can't get anybody to bail him out.

Joel angrily refuses to advance the bail, being just about convinced that he's made a bad bargain. So, Stanwyck hocks the jewels and does her one good deed for the day.

Complications set in but, true to the usual code, the story ends happily for everybody but Claire and poor loyal Pat.

Archie Mayo directs this original by Doris Malloy.

## Six of a Kind (Paramount)

IF this isn't the funniest picture you ever saw, we'll play Post Office with Frankenstein!

The story is loaded with hokum . . . switched suitcases, harum-scarum chases, cross country . . . most of the old stand-bys and a lot of new ones. But, I'm telling you . . . it's some fun.

Charlie Ruggles and his wife, Mary Boland celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary by taking a motor trip. To cut down expenses, Mary advertises for a young couple to travel with them, and who should pop around but George Burns and Gracie Allen! You just know this particular anniversary is going to be one Charlie won't forget.

Charlie has mapped out his course to the minutest detail. So what? Every time he starts to turn right, Gracie tells him just why he'd do much better to turn left. And vice versa. Ad infinitum. Ad nauseum.

Where they wanted to spend their anniversary doesn't mean a thing. Gracie drives from the back seat and Charlie, to preserve his sanity, goes where she says. And likes it.

Sheriff - Constable - Justice of the Peace W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth add hilariously to the fun. There's an insolvent gold mine, \$50,000 worth of absconded bank funds, and more general whoop-de-dah than you've seen in years.

The story, by Keen Thompson, is handled by that ace comedy director, Leo McCarey.

## Laughing Boy (M-G-M)

SHELVED for so long for want of the right person to fill the title role, this novel, by Oliver LaFarge, is finally seeing the light of day, with none other than our own Ramon Novarro in the title spot.

A beautifully picturesque production, "Laughing Boy," tells the story of a Navajo maiden, torn between the American customs she has learned and the traditions of her own people.

Lupe Velez, as Slim Girl, loves Ramon. But, because she is known to

(Please turn to page 96)



THAT'S right! You can make your own patterns from this new diagram method and get six or more diagram patterns in each 15c circular.

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### ☐ PRACTICAL GIFTS

Patterns for book cover . . . tobacco pouch . . . pajama bag . . . silk shorts . . . gingham apron and bag . . . patchwork table doilies. (No set.)

### ☐ PATTERNS FOR TOYS AND DOLL'S WARDROBE

Patterns for five smart garments for the doll's wardrobe . . . rag doll . . . cloth duck . . . jelly bean bag . . . toy furniture . . . doll's play suit. (De set.)

### ☐ PEASANT NEEDLEWORK

Patterns for Italian drawn work table cloth and napkins . . . Mexican table linen designs . . . Czech-Slovakian table doilies . . . the famous French Apple chicken in cross-stitch . . . Russian embroidery . . . embroidery, crochet and drawn work stitches. (Se set.)

### ☐ NEW LINGERIE

Patterns for smartly tailored combination suit . . . wrap-around petticoat . . . form-fitting slip . . . diagonal and straight bandeaux . . . nealiquée jacket . . . shorts . . . broad-shouldered nightgown. (Ap set.)

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# New Films in the Making

(Continued from page 95)

his people as a bad girl who has done the "worst thing" for American men and their money, he tries desperately to avoid her. But, a love that cannot be denied draws them together.

He offers marriage and honest affection, but, with whisky and candy, Lupe does him wrong, knowing full well that Ramon (and Will Hays) will make an honest woman of her in the morning.

And so . . . they are married. The hard, brutal life of the Navajo tells on Lupe. She begins to fade and, desirous of holding her man, goes into town and plans a return engagement with her American boy friend for the sole purpose of obtaining the wampum she thinks necessary to buy beads and beauty.

Ramon follows and finds her in a compromising position. There is but one thing to do. Taking his bow and arrow, he draws a neat bead on the little woman. What happens after that is for me to know and you to find out, you curious rascals.

W. S. Van Dyke will make the most of directorial possibilities.

### Rip Tide (M-G-M)

**A**TYPICAL Norma Shearer vehicle; a risqué to a delightful point and carrying plenty of emotional possibilities.

Norma and Lilyan Tashman are sisters. Lilyan is the faster of the two, but Norma manages to get around a bit with no knees skinned until she meets Herbert Marshall. And there, kiddies, is the banana peel on the broad highway.

Giving all for Love, and the world well lost, she spends the night with him, without benefit of clergy. In the morning (Mr. Hays still on the job!) they are married and leave for Herb's home in England.

The change in climate apparently changes friend husband into a stuffed shirt. He goes around resenting Norma's *joie de vivre* and, while she still loves him, it's a pretty unpleasant how've-you-been.

While Herb is away, as he often is, Norma runs into Bob Montgomery, an old b.f. from the States. Glad to see a friendly face, Norma agrees that they should go on a binge to celebrate their purely platonic reunion.

They do. And how!

Herb hears of the caper and believes the worst. "Don't forget," he cracks nastily, "you weren't so virtuous the night we met!"

Nice talk. He also states that he is going to divorce her without further ado and Norma, in despair, figures she may as well have the game along with the name. Touchdown for Montgomery.

Now that she's actually gone and done it, Herb begins to see things in a different light. Ah, husbands!

They are eventually reunited and all ends happily . . . or nearly so.

Charles MacArthur wrote this especially for Miss Shearer and it fits the lady like her super-colossal evening gowns. Edmund Goulding directs.

Take a hankie and leave the kids to do their home work.

### Mystery of the Dead Police (M-G-M)

**S**OMEBODY'S getting brave and venturing off the beaten path marked off for all mystery thrillers.

There is a mysterious gent, known to the world as simply "X," who goes around polishing off policemen, leaving everything except his name and address in the way of clues, and still all of Scotland Yard can't lay a finger on him.

Always, the villain turns out to be the hero, the heroine, the priest around the corner, or the poor blind cripple who has two wooden legs and both arms in a sling. Somebody like that who just couldn't have committed such atrocities.

But this time you're going to be fooled, my friend. For when Robert Montgomery finally corrals the fiend . . . it isn't Elizabeth Allan; nor Lewis Stone, her father; nor Ralph Forbes her fiancé. It isn't even Bob Montgomery, himself. In fact, it's nobody you ever heard of! And how they get away with such a business is the real mystery of the piece.

Bob Montgomery is a gentleman crook who steals diamonds and turns them over for the reward. But, don't be misled. He is really a good fellow at heart. Just minding his own business and even helping the London bobbies mind theirs.

He is in love with Elizabeth Allan, and when her father, Lewis Stone, head of Scotland Yard, is getting grayer by the hour over not being able to sneak up on this "X" person, Bob gallantly takes it on himself to do some plain and fancy sleuthing.

If you like hair-raising mysteries, get a load of this one. It's different.

From the novel by Philip MacDonald. Directed by Edgar Selwyn.

### Bolero (Paramount)

**T**HIS is the tale of a dancing man who climbed to success on the broken hearts of his feminine partners.

Supposed to have been taken from the life of the world famous Maurice, whose terpsichorean prowess placed him practically among the immortals, Bolero takes you through every dance creation, from the late 19th century, up to date.

No one has a better right to the role than George Raft, who has shaken a mean heel in a good many places. And, if you've been around at all, I shouldn't have to tell you.

George loves his women . . . and leaves them. Uses them just so long as they are of advantage to him . . . tosses them overboard like a sucked lemon when their period of usefulness is past.

He does meet up with one who gives him a generous sample of his own medicine, but not before he has broken hearts a-plenty.

Sally Rand's fan dance is a feature of the production and Raft's interpretation of the bolero should catch your jaded fancy, as well.

Carole Lombard, Frances Drake and Sally, herself, are among the ladies of George's emotional ensemble.

Story by Carey Wilson and Kubec Glasmon.



# New Films in the Making

## Cross Country Cruise (Universal)

**D**IDN'T I tell you? You're being taken for a ride these days. And let these bad examples be a lesson to drivers who leave their buses lying around, alone and unprotected, positively duck soup for fleeing criminals who just step inside, kick the starter, and scam into the night, usually bearing the kicking, screaming heroine with them.

Alan Dinehart, married, but in love with June Knight, kills his wife in the sporting goods section of a department store and props her up in the front window of the store in place of a display dummy.

When the police catch up with him and it begins to look like curtains, he gallantly places the blame on his surprised girl friend. But this doesn't work, either, when Lew Ayres, also in love with June, shows him up as a prevaricating so-and-so.

It is then that the villain grabs the proud beauty, tosses her into the empty bus, and away they go . . . forty miles an hour, with nobody able to catch them but the airplane cops.

It's a wild chase, but, don't you worry . . . we always get our man! And Lew gets June, too. That being that.

Elmer Harris and Stanley Raugh wrote the story which Eddie Buzzell directs.

The cast includes Alice White, Minna Gombell, Eugene Palette, Robert McWade, Henry Armetta, and others.

## Trouble Shooter (United Artists)

**O**PERATOR . . . Line out of order? . . . Just a moment . . . we'll send Spencer Tracy right out to take care of it. . . .

In this original story by J. R. Bren and Leonard Praskins, Tracy plays the part of a tough but honest lineman, in love with Constance Cummings, a telephone operator—and a mighty pretty one she is, too.

Like most "hello" girls, Constance believes in dishing out a few "wrong numbers" before breaking down and coming through with the dope that Spencer is the fondest guy she's of. So, for the good of the cause, she steps out with Dan Sutter, Tracy's crooked assistant, who don't mean right by our little Nell and offers the gal \$2,000 and a week-end in Mexico to prove it.

Tracy discovers that Sutter is tapping lines for stock market information, and the trouble really starts shooting in all directions.

Sutter is murdered and Spence gallops off to Long Beach on the trail of a hot clue.

The murderer won't talk, eh? until the L.B. earthquake sneaks up on them and then, crushed by a falling wall, tells all, thereby exonerating Constance, who has been under suspicion on account of the \$2,000 check, made out to her and found on the body.

It's a happy ending, and Director William Wellman makes the most of a good story and a swell cast that includes Jack Oakie.

LOOK AT SCOTT MISS JONES! HERE IT IS FIVE O'CLOCK, AND YOU'VE NOT FINISHED THOSE LETTERS YET!

POOR SALLY! IT ONLY TAKES 10 MINUTES TO

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AT SPEED SHE'D NOT BE LUCKY WITH A LOT OF OILING AT THIS TIME!



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## "I Reduced My Hips Four Inches in Four Weeks"



"This is the first testimonial I have ever written, but I have had such wonderful results from using the Hemp Bodi-Massager that I feel I should express my thanks. I purchased the massager four weeks ago, and in that time I have reduced my hips four inches and my waist-line two and a half inches. In fact I have had to have all my clothes altered, and what a thrill to see the inches come off! With best wishes for the success of the Bodi-Massager."

(Signed) Mrs. R. R.—56th St., N. Y. City.

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## TAKE A WINTER VACATION FROM MENU PLANNING

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# I Call Dad Pete

(Continued from page 78)

and explained my quandary, and together we went into the silence. Then I pointed out that I couldn't very well call him Douglas, or even Doug, because I might be accused of talking to myself, a habit which would ill become me because it presumes that one has money in the bank! Finally I asked him who he would prefer to be if he weren't himself, or rather, what name he would chose if he weren't Douglas. The only name he could think of was Pete. So Pete he became—Pete he remains—and to me, always, he'll be Pete.

There was a problem about my name, too. He respected my abhorrence for the title "Junior." To me there's something that's "always belittlin'" in being called "Junior." It offends what I please to call my pride and dignity. It smacks of subservience and immaturity. A "Junior" is always, quite slightly, "the boy." He couldn't call me by my given name for the same reason that his own was taboo with me. But finally a way was devised for me to retain my individuality. Pete took the abbreviation of the despised Junior—Jr.—and pronounced "Jayar"—it is my nickname. Thus in finding each other we have lost our names—at least, our identities!

Our "Collaboration on Life" has already yielded important dividends. Contemplating our trip abroad, we planned starts for many places, but we ended in London. There we encountered Alexander Korda, who was associated with United Artists and had produced that great picture, "Henry VIII," with Charles Laughton as the merry monarch. He told us a tale that extolled the virtues of England as a

spot to make movies, and his argument stressed the point that conditions were such as to make possible for my father that professional freedom which made the first years of United Artists so impressive.

"Pete" told his story, and "Jayar" told his. Between us three it was decided that the thing to do was to form a subsidiary of United Artists to produce pictures abroad free from the complications of Big Business. The move, as we see it, is fraught with great possibilities, among which is the opportunity to increase the international aspect, and the world-wide popularity of the motion picture by appealing to all nations. The arrangement gives the actor his share of responsibility and reward—if any. If he succeeds he may pat himself on the back. If he fails he may kick his own pants without even an attempt to blame supervisors and kindred gentry.

The "collaboration" thus far has proved highly successful in a business way, and ideal for personal living.

So far as our work is concerned, we are carrying out our own noble experiment, doing the things we wish to do, and working sincerely, seriously for success. Our enthusiasm has to be mutual and cooperative. We have to mean a great deal to each other or else—or else—well there is always the South Seas.

I have no intention of losing the friend just found. We are important, indispensable to each other. So here, perhaps, is the answer to that query as to "What My Father Has Meant to Me." The response is—"Nothing—and Everything!"

## Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 12)

a new one according to numerology.

Janet Gaynor's stand-in for "Carolina" is Mary Jane Irving. Remember her? She was a child star when Janet was playing extra parts, and has grown up to be a very pretty young lady. Perhaps she will be able to make a comeback although Madge Evans is the one outstanding example of a child actress who managed to grow up and attain stardom.

There are two small boys in "Carolina" who play Janet's brothers. Janet wanted to feel that the boys knew her and that she knew them so she took them home with her and kept them for a week before work started on the picture.

Janet was reading "One More Spring" on the set and said she had read up to the last chapter and was saving that. "I can't bear to finish it," she said. "It's so grand!"

the author to his wife and has a grand introduction by Mr. Rogers.

We have our intellectuals, too. Some months ago Elissa Landi told a newspaper reporter that she would like very much to meet H. L. Mencken and Ernest Boyd. When she arrived in New York recently for a vacation she received a telephone call from a strange woman. "Did you mean what you said; that you wished to meet Mr. Mencken and Mr. Boyd?" the voice asked. Elissa confessed it was one of her greatest wishes. Whereupon she was invited to dinner—a very small dinner—to meet them. "I had just as good a time as I had hoped I would," Elissa said. "We went to the Philharmonic afterwards and it was altogether delightful. After this if I wish for anything very much, I'm going to tell it to a reporter."

...

**ARTHUR COLLINS**, a director at Warner Brothers, learned some news from a reporter recently. He picked up his morning paper and read that he was to direct Richard Barthelmess. It was a surprise to him but he was panicky for fear the studio officials would think he

IT'S hard to imagine Will Rogers I reading any book, but he admits that his favorite is Charles Marion Russell's "Good Medicine," which was published after Russell's death by his wife, Nancy Russell. It is a compilation of illustrated love letters from



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## Hollywood Day by Day

had put it in the paper. He rushed to the studio and into Production Manager Wallis' office.

"I didn't put that in the paper," he explained to Mr. Wallis.

"Well, I did," Mr. Wallis told him. "It's true."

...

ALL Hollywood goes to Palm Springs during the season to take sun baths. Or to watch other people take sun baths. Of course there's always sunshine in Hollywood but during the winter season they have a different brand of sun in Palm Springs. The principal difference is in the price. Not the price of the sun but of the hotels. And, since the prices are high everyone seems to feel the need of going there. Or, maybe it's the other way around, but as Al Jolson says, "the more it costs the better they like it" and I presume he was referring to the hotel rates.

At one hotel, where Jimmy Durante always stays, I understand they have put in the third new piano because Jimmy put the other two out of commission. Whenever Jimmy is around people ask him to play, and did you ever see Jimmy at a piano? Although he can play beautifully, when he starts clowning nothing is safe.

Anna Sten was down there but left after two days because "it was too crowded." With her two beautiful Russian wolf-hounds she attracted too much attention for comfort.

Tala Birell said the same thing and left after a couple of days. Tala had just finished a picture, "Let's Fall in Love" for Columbia. Harriett Lake, who is now officially Ann Sothern, played the leading role. Tala, after a year at Universal, during which time she learned to speak English and made only one picture, said she was happy to play a supporting role.

Harriett Lake told me the company had written to Julia Marlowe-Sothern in Switzerland, asking her permission to change Miss Lake's name to Sothern, and had received a charming reply. Miss Marlowe not only gave her permission but also wished Harriett a lot of luck.

Genevieve Tobin and her sister Vivienne spent several weeks at La Quinta, which is even deeper in the desert than Palm Springs, and only came into Hollywood in time to enter Genevieve's dogs in the show where three of them won ribbons. Beau Geste, her pride and joy, was not entered because he had lost a tooth in a fight with another dog. Afterward Genevieve was told that she could have entered him and said the lost tooth was an honorable scar  
(Please turn to page 100)



## A NEW TYPE EYEBROW PENCIL *with a delicate tone*

THE MAKERS of Winox mascara—America's foremost authorities on eye make-up—have just brought out a NEW-type eyebrow pencil.

This pencil has a *delicate* tone... and, therefore, gives just the right, delicate, gossamer touch to eyebrows. It never looks coarse or smeary or spotty—as so many pencils do.

Just *touch* it to your brows (you needn't press it)... and watch how it transforms even skimpy eyebrows to a soft, rich line.

The Winox Pencil is new... but already it has made a hit in New York and Hollywood. Women who use Liquid Winox or Cake Winox doubly welcome this new Winox product as a true help to eye beauty.

Only 10¢—at all good 5 and 10 stores.

**WINX**

**EYEBROW PENCIL**



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Fashion insists that your new hair dress include those flattering ringleets and soft curls so smartly feminine. And they're not at all difficult with these new Sta-Rite pins. Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Do try them—they make ordinary bob pins seem needlessly clumsy. Ten cents at your favorite store or beauty shop—in black, brown, blonde or gray. Or send 10 cents for trial package. (State Color).

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Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....  
Color of your hair? .....

## Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 99)

won in a fight with a badger.

Genevieve was not at all talkative about her engagement to Felix Chapellet and "begged the privilege" of keeping her personal affairs to herself. But she did rush to the hospital to see him after he was hurt in an accident which occurred while he was en route to visit her.

The Bing Crosbys and Dick Arlens have solved their desert problems by taking a house large enough for the two families, babies, guests and all. It has often been said that no house is large enough for two families but this one seems to be.

"We never have the feeling that there are two families here," Dick told me. "We never plan to come down. Sometimes Bing decides in the middle of the night to come down and he packs up and comes. If we are here or if we happen to arrive while they are here, there is room enough for all of us."

There is a nursery large enough for both babies, "but they are on different feeding schedules now," Dixie told me.

"One reason it is easy to have a lot of people down here not interfering with each other," Dick continued, "is because there are so many things to do. Some of us are playing golf while others are playing tennis, or swimming or bicycling. We never interfere with each other. And the sleeping rooms are in a distant wing of the house, so if Bing decides to sing when someone else is trying to sleep, he doesn't disturb them," Dixie Crosby put in.

Then I made a discovery which I suppose everyone else knows about and that is that Dixie can imitate Bing's singing and all of his little trills and whistles so that you would swear it was Bing.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent took a house for a month and kept very much to themselves. George is still holding out against Warner Brothers for better roles and is still under suspension and off salary. He contends that every time he was offered a grand part by some other company, the Warners said they needed him. And he doesn't think the parts they have given him to do were worth turning down the lead opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Trigger," which was one role offered him.

• • •

**A**NOTHER remarkable example of a big business was when Charles R. Rogers wanted to borrow William Gargan from the RKO studio to play a role in "Baby in the Ice Box" (and thank goodness they are going to change that title). Everything was set, the contracts ready to sign when all negotiations were called off be-

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Cushioned Powder Puffs  
They apply face powder more becomingly because they are cushioned

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## Hollywood Day by Day

cause it couldn't be decided just which of the RKO executives had the right to loan a player. The deal fell through and the role fell to Robert Armstrong.

Can you imagine the well-dressed Adolphe Menjou lying on the floor, even for a scene in a picture? Neither could Mr. Menjou and when the director asked him to make the scene he refused. "I'm not going to get down on the dirty floor," he said, brushing off his immaculate sleeve. And, incidentally, it was Menjou's suit, for he always furnishes his own clothes for his pictures. But the director was firm.

"Listen!" he shouted. "I've had just enough. Get down on the floor!"

And you'll see Menjou on the floor in the picture.

Ricardo Cortez had several arguments with his director, John Francis Dillon when "The Big Shakedown" was being filmed. Finally Ric turned to Mr. Dillon, after a heated argument and said: "Say, I don't need you and you DO need me."

And when someone asked Georgie Raft if he was having a little trouble with his director, Wesley Ruggles, Georgie said: "Trouble? Me? Naw. We don't speak."

But George did have an argument with Mack Gray, otherwise known as "the Killer," the other day and threw a pen at him. The pen hit the killer in the ear and he turned to Georgie and said reproachfully: "I never had trouble like that with you when you was getting \$300 a week."

Jimmie Cagney and Alice White are making a picnic out of their scenes for "The Heir Chaser." Alice was lying down in the scene and the director wanted her to jump up quickly. "How can I?" she asked. "I'm lying so flat." "Couldn't you get up quickly if there was a mouse under the couch?" asked Jimmie.

"No," Alice replied. "I'm not afraid of mice. I'm used to rats."

• • •

**A MAN** with a funny-looking dog stopped Clark Gable on the street one day recently and asked him if he would buy the dog. Clark said he didn't need a dog, and especially **SUCH** a dog, but the fellow insisted, told a hard luck tale and finally offered the dog for \$5. Clark couldn't resist and paid his five. The fellow went down the street and Clark went into the studio leading the dog. He was just explaining to some people how he happened to have such a funny-looking mutt when he heard a peculiar whistle and away went the dog. He ran out and looked down the street but all he could see was the dog disappearing in the direction of the whistle. It was just another racket.

And I'll bet the sorriest little girl  
(Please turn to page 102)



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Letters like this prove that you too can have a lovely skin. Doctor's tests prove it too. For Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser, quickly clears up muddy complexions, prevents blackheads and pimples. An old French formula, first made in this country only to private order, Ambrosia Cleanser is now available at all 10c stores and in larger sizes at drug and department stores. Begin today to have a kissable skin. Get Ambrosia at once. For very oily complexions follow with Ambrosia Tightener. It is tonic and antiseptic. Also on sale at 10c and other stores.



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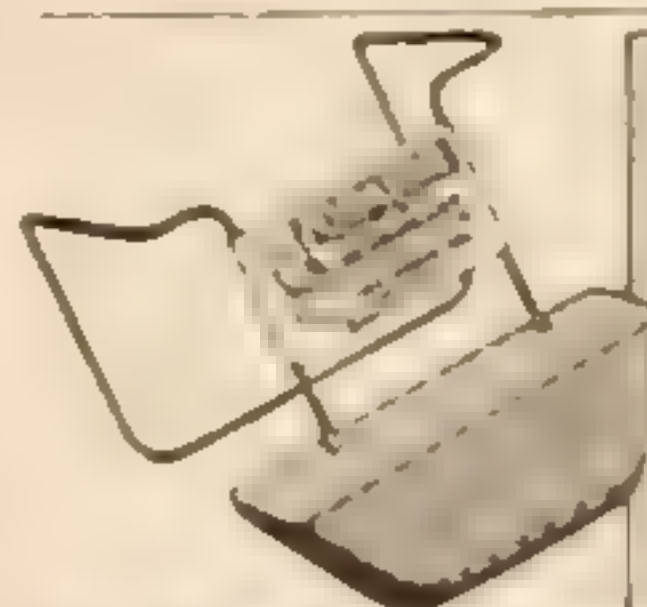
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and similar hurts. Get a bottle of Campho-Phenique at any drug store—30c or 60c—or a trial size, 10c, at any ten-cent store.

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YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the five MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl and Carmine.

If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than MOON GLOW—the new Hollywood favorite. Sold by druggists (25c size) and chain 10c stores (10c size)—or send coupon.

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Color of my hair is.....

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Address.....

City..... State.....

Print Your Name and Address

## Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 101)

in California was the one who picked Clark up on the road and gave him a lift but refused to drive him back when he told her he had asked for a ride to win a bet. She didn't know he was Clark Gable, or he wouldn't have had to walk back from his ride—two miles!

...

FRANK BORZAGE has been having his troubles directing fifty boys in "No Greater Glory." They almost ran everyone else out of the studio they were so noisy and finally the big boss, Harry Cohn himself, went to the stage door where the boys were working and called Frank's assistant over. "I don't know what to tell you to do or how you're going to manage it," he said, "but you'll have to keep your bandits quiet."

So Frank, suspecting that Frankie Darro was the ring-leader, called him over and told him that he was to be the sheriff of the gang. And that was the end of that.

Six months ago Paramount bought the story of "Baby in the Ice Box" with Baby LeRoy in mind for the title role. But by the time they got around to make it, Baby LeRoy graduated to shorts and, in other words, had outgrown the picture and another baby had to be hired for the part.

...

AND that reminds me that I received a fan letter this month and how susceptible I am to the ladies. This letter was from one of my favorite actresses, little Cora Sue Collins. Even when it was pointed out to me that the contents of the letter concerned chiefly the doings of Cora Sue's "Uncle Pat" (meaning Pat O'Brien, who isn't her uncle at all but merely calls himself that) I still felt quite set up to think Cora Sue wrote to me.

...

THERE are more funny gadgets in Warner Baxter's new home than he will have time to play with if the Fox Company continues to keep him as busy as they have been. The entire house and grounds are protected by light beams. If anyone passes through the path of one of these invisible beams, a burglar alarm is set off.

But the thing that appeals to my low taste is a light beam in the playroom. There is a tiny bar at one end of the room and when Warner waves his arm a certain way, one of these busy little beams starts a stream of beer running out of a barrel spigot.

Dick Cromwell thinks his romance with Katherine DeMille is about over. "She refuses to be photo-



"I Bought These

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I JUST had to buy some of the new improved Clopays. They are even stronger and heavier than before—with a wooden slat included with each shade... and now you need trim only one side to fit narrower windows... Millions of Clopays already in use. New improved Clopays at 15c each offer biggest shade "buy" ever. See these shades that won't crack, fade or fray. Rich, solid colors and striking new chintz effects. Send 3c stamp for color samples to Clopay Corp., 1204 York St., Cincinnati, O.

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\$16 to \$25  
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It's easy  
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ladies', children's dresses,  
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No door-to-door canvassing.  
I provide attractive line children's  
and stouts'. Write me for elaborate  
fashion album of newest spring  
styles, and for my big money plan.

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HAVE BEEN FROM  
YOU?**

Dear Mary Marshall—  
Can you give  
me any short cuts in  
getting dinner? I know  
I spend more time in the  
kitchen than I should. I  
want good meals—but I  
don't want to take all  
afternoon to prepare them.  
I appreciate it very much.

Is this a question you, too, have wondered about? Or are your problems concerned with some other phase of food or home-making? Whatever it is, write to Mary Marshall and get an answer from a home-making expert who is always glad to hear from you about your food problems, questions about children or household management. No charge . . . but send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

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MAKING PROBLEMS  
TO MISS MARY MARSHALL**  
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## Hollywood Day by Day

graphed with me any more, so I think it's getting cold," he said.

Dick was asked to re-sign two of his paintings recently. They have been hanging in the Pantages Theater in Hollywood for two years but had his real name, Roy Rada-baugh, signed in the corner. The theater management said the picture attracted so much attention that they thought it would add interest if people knew who painted them.

• • •

**STEPIN FETCHIT**, the colored comedian, is quite a philosopher. "White folks used to give me lots of advice about how to invest my money when I was in Hollywood in 1928," he said. "Now they ain't got a cent and I ain't got a cent. But they lost theirs in the stock market and I had fun with mine."

Lupe Velez doesn't invest her money in stocks, bonds or real estate either. Every cent she earns, besides what she spends, goes into a safety-deposit vault. She has five boxes in a row "and thousand dollar bills don't take up much room," she said. Of course I wouldn't know about that.

"But I keep a few hundred dollars in a checking account just in case I want to do a little writing," she added. "The rest goes into the safety deposit."

• • •

**NIGEL BRUCE**, an English actor, born of American parents in Mexico will soon be seen in Fox films. He is well known on the New York stage and is fast becoming known in Hollywood on account of his most extraordinary Filipino servant, Steve.

One night recently Nigel was invited to a party and Steve assured him that he knew exactly where the place was. But he didn't, and drove around and around, and Nigel arrived at the dinner party, two hours late. He was furious and what he said to Steve we couldn't print here. Next morning Steve told Nigel he felt very happy.

"Yes?" replied Nigel. "And what makes you so happy this morning?"

"I got bawled out last night," Steve explained with a wide smile.

Are you reading Mr. Van de Water's reviews of the new pictures of the month? They are the frank opinion of a famous writer, and the editors will be glad to hear just what you think of them.



## Itching Rash Quickly Relieved

"For more than a month", writes one woman, "I had a rash on my hand which was something like ringworm. I tried various treatments, but it resisted them all. At last I started to use Resinol Ointment, and was amazed when a small amount healed my trouble nicely."

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Resinol Soap thoroughly cleanses the skin without drying or injuring its delicate texture. Use it daily—it helps to prevent clogged pores, blackheads and pimples.

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For a free sample of each with skin treatment instructions, write Resinol, Dept. 4-E, Baltimore, Md.

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*This alluring fragrance*

—adds unseen  
beauty to your  
visible charms

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"Radio Girl" Perfume was designed for the modern American Girl—gay, vivacious, unaffected. Though compounded from fine French essential oils, Radio Girl Perfume is produced in this country with a thought for thrift . . . You'll love Radio Girl Face Powder, too—with the same exquisite fragrance.

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Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U. S. only)

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Because now we've been able to make Luxor Powder moisture-proof. That means that perspiration won't dissolve it. So you don't get a shiny nose. Luxor stays where it's supposed to . . . on the surface (instead of sinking into your pores to choke them up).

But that's a plus-advantage. You really buy Luxor because it makes your skin so lovely . . . because it seems to give you a new complexion entirely. Because it has a sort of magic that's partly in the texture and partly in the shade, and quite a lot in just the fragrance of it. And, moisture-proof and everything, it costs only 55 cents. Buy Luxor at your beauty-counter, or send the coupon for a generous box of powder, rouge . . . and the new Special Formula Cream.

Hear "Talkie Picture Time" starring June Meredith: drama, love, adventure on the movie-lot. NBC, Sunday, 5:30 E.S.T.; 4:30 C.S.T. See local papers.



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Check, Powder: Rose rachel \_\_\_\_\_ Rachel \_\_\_\_\_ Flesh \_\_\_\_\_  
Rouge: Radiant \_\_\_\_\_ Medium \_\_\_\_\_ Sunglow \_\_\_\_\_  
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**FREE!** New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk CO-93, St. Louis, Missouri



**"TUMS"** Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

## The First Soviet Star

(Continued from page 83)

She liked the movies best, and stormed the Sovkino for a chance to play in pictures. They sent her into the frigid Crimea to do minor roles in a small company. They thought they'd discourage her. But she went. Storming the countryside in the family petticoats she'd learned how to keep warm. From the Crimean steppes back to Moscow and the studios of the strange-sounding "Meschaprom" she came. And so kept plugging along—good pictures, bad pictures, little parts, larger ones, developing her talent, establishing character, learning to keep her chin up.

Somewhere along the line, romance intruded. He was a film director, not famous, but young, as she was. He made fiery, ardent love to her, and the flame of his passion embraced her as well. There were still fierce, sudden days in the Soviet. Tomorrow might bring anything. Only the hour was sure. He breathed mad, amorous promises in her ear, and held her tight in his arms. Together they visited a village Commissar and signed a paper. So they were wed.

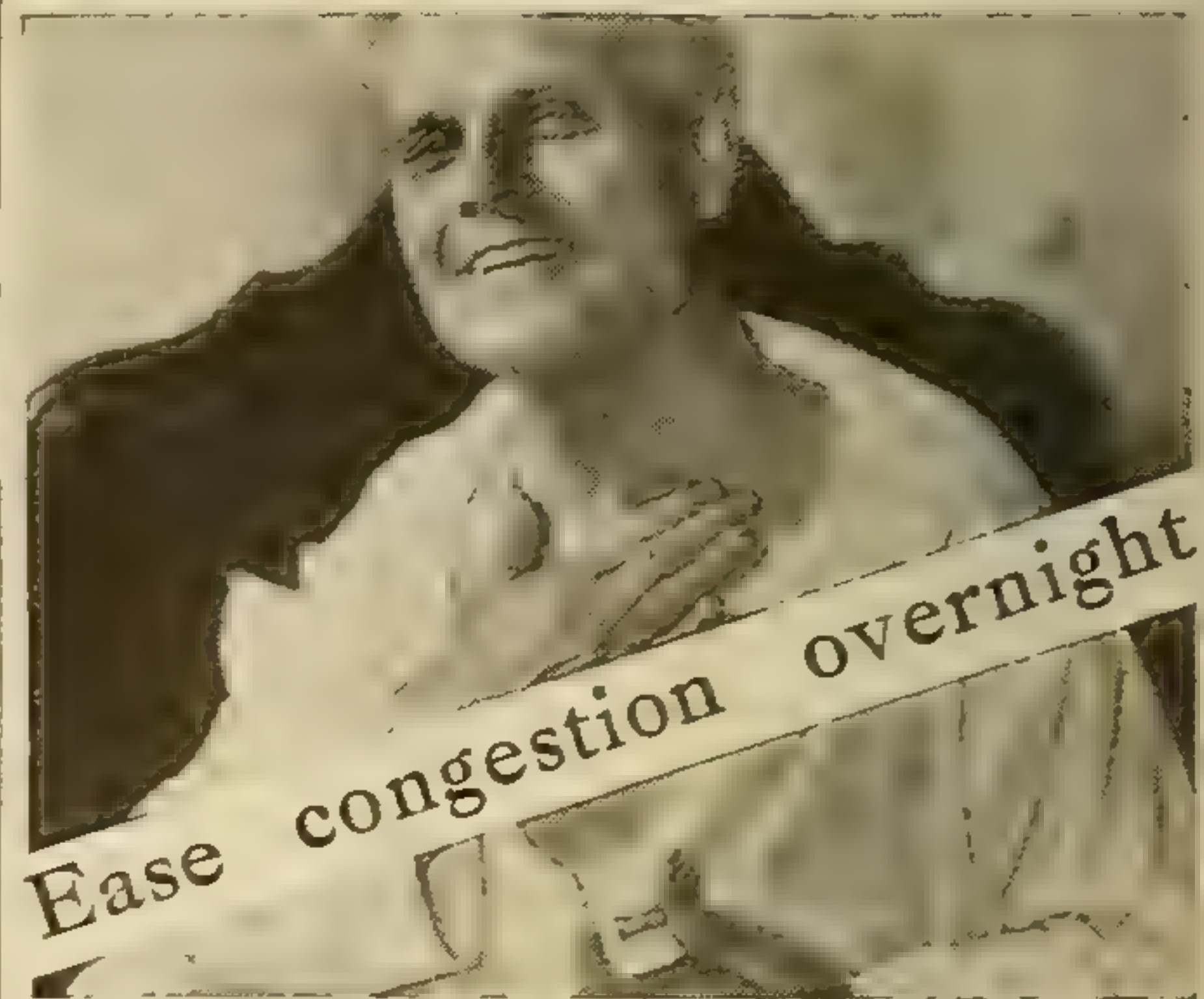
But Love failed to thwart Destiny. It wasn't meant to be, this marriage. Indeed, no marriage was meant for Anna Sten. Not yet. So there was a year of blind, frantic groping after life, and love and happiness. Then the youngsters made another trip to the Bureau, signed a paper, and were free again. A simple and direct procedure, no book and ring to begin with, and no perjury to end. Later Anna wed again. But that's another love story.

Then with the speed of Fate, things began to happen. Feodor Ozep was chosen to direct "The Yellow Ticket." And he picked Anna Sten as his star. The finished production blazed with genius. That of Ozep. Especially that of Sten. Not only did it bring universal recognition to these two, but to the entire Soviet film industry as well. If a picture made with the scant resources of the Russian studios could spread such fame, what might be accomplished by Russian films made with the superior equipment available in the German movie-marts? A plan was formed, and the head men sent Sten and Ozep to Berlin.

In their absence from Moscow changes occurred. The scheme was abandoned. But Anna stayed on in Germany. She spoke only Russian, but offered a role in a German film she crammed the language for two weeks and played her part. And after another two weeks with French tutors, she played the Gallic version, too. Finally she won permission from the Soviet to sign a contract with the mighty Ufa company, and to stay away from home. She played opposite Kortner and Janings. Triumphs grew with her portrayals in "Trapeze," "Tempest," "The Brothers Karamazov."

Fate was being a good fellow, and even relented sufficiently to allow Love in her life for a second visit. Romantically enough, a slight motor accident in a soft twilight had literally thrown Anna into the waiting arms of a new lover. No fiery fledgling this time, but a substantial, serious man-of-the-world, a widower with a thirteen-year-old daughter, honored in the two

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29x4	75-19	2.45 .95	32x4	2.95 .85	
29x4	75-20	2.50 .95	33x4	2.95 .85	
29x5	00-19	2.85 1.05	34x4	3.25 .85	
30x5	00-20	2.85 1.05	32x4 1/2	3.35 1.15	
29x5	25-18	2.90 1.15	33x4 1/2	3.45 1.15	
29x5	25-19	2.95 1.15	34x4 1/2	3.45 1.15	
30x5	25-20	2.95 1.15	30x5	3.65 1.35	
31x5	25-21	3.25 1.15	33x5	3.75 1.45	
29x5	50-18	3.35 1.15	35x5	3.95 1.55	
29x5	50-19	3.35 1.15			
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## The First Soviet Star

professions of law and architecture, Herr Doktor Eugene Franke. Soon they were married. And this brings us back to where we started, with Samuel Goldwyn peering at an amusement page picture in an American newspaper of a Russian girl, starring in a German picture that was playing a split-week in an obscure theater. That was two years ago.

It wasn't a very good likeness of Anna Sten that Goldwyn saw. But hidden somewhere the great discoverer visualized a star of blinding brilliance, with an aura of gold—fresh-minted gold—radiating from her brow. Now, if Goldwyn is a man of vision, he's a man of action more.

Emissaries sped to far lands with instructions to investigate the probabilities, the possibilities, the potentialities of Anna Sten. They reported all that we already know. And they reported it in glowing terms. And the home office pulse throbbed encouragement in the published hint of Regina Crewe, of the New York critics, that Anna Sten was the film discovery of many seasons.

So again the couriers went forth, and returned with the Sten signature on the dotted line. The Soviet Cinderella embarked in a sea-going pumpkin for a fling at Hollywood fame and fortune.

"What do you think of America?" queried the ship-news reporters as Anna took her first look.

"I loff it," Anna beamed. And that was all the English she knew.

She wasn't quite the finished product then that she is today. More or less, she was raw material. Maybe you'd have liked her better. It's a matter of choice. A tall girl, strongly knit, her slender, poorly gowned figure was all rounded femininity. There were curves at her arms and shoulders, strength in the depth of her bosom, and in the firm grip of her large, shapely hand, devoid of jewels.

Broad Slavic features suggested the Russo-Swedish heritage, and her low forehead had an arrow-shaped scar that served as a beauty-mark at one temple. Her eyes were a sombre, clouded gray, further shadowed by a sooty fringe of long, curling lashes. But they had a way of dispelling that dreamy gray in a flash of electric-blue sparks. Then her hair was dark, at the roots, anyway. Her lips were full, and wine-red against her white skin. Her teeth were small, and white, and unsymmetrical.

All these little imperfections, the smoky hair, the scarred temple, the uneven teeth were part of an indefinable and ineffable charm. There was nothing artificial about her in appearance or in manner. What she was—she was. And what she had was her own, from the shapely ankles and long, lithe legs to the tiny, tip-tilted nose. That was Anna Sten when she arrived in New York on the last lap of a journey that had carried her from Kiev toward Hollywood. She was twenty-two. And behind her lay a life of excitement, adventure, heart-break, tragedy and romance. That was Anna Sten upon whom Samuel Goldwyn was to spend \$300,000 without a dime in return.

She came without fear, and nothing (Please turn to page 106)

## HOW CLARA CLEARED UP HER RED EYES

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# The First Soviet Star

(Continued from page 105)

excited her. New York seemed familiar to her because she had seen it in the movies. Through an interpreter she explained that she intended to learn English as she had learned French and German. She seemed utterly unemotional, almost stolid. But she could be gay and laughing if she willed. She may have appeared phlegmatic, but she wasn't dumb. She said her favorite star was Mickey Mouse. And you knew the way she said it that there were reservations. Herr Doktor Franke was not in evidence, although he came along, maybe to cast a legal eye on future contracts, or perhaps to provide supervision for the structure of her screen career.

Hollywood eyed her askance. It had seen 'em come—and go. It waited to be shown. There was curiosity aplenty, but it was veiled. And both Sam Goldwyn and Anna Sten saw that it went unsatisfied. Rumor said she was to make "Cynara." The picture was produced without her—and without explanation. Then she was slated for an American "Karamazov" with Ronald Colman. This slipped into forgetfulness. "The Way of a Lancer," a drama of her own time set in a familiar locale, was mentioned as her debut vehicle. But weeks slipped into months, and months made years, and nothing happened.

That is, nothing that the world knew of. Behind the scenes there was something doing every minute. Never has a star received such grooming. The tests, the lessons went on unceasingly, and Goldwyn paid the bills with a smile. Stories were read, re-read and discarded. Then finally one was found that suited perfectly. It was Emile Zola's story of a bad girl who made good. Its name was "Nana." The announcement was made, and production went full speed ahead.

How careful the casting! How lavish the sets! How handsome the investiture! No pains were spared, no pennies pinched. There came a day when \$250,000 had been spent, and the picture was half finished. Samuel Goldwyn sat in a projection room and saw these reels run over, again and again.

At the end of hours he arose, stretched, and facing his grouped associates said:

"It's good, but not good enough. Throw it away. We'll begin again!"

And with that simple gesture Sam Goldwyn tossed a quarter-million dollars over his shoulder!

Every foot of the film was destroyed, the cast was dismissed, a new one assembled, directors were changed, the story was altered. And finally Anna Sten started on the second version of her first picture. Again expenses piled up, thousands, tens of thousand, hundreds of thousands. And Sam Goldwyn paid the bills with the same smile.

He knew what he was doing. He always does. When the picture was finally completed and ready for the screen, he had his usual last laugh. It was sensational!

It would be interesting to know what Anna Sten thinks of America, of Hollywood, of Sam Goldwyn. Of a man and an industry that tosses away a fortune to get the best. Of a motion picture going public that will, eventually, pay back a profit on any investment that results in top-notch entertainment. Things were different in Kiev, different in the tawdry trouping of the Crimean days, different even in the Moscow studios, and the comparative affluence of Berlin.

But, thus far, her campaign of silence continues. No real interview has been given since her first arrival. There is no conspiracy of effusiveness, both she and Mr. Goldwyn aver. It's simply that Anna feels she has nothing to say. Not, at least, until her picture introduces her to the American public. So with "Nana" in the can, as they say, and "Barbary Coast" already prepared for the second Sten production, it won't be long now before the Russian Sphinx answers our riddles—or tells some of her own.

Meantime, of course, Anna speaks flawless English, with just the suspicion of an accent that makes her melodious intonation all the more enchanting. She studied hard to get our tongue-twisting language straight. It's tough for a foreigner, somehow, even

though all Continental tongues come easily.

Anna read a lot, everything from Oscar Wilde to O. Henry. She made English her table talk, and the language of her menage. Familiar with Shakespeare in German, French and Russian, she read the Bard in English, and has remarked that one day she'd like to play Shakespearian roles in Russian for American audiences.

Anna sees four or five films a week, and voices enthusiasm for the histrionics of Lionel Barrymore, Paul Muni, Eddie Cantor and Mae West in particular—a wide and catholic preference. She doesn't go in for Hollywood parties, but has renewed friendships that originated in Moscow, Berlin and Paris. There are many strange reunions in Hollywood. She has developed a deep interest in spiritualism, mental telepathy and applied metaphysics. She reads on these subjects, and does what she can to learn about them. But she fights shy of fads and hobbies.

She is liberal in her praise for other actors on the screen. She's got the Hollywood habit of attending the fights and wrestling matches, and she's discovered a little Hungarian restaurant, frequented more by musicians than film folk, which suits her taste in food. She likes the desert at Palm Springs. But she lives near the sea and is a strong swimmer. She is fond of poetry, flowers and embroidering, and boasts a collection of dolls for which she has names, yet with these very feminine traits she dislikes anything kittenish, giggly or girlishly nonsensical.

And now you know as much as anyone, and more than most, about the girl who has overcome so many obstacles in a determined struggle toward the top of the profession she loves. Perhaps, reading more between the lines than in them of her beauty and her character and her talent, you'll get a glimpse of what the genius of Samuel Goldwyn saw in that first newspaper picture of her. If I've failed to give you this—then see Anna herself in "Nana"—she'll make it plainer than I have done.

## New Movie's Review and Forecast Bulletin Mailed Direct to You

The New Movie Magazine offers to its readers a fast, current and practical Review and Forecast Bulletin Service.

These bulletins, mailed to readers who write in for them, will give you—

1. A forecast of the forthcoming pictures, their titles, casts, plots, unusual situations, interesting news connected with the productions, and all other data of special interest about individual pictures.
2. Reviews of pictures already released previous to the current issue of The New Movie Magazine. These will give not only the opinions of the staff reviewer of this magazine, but will also include whatever information is available upon the box-office or artistic success of the pictures reviewed.

3. Changes of titles, changes of production plans, changes of casts, included in either the Bulletin itself or supplemented by a loose-leaf service.

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